

# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Record and Review

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VOL. XII. No. 4. *"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing. . . but the thread that binds them is mine own."*—Montaigne. APRIL, 1893

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THE EDITOR OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

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### CURRENTS OF THOUGHT, FACT AND OPINION

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The vast engineering problems of the future lie in the direction of bridge building and canal construction to overcome the natural obstacles which separate the activities of great cities and nations. England's pet project has always been to bridge the channel, France's to pierce the Isthmus of Panama, and that of the United States to kill the time between New York and Paris as far as human genius can do it. The English House of Commons is to be asked this session to sanction the construction of a channel bridge of seventy-three spans, with two hundred feet above high water. The builders of the famous Firth of Forth bridge, the largest cantilever in the world, have made the designs, and the construction is figured at a cost of 163 millions of dollars and to occupy seven years of time. Meanwhile, if the Atlantic ocean itself is not to be covered by rail, Paris may yet be reached from New York in a vestibule coach, but by way of Behring Straits and Vancouver. A party of engineers have recently returned from a survey of the route and pronounce the bridging a possibility. On the Asian side the trans-Siberian railroad, now under

construction, would make it possible for the progressive American to reach the old world haven of his delight without change of cars.

That the Panama bubble has destroyed all hope of finishing that gigantic undertaking might well be believed, yet there is in France a lurking inclination still to continue the work in spite of the weeds, moral as well as physical, which have come to clog the vast machinery of the enterprise. Mr. Ernest Lambert in the Forum takes the ground that it is fortunate, however, for the French people, that the bubble has been exposed, and that no more good money should be sunk in an enterprise of which the most expert of engineers cannot estimate the cost:—

The Paris briberies, he writes, it is clear, constituted only one phase of a wild speculation that degenerated into a systematic swindle, which was kept up for years, and in the course of which a whole nation has been

hoodwinked to abuses, patent to disinterested outsiders, by the most elaborate apparatus of scientific deceit ever perfected in unscrupulous hands. The result involves one great commercial lesson, not only for France, but for the world—that in the last analysis individual integrity must ever stand as the ultimate barrier between the public and their ruin by those they trust. Now, whether the French shareholders persist in their effort to retrieve their losses; whether the Columbian government seizes the property and invites bids, without reference to their claims; or whether it passes into the hands of other nations; nothing can be gained by forgetting that the canal work is still surrounded with unsolved problems, presenting unusual engineering and financial difficulties, to be approached only by the most serious persons, in the most cautious spirit, under capable direction, and with no hope of an appreciable return on an immense outlay during many years.

Attention has naturally been directed by the Panama bubble to the Nicaragua canal. Senator Morgan, of North Carolina, recently gave in the *North American Review*, these interesting statistics about that enterprise:—

The Suez Canal, he writes, with almost a hundred miles of continuous digging, cost about \$100,000,000; of this sum \$30,000,000 were wasted in interest, commissions, changes of location, and bad management. That canal has now a traffic of nearly 9,000,000 tons annually, and it must be speedily enlarged to accommodate the commerce that is crowding through it to the Western coast of the Pacific Ocean. The Nicaragua Canal has twenty-nine and a half miles of canal prism, or axial, line. Of this one-third is very light dredging. The total length of this transit, from sea

to sea, is 169½ miles; of this line, 155½ miles is slack water navigation at an elevation of 110 feet above the level of the sea. This small lift is overcome by six locks—three on either side of the lake. The entire cost of the canal ready for use, as estimated by Mr. Menocal, allowing twenty-five per cent. for contingencies, is \$65,084,176. A board of five other great engineers went over Mr. Menocal's measurements and estimates with great care, and out of abundant caution, and not because of any substantial change in his figures, they added to his estimates another twenty per cent. for contingencies, and so changed his estimate as to make the total cost of the canal ready for service, \$87,799,570.

It seems that this may be reasonably accepted as the outside cost of the canal. But, if we run up the conjectural cost to \$100,000,000, if built for that sum, must be the most valuable property in the world, of its magnitude. The tonnage, annually, can scarcely fall below that of the Suez Canal. It will gradually exceed that amount. If it is two-thirds as great as that which passes through the St. Mary's Canal on the lakes it will equal 9,000,000 tons. Who does not know that it must be greater than the traffic supplied by so small an area of inland country? A just estimate would be fixed, confidently, by the most careful and hesitating persons at 9,000,000 tons per annum, to say nothing of income from passengers, of whom swarms will emigrate to the Pacific coast. On this estimate we could place the tolls at the rate of one dollar per ton, and realize \$9,000,000 per annum. Take \$3,000,000 of this sum for maintenance of the canal, which will not exceed half that sum; \$3,000,000 for interest on the bonded debt, and \$3,000,000 for the stockholders, and we will have a result that should excite the cupidity of the most grasping speculator. But the true friend of the industrial and commercial people will



see in this result a saving to industry and commerce of more than one-half the charges for tonnage that are now paid to the Suez Canal. If the United States is the owner of 80,000,000 of the 100,000,000 of the stock in this canal, and if it is to cost \$100,000,000 to build it, the dividends on that 80,000,000 of stock, employed in a sinking fund and invested in the bonds of the company, would pay the entire cost of construction and the interest on the bonds in less than fifty years.

An overhauling of the pension lists, says the San Francisco Argonaut, and investigation into the conduct of officials and the practices of attorneys connected with the pension system, will be prominent among the work of the present session of Congress. The pension fund is now of enormous magnitude—nearly two hundred millions of dollars per annum, more than one-third of the entire expenditures of the government, six times the cost of the army, four times the cost of the navy—new steel steamers, monster guns, and all; and greatly in excess of the sum appropriated for internal improvements and coast and harbor defenses. It is reasonable to suppose, in view of the exposures made in other bureaus of the government in respect to irregularities, defalcations, and financial crookedness, that in this vast yearly expenditure there is occasional dishonesty. It is alleged that the pension roll bears the names of thousands who have no right upon it; that a very large number are allowed pensions much beyond justice; and that pension attorneys are acquiring riches by exorbitant fees, which the government secures to them by extraordinary means and against every principle of right. There is a total of 676,160 names on the pension rolls, and in the Pension office are 928,438 claims, of which 559,027 are of persons not on the rolls. An estimate of the prob-

able yearly sum required to meet the demands of the bureau in a few years more, at the rate of enrollment going on, swells the total to a round \$200,000,000.

The total expenditures of the government are above \$420,000,000 annually. This would bring the pension fund to nearly one-half of the entire cost of the government. It is this condition of things in the bureau that excites alarm and causes investigation. There is no intention of interfering with the rightful pensioners or interposing obstacles to prevent just claimants from their dues under the law—these will be protected and secured in full payment. It is the great mass of frauds and impostors, who are drawing extravagant monthly payments, that should be stricken from the rolls. Many millions of dollars will be annually saved by this process. Numerous rascals receive the bounty of the government. They never saw service in the field, received no wounds, suffered neither sickness nor privation in the cause of their country. Thousands of them are robust and in the enjoyment of good health, sound of body and limb; other thousands served only as clerks and subordinates in non-hazardous employments, and a large number were drafted, but escaped service in the ranks. All these, however, have managed to get their names upon the pension rolls, and regularly draw the allotted amount. The assistance of pension attorneys and the connivance of officials in the pension bureau have enabled these frauds and impostors to obtain the enrollment which secures them pensions. The gross wrong has grown to such magnitude, and involves such enormous expenditure, that investigation is required and correction of the abuse is demanded. It should be thorough and exemplary. The fraud robs the nation, and does injustice to worthy veterans. The matter has no political significance; it is not a party question.

The future of the telephone in America is one of intense interest to the people at large. The first patent upon the device expired on March 7th. This patent covers broadly the art of "transferring or impressing upon a continuous current of electricity in a closed circuit, by gradually changing its intensity, the vibrations of air produced by the human voice in articulate speech, in a way to cause the speech to be carried to and received by a listener at a distance on the line of the current." Following this the next patent, upon a sounding box and metallic diaphragm, will expire on the 30th of January next, after which it is thought that a telephone may be made without infringing the Bell patents. Meanwhile the Bell company has covered by new patents what are known as the "Berliner" improvements, which will extend for another fourteen years to come. Aside from the protection of that patent, however, the telephone, pure and simple, is hardly able to come into serious competition with the instrument perfected by a thousand subtle devices, which is now in general use. Speech is already transmitted from Boston as far West as Minneapolis—a fact which has been rendered possible through the microphonic transmitter—an attachment used for the magnifying of sound vibrations.

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The commercial value of the telephone to the public at large is summed up in the following extract from the *Scientific American*:—

"The completion of these great long distance lines marks the beginning of an epoch when telephony will acquire a new importance. Were the patent awarded a further existence, every year would witness for it an increase in value. The returns received for the patent hitherto have been in great part based upon what it did during its struggling years of

business, and during a period of great uncertainty when it was quite problematical what its results were to be. Now that it has obtained a firm lease of life, now that the telephone itself is in the full strength of a matured existence, the patent lapses. It is the old story; the inventor obtains the least reward for his exertions; the true beneficiary is the public. Estimating the benefit which the public has received from the invention, had the return been one hundred fold to the owners of the invention, the reward even then for what has altered the whole face of business and commercial life would have been not a particle too much. The spirit of our patent system is admirably illustrated in the whole matter. An invention is made; the incitement for making the invention is the award by government of a short monopoly conditional on its being patented; that is, disclosed to the public. Thus incited, the inventor works to achieve his result, achieves it, and obtains what return he can in the seventeen years of its life. Then, in the full vigor of an assured success, with the most brilliant prospects before it, after having revolutionized the business world, the invention becomes public property and the inventor loses all claim upon it."

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The Yosemite National Park has been enlarged by the addition of over 4,000,000 acres, or more than 6,000 square miles, lying south of and adjoining the present Park, and containing that portion of the Sierra Nevada Mountains which is pronounced by all authorities to be the most grandly beautiful in the United States. It has an elevation ranging from 3,000 to 15,000 feet, contains the highest point in the Union outside of Alaska, and includes the wonderful King's River Cañon. Reservations have been secured also in the States of California and Washington, making a total of lands reserved of no less than 8,500,000 acres.

One of President Cleveland's first acts, the recalling of the treaty with Hawaii, sent to the Senate in ex-President Harrison's last hours, leaves the question of annexation still open. The advisability of some sort of American control of these Islands is one of military strategy, and is well summed up by Captain A. T. Mahan in an article in the Forum:—

The serious menace to our Pacific coast and our Pacific trade, if so important a position were held by a possible enemy, has been frequently mentioned in the press and dwelt upon in the diplomatic papers which are from time to time given to the public. It may be assumed that it is generally acknowledged. Upon one particular, however, too much stress cannot be laid, one to which naval officers cannot but be more sensitive than the general public, and that is the immense disadvantage to us of any maritime enemy having a coaling-station well within twenty-five hundred miles, as this is, of every point of our coast-line from Puget Sound to Mexico. Were there many others available we might find it difficult to exclude from all. There is, however, but the one. Shut out from the Sandwich Islands as a coal base, an enemy is thrown back for supplies of fuel to distances of thirty-five hundred or four thousand miles—or between seven thousand and eight thousand, going and coming—an impediment to sustained maritime operations well-nigh prohibitive.

Forty years ago the United States was supreme upon the seas, and the American flag floated from the masts of the largest fleet of vessels owned by any nation. To-day, we are among the pigmy owners of vessels, and, except for the possession of a few coasting shallops, we have little to be proud of. The transfer of the City of New York from an English to an American register on Washington's

Birthday, has been followed by other transfers of the same kind, which would seem to indicate an effort to recapture our lost prestige. At almost the same time the launching of our first battle ship, the *Indiana*, marks an epoch in the nation's history, and is an industrial triumph as well. The *Indiana* is a sea-going line-of-battle ship of immense power. Ten years ago she could not have been built in this country. The contract was given out for her in November, 1890, so that the construction has taken but little more than two years.

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A fair vote and an honest count are the safeguards of our institutions. There can, therefore, be no objection to surrounding the act with devices calculated to do away with the problematic actions of dishonest canvassers. The following picture of the future voting booth appears in *Harper's Weekly*:—

In a number of the towns of the State of New York, when the Spring elections are held this year, there will be a very novel scene. Each voter will walk into a little room with walls of sheet-iron, will see before him a neat array of bright knobs—to each of which is attached the name of a candidate for office, the whole number including all the names placed in nomination—will push in the knob for every name he wishes to vote, and will pass out, having taken, according to the experiment in Lockport last year, less than forty seconds. By the machinery thus employed every vote is securely and secretly recorded, and every voter can cast one vote, and no more, for one candidate for each office. There is no printing of ballots required, there is no chance of misprinted names, or of miscounting, accidental or intended, or of changing the returns. The election held in Lockport in the

Spring of 1892 was very favorably reported on by those who watched it, and the like election this year will be closely studied. If the machinery does in all places what it did in Lockport, it would seem that the ingenuity of the Yankee inventor had settled the vexed question of ballot reform, and by a voting-machine had destroyed much of the viciousness of machine-voting. The Australian system, for which so much energy and ink have been expended, can at best only secure secrecy where the voter is bent on having it, but this machine seems to compel secrecy, and to make the various phases of electoral crime and abuse physical impossibilities. The saving of money is said to be very great, but the saving in political demoralization and corruption must be, if the machine works uniformly and continuously well, simply incalculable.

Missionary zeal is an attribute of christianity which makes missionaries common enough to encounter. Mr. Alexander Russell Webb is however an unusual one. Converted during a residence in the Phillipine Islands to Mohammedanism he has returned to America to preach this faith. He appears before his audiences in true oriental garb, and is backed by a very considerable fund of money collected in Hyderabad for the purpose of proselytizing. Just before sailing for America he gave an address in which he explained his purposes thus:

I honestly believe that within five years we will have a Moslem brotherhood in America very strong numerically and composed of just as earnest and faithful Mussulmans as the world has ever seen. For the past ten years I have carefully watched the course of religious thought in my country, and have been in a position which enabled me to view the field to advantage. I have seen the masses

of intelligent people drifting away from the Christian churches and forming themselves into free-thought societies, ethical culture societies, non-sectarian societies, and numerous other organizations the purpose of which is to seek religious truth. Besides these, there are the Spiritualists, the Theosophists, and an infinite number of other smaller bodies which follow no religious system. Then, too, there are the Unitarians, who, I am satisfied, will adopt Islam when they really know what it is. I believe that the strongest reason why Islam is not the predominant religious system in America to-day is because it has been so grossly misunderstood and misrepresented by those Christian writers who have attempted to present it to the world in the English language. The masses of the English speaking world know nothing at all of Islam, except what they have acquired from such prejudiced Christian writers as Sale and Irving. Ask almost any American Christian if he knows who and what Mohammed was and what the Islamic system is, and he will promptly answer, "Yes." But when you come to question him as to the sources of his information he will tell you that all he has read upon the subject is Sale or Irving, or both, and the letters that some of the misguided Christian missionaries have sent home from the East.

The spirit of unrest prevailing, in British America, has communicated itself to Newfoundland, and annexation is now freely discussed. It is said that the working population and the merchants and officials favor it, and that it commends itself to almost everybody else. Of the 200,000 inhabitants, about half are Roman Catholics of Irish stock, and the great majority of these would unhesitatingly vote for annexation. The Protestants also, are well disposed to it. It is regarded as the only way of escape from the peculiar difficulties by which the colony is beset.

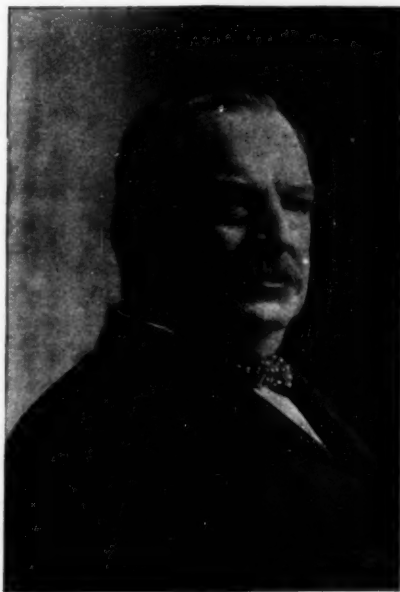
## THE INAUGURATION

The inauguration of President Cleveland means a full return to power of the Democratic party after thirty-two years of continual Republican control. Eight years ago he assumed office but his acts were subject to the veto of a Republican Senate. To-day both houses are politically in accord with him, and the policy which he has personally done so much to formulate can be carried out without further legislative hindrance. When the Republican party came into full power in 1861, it stood for the enforcement of a great moral principle, and as far as it opposed the notion of holding the negro race in bondage to the white it represented a cause whose triumph is no longer regretted. It brought great leaders and orators to the front, developed enthusiasts as well as statesmen, and retires from the arena with an early record whose brilliancy cannot be dimmed. The old issues, however, are dead now, and in the new ones which have sprung up to take their place, the confidence of the majority of Americans has been transferred through one of those peaceful revolutions at the polls which Americans take pride in, to the men who of recent years have been

criticizing and opposing the party in power. So far as the new policy can be foreshadowed, it is contained in the inaugural address delivered by the President elect, before a vast throng of people on the steps of the capitol at Washington on the 4th day of March. The inaugural outlines chiefly

the embarrassments which are deemed now to hinder the administration of our Government. These are "certain conditions and tendencies among our people which seem to menace the integrity and usefulness" of our Government, the "exposure of a sound and stable currency to degradation," he feels, "should arouse to activity the most enlightened statesmanship." He discovers, also, "prevalence of a popular disposition to expect from the opera-

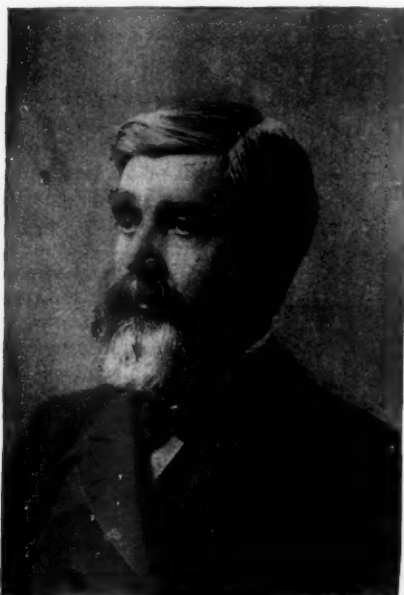
tion of the Government especial and direct individual advantages. The constant peril of Republican institutions is the fostering of an "unwholesome progeny of paternalism," which should be done away with by "a refusal of bounties and subsidies . . . . to ill-advised or languishing enterprises." He would cut off bold and reckless pension appropriation and limit public expenditure to



*Grover Cleveland*



public necessity." He would have appointments to office "awarded to



*Walter Q. Gresham*

those whose efficiency promises a fair return of work for the compensation paid to them."



*Hoke Smith\**

He finds that the combinations of capital "constitute conspiracies against the interest of the people" and that distinctions of race and color should be obliterated before the law. The party he represents is pledged "in the most positive terms to the accomplishment of tariff reform without "vindictiveness," and proclaims that "the necessity for revenue . . . furnishes the only justification for taxing the people."

The men who have been called to aid the new President in his executive

*\*From the Christian Union*

difficulties, the posts they will occupy, and a few interesting particulars about each are these:—

Secretary of State:—Judge Walter Q. Gresham, of Indiana, a lawyer by early training, a soldier in the civil war, a major-general, a district judge of Indiana under Grant, post-master-general under Arthur, and a prominent candidate for the Republican nomination in 1888.

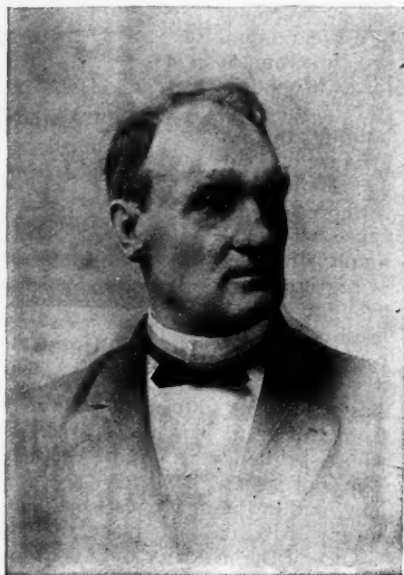
Secretary of the Treasury:

—John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, a man

who has spent his life in the public service since 1859. He has been



*Richard Olney*



*John G. Carlisle*

an elector, a delegate at large, a Lieut.-Gov. of Kansas, a State and

National Senator, and Speaker of the House for three successive terms.



*Daniel S. Lamont*

Secretary of War:—Daniel S. Lamont. His chief distinction was as private secretary of President Cleve-



*J. Sterling Morton\**

land from 1885 to 1889. Since then he has been successful in various business enterprises in which he has been associated with Ex - Secretary Wm. C. Whitney. He is the only member of the Cabinet who is not a lawyer.

Postmaster - General:—Wilson S. Bissell, former law partner of Grover Cleveland in Buffalo, N. Y.

Attorney General:—Richard Olney of Boston, a man, of 67, a lawyer by

\*From the Christian Union

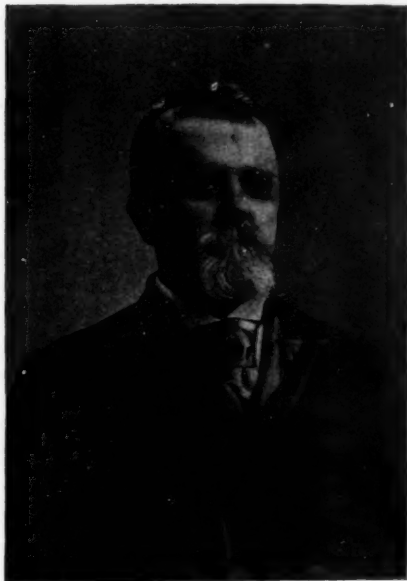
profession, and considered one of the ablest at the Massachusetts bar. He ran for Attorney General of Massachusetts and was defeated — his only appearance in the political arena.

Secretary of the Interior:—Hoke Smith, of Georgia, the youngest man of the Cabinet. He is 38 years of age, is a North Carolinian, a lawyer and editor by profession, and politically known as the leader of Georgia democracy.

Secretary of Agriculture: J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, a college graduate of Union, a pioneer in the West. He ran for Governor of



*Wilson S. Bissell\**



*Hilary A. Herbert*

Nebraska four times unsuccessfully. Is

a farmer, having large properties in orchards and is a very strong advocate of forest preservation.

Secretary of the Navy:—Hilary A. Herbert, of Alabama. He fought for the South during the civil war, commanding the 8th Alabama Volunteers. He was elected to the fifty-first congress and has signalized himself by his knowledge of and interest in the new navy.

and tedious to all save the few who are within hearing distance, because no President can talk loud enough to be heard throughout the vast assemblage that is present to greet and see him rather than to listen to him. The greeting is sufficiently loud, however, and at points in the speech where the cue is given by those who can and do hear, the cheering is always uproariously enthusiastic.

The inauguration of one President is much like that of another. It is described as follows by a writer in Frank Leslie's Monthly:—

There is no intricacy, no pomp or awe, to impress or bother any of the participants. When all is in readiness at the White House the President steps into the official carriage, and the President-elect mounts by his side, on the left, as the President has right of way, or precedence, until the hour of noon; then the carriage, with escort in advance and the full procession of soldiers and civilians following, proceeds slowly down the avenue, up the Capitol Hill, stopping before the Senate Chamber, into which the distinguished couple are temporarily lost to the gaze of the crowd. This ride in the open, consuming an hour, gives a fair sight of them, and when they have passed, the long procession comes in for a showing. The procession takes its time in passing, and is scanned closely and cheered vociferously, having a representation in its ranks from every State; it escorts the hero of the day to the Capitol and then back to the White House. Precisely at noon the President-elect takes the oath of office before the Chief Justice and the people assembled in front of the Presidential stands, and proceeds at once to the delivery of his speech. It is read from print, as it is a carefully prepared state paper and by no means an impromptu oration, as is sometimes fancied. Its delivery is long

While speaking, the President is surrounded by the high officials of the government, the diplomatic corps, eminent party leaders, and the *élite* of the feminine world; these distinguished few do not have to keep up with the procession, are accorded the best front places and are indispensable to help out the picture which snap-shotters are all the while eagerly at work upon. After his speech the President hastens back to the White House at the head of the procession, which has been waiting for him, and then, his troubles beginning, he is forthwith beset with work at the hands of an army of solicitors.

There is a grand inauguration ball at night as a final ceremony and winding up of the day's doings, and great preparations are made to attend it. It is held in the new Pension building, gaudily arranged for the purpose, and, big as it is, accommodation for the rush does not suffice. To be present at the entertainment, which, though almost semi-official in character, is got up entirely by the citizens' exertions and subscriptions, is considered indispensable by the visitors, fair and unfair, but not by the wretched natives "to the manner born." The President assists with his family and cabinet, and as he walks around, bowing, chatting and smiling, is the observed of all observers. The ball is an expensive affair, but it reigns supremely while it lasts, and when it is over all is over, and many of the sightseers leave the city homeward bound by

the extra trains run during the course of the night.

The various ceremonies in front of the Capitol were celebrated this year in a storm of snow, during which the President-elect stood with bared head for a half hour. Four years ago President Harrison went through the ordeal in the rain, while four years before that President Cleveland was inaugurated under a broiling sun. The most noticeable appearance this year was made by the diplomatic corps, whose presence is described as follows in the dispatches:

A burst of gold announced the arrival of the diplomatic corps, headed by Baron Fava, the Italian Minister, who is the dean. The front of his coat was a mass of gold embroidery, and silver orders were hung upon it. Señor Romero, the Mexican Minister, appeared in democratic simplicity, in evening dress. Sir Julian Pauncefote, the English Minister, bald and rosy, with hair at the sides of the head, was not only armored with gold upon his coat, but carried a broad red sash from shoulder to waist. The gold-plated Turkish Minister, with his red fez on his head; the fat Chinese Minister in spectacles, with a black satin coat lined with blue silk; the little Corean Minister, with straggling chin whiskers above a mass of gold embroidery, all came walking in stately fashion, followed by their secretaries. The scene of their arrival suggested a band of splendid bull fighters entering an arena in Madrid. The Swiss Minister was most peculiarly dressed. He had on a bottle-green coat, with twelve very small shoulder buttons and silver epaulets, and carried a helmet of beaver and silver at a line with the knees of his skin-tight bottle-green breeches. There were men in red coats, in gold-topped, tasselled boots; men with little swords, and men with great swords; in short, there was shine, color, and blaze enough to pale the splendors of the "Black Crook."

#### DRAINING OF THE ZUYDER ZEE

In 1886, representatives from the States-General of Holland organized a society, the sole object of which was to make plans for draining the Zuyder Zee. The services of architects, engineers, chemists, artisans and financiers have been utilized to this end. The gigantic undertaking is thus detailed in the New York Tribune:—

The Zuyder Zee, which is in reality a part of the basin of the North Sea, covers 900,000 acres. It is proposed to leave a lake in the centre covering a little more than 300,000 acres, leaving 530,000 acres to be drained. It is estimated that from 12,000 to 15,000 acres will be rendered inhabitable each year, and for the whole work at least thirty-three years will be necessary. The cost of this undertaking will be not less than \$76,000,000, but Holland does not think she is paying a dear price for the land. The entrance to the Zuyder Zee is between Stavoren on the coast of Friesland and Medemblijk, a decayed city of North Holland, at one time the capital of the province. At this point the gulf is as wide as the Straits of Cais and here it is proposed to build the enormous dyke designed to keep out the North Sea. In the middle of this dyke will be constructed a wide canal for the movement of the tides and to regulate the flowing of the waters of the Yssel and Vecht. Navigation will be carried on between the provinces of North Holland and Friesland. The lake, which is in the centre of the country, will afford communication not only between all the great cities of Holland, but with the great European centres. The basin will be transformed into a fertile territory which will probably be the means of attracting farmers from all parts of Holland. All dead cities of the coast will be awakened with new life; islands will disappear, and there will be created a new Holland within Holland.

## AN AMERICAN WESTMINSTER

Mr. Henry B. Fuller, writing in the Century of Canon Farrar's proposal for an American Westminster, concludes his opposition to the idea in these words:—

The English prospectus for a future American Westminster as set forth by Archdeacon Farrar is decidedly not without its attractive features. It suggests the "pictures of the lengthening line of presidents"—a suggestion prompted by the series of mosaic medallions of the popes at San Paolo Fuori, Rome; it reminds us that there would be a propriety in cenotaphs to Raleigh and to Penn; it brings up to us the "sculptured faces of our sweet singers," Bryant and Longfellow; of our great theologians, Edwards and Channing; of our historians, Prescott and Motley; and it reminds us that in such an edifice niches would be waiting for the great figures of the generation now passing away. Of the last names thus brought up to our recollection, three are names of those already gone, and the fame of one of them is even now waiting at the portal of Westminster.

But the disadvantages and drawbacks of a Valhalla made to order have not received as much consideration from Archdeacon Farrar as the discussion of the subject immediately produced from other quarters. Various other countries have tried the same idea, but with no great success. Sometimes the Valhalla becomes the victim of inertia; that of Ratisbon, for instance, has existed for years in all the cold immobility of a neglected refrigerator, though the German nation has never been more active, more progressive, more consciously and vividly alive, more fruitful of great men, than in the half century following its completion. Sometimes the Valhalla becomes the victim of the peculiar mental bias of the epoch in which it was founded; that of Paris,

identified to a prejudicial degree with the erratic thinkers of the Revolution, can hardly be considered as figuring in the dying wishes of the great Frenchmen of to-day. Sometimes the Valhalla falls a victim to the peculiar mental make-up of the nation; that of Madrid affords a striking case in point. In the brief period between Isabella and Amadeo a pantheon in the capital was determined upon; the rotunda of San Francisco was set apart and bedizened with a glittering contemporaneousness of gilding, fresco, and marble wainscoting; and the entire country was ransacked for illustrious dead to deposit there. But such transference was extremely unpopular in the provinces,—“the Spains,”—and most of the bodies, even within the short space of twenty-five years, have been reclaimed and restored.

It is not to be assumed that the American pantheon would run on any such rocks as these. We should learn from the German example not to place our Ruhmeshalle near a minor provincial town. Nor would our course be complicated, as in Paris, by the existence of an Institute which confers an immortality on those already living. Neither, despite the great and growing rivalry of large cities, should we have to contend with a rampant sectionalism—such as that of Spain, which would deny the dignity of the very capital itself. But there are other objections, nevertheless, and they are numerous and cogent. One alone is apparently insurmountable—the necessity of a political basis and the inevitability of a political bias. The voter swarms; the practical politician is abroad. If the guiding and restraining sense of high church dignitaries, supposedly sensitive to the continuity of history and to the force of hallowed tradition, has not always proved sufficient for the prevention of jarring *faux pas*, what might be expected from a rawly



extemporized board or committee working on the yea-and-nay plan—a body certain to have the qualities of its active creators and perpetuators and to be provided at the start with a very large space to fill? Our English well-wisher, in his suggestions for a National American pantheon, provides for our early explorers and colonizers, our poets and theologians and historians; but he does not lay equal stress upon our “statesmen,” as we are fond of calling them.

Now, when we consider that the one character to evoke the vivid, spontaneous unbounded enthusiasm and sympathy of the American people is the political orator, that this same people is in the habit of definite action in a matter which really moves and concerns it, and that in no other land is ante-mortem abuse more subject to the corrective of post-mortem praise, we may imagine the make-up and aspect of our pantheon after a hot political campaign that happened to be followed by a season of severe mortality. It might, at first, give us considerable complacency; shortly it would displease us, presently it would disgust us; and in the future we should be well enough satisfied to bury our illustrious dead near their own families and amidst the scenes with which they were associated during life.

#### NAPOLEON ON RECIPROCITY

In an exceedingly interesting paper contributed to the *Century* by Captain Ussher, R. N., who accompanied Napoleon to Elba, he relates the following conversation:—

Napoleon was in very good spirits, and seemed very desirous to show that, though he had ambition, England was not without her share also. He said that ever since the time of Cromwell we had set up extraordinary pretensions, and arrogated to ourselves the dominion of the sea; that

after the peace of Amiens Lord Sidmouth wished to renew the former treaty of commerce, which had been made by Vergennes after the American war; but that he, anxious to encourage the industry of France, had expressed his readiness to enter into a treaty, not like the former, which it was clear, from the portfolio of Versailles, must be injurious to the interests of France, but on terms of perfect reciprocity—viz., that if France took so many millions of English goods, England should take as many millions of French produce in return. Lord Sidmouth said:

“This is totally new. I cannot make a treaty on these conditions.”

“Very well. I cannot force you into a treaty of commerce any more than you can force me, and we must remain as we are, without commercial intercourse.”

“Then,” said Lord Sidmouth, “there will be war; for unless the people of England have the advantages of commerce secured to them, which they have been accustomed to, they will force me to declare war.”

“As you please. It is my duty to study the just interests of France, and I shall not enter into any treaty of commerce on other principles than those I have stated.”

He stated that although England made Malta the pretext, all the world knew that was not the real cause of the rupture; that he was sincere in his desire for peace, as a proof of which he sent his expedition to San Domingo. When it was remarked by Colonel Campbell that England did not think him sincere, from his refusing a treaty of commerce, and sending consuls to Ireland, with engineers to examine the harbors, he laughed, and said that was not necessary, for every harbor in England and Ireland was well known to him. Bertrand remarked that every ambassador was a spy.

Napoleon said that the Americans admitted the justness of his principles of commerce. Formerly they brought

over some millions of tobacco and cotton, took specie in return, and then went empty to England, where they furnished themselves with British manufactures. He refused to admit their tobacco and cotton unless they took from France an equivalent in French produce; they yielded to his system as being just. He added that now England had it all her own way, that there was no power which could successfully oppose her system, and that she might now impose on France any treaty she pleased. "The Bourbons, poor devils [here he checked himself], are great lords who are contented with having back their estates and castles; but if the French people become dissatisfied with that [the treaty], and find that there is not the encouragement for their manufactures in the interior of the country that there should be, they [the Bourbons] will be driven out in six months. Marseilles, Nantes, Bordeaux, and the coast are not troubled by that, for they always have the same commerce; but in the interior it is another thing. I well know what the feeling is for me at Terrare (?), Lyons, and those places which have manufactures, and which I have encouraged."

He said that Spain was the natural friend of France and enemy of Great Britain; that it was the interest of Spain to unite with France in support of their commerce and foreign possessions; that it was a disgrace to Spain to allow us to hold Gibraltar. It was only necessary to bombard it night and day for a year, and it must eventually fall. He asked if we still held Cintra. He did not invade Spain, he said, to put one of his family on the throne, but to revolutionize her; to make her a kingdom in right; to abolish the inquisition, feudal rights, and the inordinate privileges of certain classes. He spoke also of our attacking Spain without a declaration of war, and without cause, and seizing the frigates bringing home treasure. Some one remarked that we knew Spain intended to make com-

mon cause with him as soon as the treasure should arrive. He said he did not want it; all he had was five millions (francs) per month.

On my asking a question regarding the Walcheren expedition, he said he could not hold Walcheren with less than 14,000 men, half of whom would be lost annually by disease; and as he had such means in the neighborhood of Antwerp, it could at any time be attacked, and by means of superiority of numbers must fall; that the expedition against it was on too great a scale and too long preparing, as it gave him time. He added that he wrote from Vienna that an expedition was going to Antwerp; he thought that a *coup de main* with 10,000 men and with his preparation would have succeeded; laughed at our ignorance in suffering so much time to be lost, and in setting down before Flushing (whereby we lost a large proportion of our army through disease) instead of advancing rapidly on Antwerp; and seemed astonished at our Government's selecting such a commander-in-chief for so important an expedition.

#### THE RUSSIAN APPROACH TO INDIA.

It is a fact that English statesmen, and more especially those of the Liberal Party, are rather neglectful of Continental politics. It is reported that Mr. Disraeli believes there is no cause for complaint or alarm regarding Russia's contiguity to India. Mr. Karl Blind emphasizes these points in Lippincott's Magazine, in relating his recent interview with Mr. Disraeli:—

As I came to speak of the war-clouds which I felt sure were gathering in Russia against Turkey, Mr. Disraeli let fall a remark I was scarcely prepared to hear him utter in those days. He did not believe that danger to be near at all! "The Russians," he said, "have now enough on their hands in Central Asia. And, after

all, I do not think there is any cause for complaint or alarm in that direction."

My answer was, "You will pardon me when I say that I have never been able to understand how quietly England, upon the whole, nay, with what surprising assent, not a few men here have regarded this pushing forward of Russia through Independent Tartary. After all, her final aim is India."

I then told him what I had heard from a trustworthy source, which could not possibly be suspected, and which was even free from all political bias or intention, as to the activity of Russian emissaries in India during the Crimean war. They had endeavored to promote a rebellion in England's Asiatic Empire, as a means of diversion; but, fortunately, it took a long time before their efforts made any imprint; and when the Sepoy rising at last came, the hands of England were not fettered by the complications of a foreign war. Mr. Disraeli was certainly startled when I gave him the details a friend had gathered from German officers who were intimately acquainted with the Russian emissaries in question.

Yet even as late as 1876, when he exerted himself to stop Russia from seizing Constantinople, Mr. Disraeli once more repeated his easy-going talk as to the absence of all danger from the Central Asian conquering policy of the Czar. It was as if he wished to draw away the Court of St. Petersburg from further aggression in the direction of the Mediterranean by giving it free leave to do its best, or its worst, in the Asiatic Khanates. A short-sighted policy, indeed. If we look at the immense territory Russia has overrun and conquered within the last twenty years, from the Caspian Sea to the Afghan frontier, advancing even into Afghanistan itself, it must become patent to the least observant what she is really aiming at. To-day Lord Salisbury would not give

any longer the same counsel he formerly gave laughingly to the so-called alarmists,—namely, that they should "buy some very large maps, in order to see how far the Czar's Empire is still from the confines of India." Nor would Lord Beaconsfield look to-day with equanimity upon the situation which has been created since he thought that it was "still a long way from the Russian to the Indian frontier."

Almost immediately after the last war against Turkey it came out that a secret envoy of the Czar had plied the late Ameer of Afghanistan with a proposal of an alliance, in view of a war to be waged some day by Russia against English rule in India. The documentary evidence is printed in a blue-book. Nevertheless, the English government has allowed itself, year by year, to be deceived, or appeased in outward semblance, by the diplomatic assurances of the Czar's government. "Khiva was not to be, annexed. Sarakhs was not to be touched. Merv was not to be incorporated. Afghanistan was completely outside the sphere in which Russia intended exercising any influence." All those promises are recorded in so many words. All were successively broken without compunction. I have often discussed these matters, and the question of the future of India, with prominent and intelligent Indians in London,—Hindoos, Mohammedans, Parsees, Buddhists; some of them holding high office in native governments of their country, others pursuing various studies in England, or exercising their calling as lawyers. Most of them—the Hindoos especially—were free-minded men in religious matters, having fallen away from the creed they had been brought up in. All of them acknowledged that English rule, whatever may have been its origin or the errors of statesmen in the past, has latterly effected a great deal of good.

## HUMOROUS SIDE OF POLITICS

### BALLADS OF TO-DAY

John Kendrick Bangs.....Harper's Weekly

*Mr. Peters, of Schoharie, on the coming Cabinet, as suggested by his daily reading.*

<p>I've studied up the question, and I think the country's safe, Although to have a Demmycrat to rule us makes me chafe. Things can't go very wrong if what the papers says is true, That Dan Lamont's to be in charge of War an' Navy too.</p> <p>I ain't afraid that crops 'll go to bloomin' 'tarnal smash, Er that the Gov'ment's like to do much that is wild 'nd rash, If it is so, as in the daily papers now I reads, That Dan Lamont's to take Rusk's place manipulatin' seeds.</p> <p>'Nd I've no end o' confidence our letters 'll go straight To where they destined, as the envelopes may indicate, If Grovey Cleveland's going to have the courage and the face To put Lamont, as I've heern tell, in Wan- nymaker's place.</p>	<p>'Nd what is more, no foreign land 'll bluff us Yankee folk, No Britisher will dare to try to bind us 'neath no yoke, If they be right who've had a sight of Mister Cleveland's slate, 'Nd say he's got Dan down agin to run affairs of State.</p> <p>'Nd there's a friend o' mine what knows a friend of Dan's what says We're comin' into bloomin' fine 'nd mighty prosperous days, Because he knows it for a fact, jest as 'twas told to me, That this same Dan's likewise to have charge of the Treasury.</p> <p>I don't know Dan Lamont myself, but I'm prepared to swear That he's the simplest, greatest man there's livin' anywhere; For if he wasn't, Mister C.—'tis pretty safe to bet— Would never dare to let him have the hull darned cabinet.</p>
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### WHAT WORRIES GROVER

Boston Courier

<p>Accordin' to the papers—so I learn from them as reads'em— Thars suthin mighty pesterin' preyin' on the mind o' Grover: An' tho' them papers has their own ideas, of course, as leads 'em To think they know the reason, when I come to think it over—</p> <p>No doubt that Cabinet-makin' job has sorter joined his thinker, An' writin' up his 'naugural mought have been a bit o' bother. But when I caount as haow Jed Shaw, Zeke Haskins, an' Jim Blinker— A-sayin' nothin' 'baout myself—has writ to him, it's rather</p>	<p>Conspickyous to me the thing as 'casions his kermotion Is this here thing o' pickin' out the post- master for Goshen.</p> <p>An' when yer come ter think o' it, it's jist a fair conclusion, We've fit, petitioned, an' mass-meetin'd 'bout it sence election, Our paper's be'n brimmed up with it in elerquent perfusion An' sent to Grover ev'ry week, an' ketchin' the infection, An' seein' how it stirred the land from ocean 'cross to ocean, He's nat'ral worried 'baout this here post- mastership o' Goshen.</p>
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### BILLVILLE ON THE MOVE

Atlanta Constitution

<p>"We're marchin' on to Washin'ton, jes' two an' two in line; Our flags are all a-flyin', an' we're feelin' mighty fine; Each man has got his record from the regular brigade, An' you're bound to know old Georgia when she gets in the parade!</p> <p>"We're marchin' on to Washin'ton, an' ain't a-movin' slow; Each man that worked for Grover's got a ticket to the show;</p>	<p>An' them fellers at the Capitol—they need'nt cut no pranks, For there ain't a single private, dead or livin', in the ranks!</p> <p>"We're marchin' on to Washin'ton; we're sure to see the fun; We know jes' how to 'order arms' an' load a Georgia gun; An' when it comes to votin'—we can lay 'em in the shade, So you're bound to know old Georgla when she gets in the parade!"</p>
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DITHYRAMBIC ODE TO HOKE

*J. Alexander Magillcuddy.....New York Sun*

Hail, Hoke,  
Hilarious Hoke Smith!  
Quaint joke,  
Godsend to the jokesmith.  
What broke  
When Grover did poke Smith  
And spoke:  
"Come up here, you Hoke Smith!"

O! what a Cabinet  
Will this one be!  
Not a stick nor a slab in it,  
Not an atom of gab in it,  
Not a blather nor blab in it,  
Can any one see.  
From the State Secretary  
To Hoke of the Interior,  
As viewed from the exterior,  
There's not one inferior!  
Each one is superior,  
Very, very, very, very!

All hail to Hoke!  
From the land of the moke  
He cometh!  
He hummeth,  
Doth Hoke!

From the melon-land  
And the cotton-land,

From the goober-land  
And the 'possum land,  
Where the weird Withlacoochee  
Chimes with cheerful Chattahoochee,  
And the alligator  
Is the chief spectator  
Of the doings of natur',  
Cometh our Hoke,  
With needles of loblolly pine  
And persimmon seed fine  
In his luxuriant hair.  
With tar on both his heels  
And an exalted stare  
When he feels  
That he's got there!

Hoke! Gee whizz!  
We admire thy phiz!  
Thou holdest the odds,  
By all the gods  
In the Pantheon!

Light of the Interior!  
Joy of the exterior,  
Hoke!  
Georgia's  
Georgious  
Joke,  
Hail! Oh, Hoke!  
Holy smoke!!

THE ONLY ONE OF THE KIND

*Albany Evening Journal*

There are whitesmiths and blacksmiths,  
and Smiths of all degrees;  
The Smiths abound in every state; there are  
Smiths across the seas;  
There are tinsmiths and gunsmiths, and  
Smiths in every trade;  
There are Smiths of high distinction, and  
Smiths of lower grade.

You'll find the name in history on nearly  
every page;  
You'll find it in each hemisphere, in every  
clime and age;  
Where the battles have been fiercest the  
Smiths have fought and died;  
In orgies and carousals they have held their  
own with pride.

There was Adam Smith who wrote a book  
still used in every college;  
There is Dr. Smith, the Presbyterian, of theo-  
logic knowledge;  
And James Smith the younger, in spite of  
nomenclature;  
Was elected to the Senate by the Jersey  
Legislature.

There is Mott Smith at Washington, of  
Sandwich Island fame,  
Who came to represent the Queen we hesi-  
tate to name;  
But we search the wide world over, where  
the English tongue is spoke,  
For another Smith like the one whose  
Christian name is Hoke.



## HENRI TAINE

Hippolyte-Adolphe Taine, who died suddenly on March 5 at his home in Paris, had a world-wide reputation as a philosopher, critic, and literateur. Born in 1828, of cultured parents, he gave promise, in his youth, of great intellectual achievements. As early as 1853 he had obtained a doctor's degree, and his name, even then, was widely known. Besides fulfilling, with tireless energy, his work as Professor of *Æsthetics* in the School of Fine Arts, he published in 1863 his first great work, "The History of English Literature." His second, and perhaps his greatest work, "The Origins of Contemporary France," he finished only ten years ago. Of his place and influence in the literature and politics of France, we quote from the *New York Sun*:—

What lends extraordinary distinction to the life of Hippolyte Adolphe Taine is the fact that no man writing the French language, with the possible exceptions of Calvin and Voltaire, has exerted so powerful an influence on the course of events in France. It is not by his *Philosophy of Art*, or by his studies of English Literature, nor yet by his *History of the French Revolution*, that he will be longest remembered. It is rather because he applied the methods of Darwin and Spencer to a ruthless analysis of the career and character of Napoleon Bonaparte, and thereby effected the destruction of the Napoleonic legend. But for Taine, that legend would have still remained a source of danger in French politics. To dissociate it from the shame of Sedan and Metz, all that was needed was to demonstrate that not a drop of Bonaparte blood ran in the veins of Napoleon III. The son and grandsons of King Jerome Bonaparte had everything to gain by acquiescence in the plea, and well-in-

formed persons are aware that the French mind was prepared for it. The Napoleonic legend might have survived all the infamies of the Second Empire, but it could not outlive the cold, cogent, merciless, irrefutable analysis of the great materialist historian.

Taine was one of the few historians, we should rather say he was the sole historian, who came to the examination and revision of history armed with all the science of his time. He was an expert metaphysician and a profound physiologist before he brought his acquisitions to bear upon the facts of sociology. Even in the special field upon which he ultimately entered—the definite interpretation of the French revolution—he reserved for the last the study of its Titanic outgrowth and super-eminent phenomenon. He purposed first to trace the origins of contemporary France, next to explore the structural and functional characteristics of the Ancient Régime, and then to portray the outburst, the havoc, and eventually constructive outcome of explosive forces—in the States-General, the National Assembly, the *Constituante*, the Convention and the Directory. Only when he had massed upon his canvas all the antecedent and environing data, and had brought fully into view all the shocks, cyclones, and transmutations of the social atmosphere, did he mean to depict the being who by heredity was destined to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm. Taine himself revealed a fear that a hundred years might be required for truth itself to purge away the deep-seated and malignant taint of the Napoleonic virus. He was mistaken. Thanks to him largely, if not mainly, a comparatively short time has sufficed to annihilate the Napoleonic legend. At last the name and story of Napoleon have lost their sorcery for France. It is now well-nigh universally admitted that in everything

he did, Napoleon aimed at his personal advantage, and that for him all other human beings were but tools, toys, victims; that he simply brought to bear upon the tamer mortals of his time an intellectual instrument of matchless temper and stupendous power, together with a moral character devoid at once of conscience and of sympathy, an all-absorbent, pitiless, insatiable individuality.

#### AUGUSTINE BROHAN

Madame Brohan, the French comedienne, who died recently in Paris, had lived in retirement at Versailles for the past twenty-five years. The following interesting article is from a Paris letter to the New York Tribune:

For some years past Madame Brohan, the once famous actress, might have been often seen in sunny weather in Parc de Monceau, leaning, as she walked, on the arm of a good-natured, middle-aged woman, evidently in a dependent situation. The former set her foot down with the uncertain step which is a sign of coming paralysis. When she sat on a bench she fretted and fumed, and must have often tried the patience of her companion. Her sight being gone, she could not see what was passing around her, much less read or sew. Being read to seemed to vex her, her ear was so easy to offend. She wore a respirator. This was not to prevent her from breathing cold air, but because time had told on a mouth which was erst famous for the silvery tones that came from it in speaking or in laughing, and for the power its smiles had to light up a finely proportioned face. False teeth were a bore, and the respirator, when they were not used, hid the toothlessness of the gums. Yet there was much in the old lady that was "out of the common." One felt that she was a personage, and a remarkable one too. She had a fine bearing when she sat down and gave herself up to her reflections. In speak-

ing she expressed herself in short and often caustic phrases. Peevishness was her most constant humor. But she could be funnily ironical and she had a talent for hitting nails on the head. Her dress, handsome originally, was carelessly put on and shabby, more, one saw, from indifference as to how she looked than from want of means, for she was too self-willed and independent in her words and ways to be what is known as a decayed gentlewoman. Augustine Brohan had a touch of dour Scotch causticity. Her smart sayings and her power to draw striking and suggestive word portraits and to hit off essential traits with a few strokes of the tongue made her enemies without number in the theatrical world. They retorted with practical jokes. She was born near-sighted and the footlights utterly ruined her eyes. Well, her stage companions were always placing stumbling blocks in her way in the wings of the theatre. Twice when the Court were present at plays in which she was to act she was made, in entering on the stage, to trip over and fall. Time after time she sent in her resignation. But the Emperor and Prince Napoleon interfered to get her to withdraw it. In 1868 she made up her mind once for all to quit the stage and marry a M. Gheest who had been Secretary of the Belgian Legation under Comte Lehon. She was better off than he was and bought a house in the Rue de Balzac in which all her wedded life and widowhood were spent. He and she did not get on well. He had a heavy Belgian brain and did not value her wonderful mental endowments. Losing her sight made her life dreary. She took refuge as well as she could in religion in her old age, but said that her moral sense had been too much warped by the stage for her to find the peace which piety affords to the simple-minded. Her son was her single consolation. She died in his arms, blind, paralyzed, much older than her years, and forgotten by the world.

## DIARY OF THE MONTH\*

### HOME NEWS

The question of annexing Hawaii has been widely discussed. Cables from Honolulu report that quietness has reigned on the island ever since the raising of the American flag, and that prospects of annexation have raised the price of real estate. On February 15, Secretary Foster expressed his approval of Minister Steven's action in Hawaii, and the Senate received the annexation treaty from President Harrison with a message in its favor; but March 9, at President Cleveland's request, it was returned to the State department. On February 15, Topeka, Kan., was the scene of a disgraceful disturbance. The Republican members took forcible possession of Representatives Hall, and Governor Lewelling called out the militia to help take the hall for the Populists. On the 17th, however, a peace agreement was signed conceding to the Republicans all their demands, and on the 25th the Supreme Court of Kansas declared the Republican House the legal body. Washington's birthday was celebrated in New York city by the raising of the American flag on the steamship City of New York by President Harrison. On February 28 our first real battleship, the Indiana, was launched at Philadelphia. In New York City, on February 13, the Congress Committee began the Panama Canal investigation. On February 17 damaging reports caused heavy sales and a large decline in Reading stock, without, however, materially affecting the market otherwise; on the 26th receivers were appointed. In the New Jersey Assembly the racing bills were passed over the Governor's veto, and became a law. Mass meetings in protest have since been held, and bills to repeal the odious legislation have been presented.

CONGRESS.—In Congress considerable legislation was enacted. Bills were passed as follows: In the Senate on February 22, the Sundry Civil bill; on the 23d, the Diplomatic and Military Academy bills; on the 25th, the Legislative Appropriation bill; on the 27th, the Indian Appropriation bill; on March 1, in the House of Representatives, the general debate on the Pension Bill closed; on the 16th, the amendment to the bill was defeated; but on the 17th, the bill passed the House as originally drafted, and on the 27th it passed the Senate. On March 6 a joint resolution was introduced in the Senate for a constitutional amendment changing Inauguration Day to April 30. In the House were passed, on the 20th, the New York and New Jersey Bridge bill, and the Naval and Agricultural bills; the latter passed the Senate on the 28th.

POLITICAL.—The gossip and rumor concerning Mr. Cleveland's possible selections for his Cabinet were terminated on February 22, when he completed the list, which we give in detail elsewhere. The Senate confirmed the nominations on March 6. On the 3d, President Harrison and Mr. Cleveland exchanged the usual formal calls, and on March 4 the inaugural ceremony took place.

DEATHS.—On February 12, Norvin Green, president of the Western Union Telegraph Co., died at his home in Louisville, Ky. On February 15, Samuel J. Colgate died in New York City. On March 5, Henri Taine, the French critic and historian, died suddenly at his home in Paris. On March 1 died Madame Jules Grevy, widow of the former president of France, and on the 10th occurred the death of Rev. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, of the faculty of Harvard, at Boston.

CASUALTIES.—On February 26, John W. Mackay, the bonanza millionaire, was shot, not dangerously, by a crank who then shot himself fatally. Snow in an unusual amount has fallen in the East. On March 8, a slight earthquake was felt in New York City. On the 10th a fire caused the loss of several lives in Boston, the injury of about thirty persons, and the destruction of property amounting to nearly five million dollars.

### FOREIGN NEWS

On February 14, the Irish National Party accepted the Home Rule Bill, and Mr. Balfour replied to Mr. Gladstone's speech. —In France, popular interest in the Panama Canal scandal continues; M. Andrieux threatens before the next election to divulge the names of personages implicated in the scandal; the trial of officials already accused began on March 8 with Charles de Lesseps as the first witness; on the 9th M. Baihaut, ex-minister of public works, made an avowal of his guilt; on the 15th, M. le Guay and Prevost were convicted of complicity in the fraud and sentenced to fine and imprisonment; on the 20th, M. le Royer, president of the French Senate, resigned, and on the 25th, M. Ferry was chosen to succeed him. —In Germany, on February 16, the amendments to the German Army bill were rejected by the Reichstag Committee, but Chancellor von Caprivi declared, on the 18th, that he would not resign his office, whereupon popular agitation in favor of the bill increased. On the 28th, the Chancellor declared in the Reichstag that Germany will never give up Alsace-Lorraine. —In Italy, on February 17, the Pope officiated at a special jubilee at St. Peter's, Rome,

\*The record is from February 12, 1893, to March 12, 1893.

## ELEONORA DUSE—A NEW DRAMATIC LIGHT

Eleanora Duse, an Italian actress, supported by a company of Italians speaking Italian, in a series of great dramatic plays, has so captivated the audiences of New York that some account of her remarkable career and dramatic powers forms a part of the history of the American stage. Her biography, so far as it could be obtained, is an interesting one. "She will not tell about herself and her managers do not know anything about her," is the sententious remark of a writer who endeavored to learn about her life. Nevertheless, from different sources, the following interesting facts have been gleaned:—

She was born at Vigevano, (says Antonio Bracco, an Italian writer), a small town between Piedmont and Lombardy. Her talent is hereditary, her father and grandfather having been actors of no mean ability. She was scarcely twelve years old when she was working almost day and night upon the stage in obscure theatres, those sad and grotesque asylums of inferior companies. Her wages represented the most important item in her not well-to-do family. Those were days of toil and suffering, when, weak from lack of sufficient food, she had to undergo the exhausting fatigues of the stage, and her chief reward was the applause of an audience richer in emotions than in gold and silver. Often while suffering the pangs of hunger, the young girl, strengthened by her ambition and love of family, hid her personal pains in the character of the sweet-heart of Paolo to be killed by Lancelot, whilst declaiming the sweet, guilty love of Francesca da Rimini. Nor was she compensated by being feted as an infant wonder. Indeed, she was

almost compelled to conceal her youth from both manager and public, lest it might produce a doubt in their minds that the repertory of dramas and tragedies were entirely unsuited to her tender years. The pressing need of money weighed not only on her genius but on her mind and spirits, which, notwithstanding the sufferings of a life of toil, were naturally gay,



*Eleanora Duse*

a fact not due to the wearing, exhaustive work of the tragedienne, but to open-air exercise and the mirth and mischief of a noisy company. Still she developed force of spirit. She combined the manner of the adult woman with that of the thoughtful child. Almost unknown to herself she became absorbed in her part, and the woman inoculated the child with strong emotions which deprived her gestures, her face, her voice of all childishness, and touched her audiences and caused her companions to wonder. Thus the germs of a great

actress grew in the little wandering comedienne.

Madame Duse's repertory includes not alone a number of Shakespearean characters, but also a number of modern French ones such as Camille and *Fédora* in which her acting has been

elaborations by which actors think they may transform themselves into the persons, whom, for a few hours, they represent. Truth is her goal; it is also her path. With her it is ever present. She thoroughly conquers truth without catering to the public caprice of her own womanly vanity or the world of illusion belonging to stage life. She sees the truth; she



*Eleonora Duse as Camille*

brought in direct contrast to that of Sarah Bernhardt. Critics have been enthusiastic in their praise of her naturalness and realism. Her gifts are summed up by the writer already quoted in these words:—

The great characteristic of Eleonora Duse, and one which raises her far above all her contemporaries, is the manner in which she eliminates all artifice, method and everything indeed that partakes of the artificial, in her life upon the stage. Even at the cost of displeasing the majority of a mixed crowd of spectators and forfeiting applause, she will not aid her portrayals by resorting to those sham

feels it. Yet it is subjective truth And of sorrow, the grand motive of feminine action upon the stage, she is the truest exponent.

A single criticism of her appearance in *Fernande* taken from the *New York Evening Post* will exemplify her power:—

Much might be said of her wonderful by-play in the scene with *Fernande* in which she narrowly averts the ruin of her plot by preventing the threatened confession, and of the extraordinary significance of her acting at the moment before the marriage, when she offers to Andrea his last



chance of escape; but the memory of all these achievements was temporarily obscured by her exhibition of triumphant vengeance, a very delirium of scorn, jealousy, and passion, after the marriage had been solemnized and her victim entrapped. In her very best melo-dramatic moments Sarah Bernhardt never did anything so marvellously real as this. Every fibre of the woman's body vibrated with the uncontrollable fury which blazed from her eyes and echoed in every note of her mad-denied speech, and the realism of the struggle which occurred when Pomerol, to compel her silence, bore her by main force writhing from the room, created an illusion so perfect that the audience sat silent for an instant or two before it could recover breath to applaud. And, as on every other occasion, the effect was wrought without exaggeration, without any apparent care for mere theatrical device, but by the closest imitation of nature itself. The part was unworthy of so much genius, but the interpretation of it was magnificent.

As to the actress's personality, the following passages from an article in the New York Sun are matters of hearsay:—

A theatrical manager in Vienna named Jauner, he whose house was burned with a terrible loss of the lives of the people in it not long ago, was arranging an exposition of matters connected with music and the drama in the old Vienna World's Fair building in the winter of 1891. He was to open the novel show in May, 1892. Mme. Eleonora Duse heard of this, and instructed her manager or her administrator (secretary, as we would say) to write to Jauner for permission to open the model playhouse.

"Duse? Duse?" he said, when he read the letter. "I never heard of such an actress."

So he told his secretary to say that he was sorry, but he could not oblige

the actress. Then she did a thing that was very like her. Piqued and mortified at the narrowness of her fame, she instructed her manager to hire a first-class theatre in Berlin for February. The theatre was obtained and she and her company appeared in it—the first night to half a house, the



*In Fedora*

first week to the greatest crowds that ever besieged the theatre. Mr. Jauner, quite ignorant of the offence he had given her, and only mindful of his own speculative interest in human commodities, approached the Duse hat in hand and said that he would be honored if she would open his model playhouse in May. No, she replied; she would not. But she would tell him what she would do; she would return to Vienna whenever he did

open his model playhouse, and she would take his crowds to her own theatre. That was precisely what happened. She came back to Vienna, and though Jauner was doing his best with his exposition, the talk and the excitement and the success of the moment were all for Duse.

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She is a pessimist. It is not thought to be true, as so many say, that she is a consumptive or that she is sickly



*As Cleopatra*

in any way. Her illnesses, at intervals, do not denote any organic malady. But she is pessimistic. "Life," she says, "is not worth the pain it brings." And every now and again she says: "It is good that life is so short." In those two sentences lies the key to her temperament. Brought up in a cruel, hard school, she was pursued by misfortunes of the heart which no professional success can be expected to outweigh in such a fine-fibred and ardent nature as hers. She does not play for the public, but for herself, and herself she has given to

her art. If a strolling player child who had to support her parents in the rural districts of Italy could ever have enjoyed that eager zest for life which dies slowly in most breasts, she has certainly lost it. Now she has thrown herself into professional work, and cares for nothing beyond it. That is why she is so easy to please. The trifles that attend mere living are nothing to her. She does not care whether her dressing-room floor is bare or carpeted. What she cares much for is to see the famous players of the world. She saw Henry Irving in *Lear* on her way to New York. She drove to her hotel, seized paper and pen and ink, and wrote her impressions. She forgot her supper, and, when she had done writing, went to bed without it. She will not tell what she has written or give it out for publication. She simply says that Mr. Irving is a great actor. She saw Bernhardt some time before, and of her she says: "I take off my hat to her, at her feet." That is prettier than the reply of the French woman: "Duse is good, but not great; she imitates Bernhardt." In one thing she must be very different from Bernhardt, and that is in her ability to hide and alter her true figure. At the hotels, where she has been seen in private life, she is said to look short and somewhat stout. On the stage her admirers credit her with looking short, stout, tall, thin, angular, graceful, pretty, ugly, sad, and sweet—all as she chooses, but never two things in one night.

#### UNWRITTEN POEMS

*From "Wanderers".....William Winter*

Fairy spirits of the breeze—  
Frailer nothing is than these.  
Fancies born we know not where—  
In the heart or in the air:  
Wandering echoes blown unsought  
From far crystal peaks of thought:  
Shadows, fading at the dawn,  
Ghosts of feeling dead and gone:  
Alas! Are all fair things that live  
Still lovely and still fugitive?

## A COURSE OF ART STUDY IN JAPAN\*

The interesting question, How were the artists of Japan produced? has been answered for us by a Japanese artist himself, Mr. Hashimoto Gaho, a translation of whose reminiscences of studio-life appeared sometime ago in the Japan Mail:—

"The studio of a Kano master," he tells us, "consisted of three rooms, one of which was occupied by the master, who seldom entered the two other rooms where his students worked. The room next to that of the master was occupied by students of medium grade. Upon them devolved the duty of attending to the wants of the master. The last room, a large one, formed the principal *atelier*. Here students of the highest proficiency occupied seats nearest the window, and those newly admitted were assigned to the darkest parts of the room. Most of the regulations of the school were in the form of unwritten laws, orally transmitted from generation to generation. But certain written rules also existed. These were as follows:—(1.) That the students should diligently apply themselves to their study by day and night. (2.) That they should adopt the utmost precautions against fire. (3.) That, except to discharge business for the master, they should not go out of the house without permission; and that, in the event of any one being obliged to pass a night away from school, a certificate must be brought from the proprietor of the house where he stayed. (4.) That strict simplicity should be observed on all festive occasions, as, for example, the admittance of a new student, or the 'grant of one character.' (5.) That, except on holidays or to discharge unavoidable business, visits must not be paid to houses in the same compound. (6.) That the students should neither feast nor quarrel among themselves. (7.) That they should be at their desk by seven in the morning, and not lie down before ten in the evening. And (8.) That before retiring to rest each student should take his water-bowl to the bamboo corridor outside. Finally, the students were strictly forbidden to associate with artists of the Chinese school; nor were they allowed to study paintings of the *Ukiyo-ye*, or popular school."

The course of instruction was as precise as the rules regulating the students' conduct. Sixty pictures by the famous Tsunenobu served as models. They were reproduced in five volumes, and a number of copies were kept in the school library. The

student began work by making a careful copy of one of the pictures; from his own copy he then made several more copies, and when he made himself thoroughly acquainted with every detail and every stroke of the picture, he prepared a final copy, which was submitted to the master's judgment. Then the next picture was treated in the same way, and then the next, and so on through the sixty; and thus, working from sunrise to sunset, he occupied the first year and a half of his student life. Six months were next devoted to Tsunenobu's twelve pictures of flowers and birds. After this he passed to more promiscuous study among the works of other masters, and he began to use colors. By the end of the third year the student would have become sufficiently master of his brush to assist in the mechanical part of the master's pictures, filling in the color in the dresses of the figures, and so forth. After the eighth year his toil was rewarded by the grant of one character of his master's name, and thenceforward he became himself a master.

The results of such a system of education are, indeed, what might have been expected—vain repetitions of the same subject. They are accurate certainly, but originality has suffered so much in the cause of mechanical dexterity, that the imagination of all but the greatest geniuses is tied and bound down by the chains of conventions and traditions. This is the sort of disheartening business that goes on when you want to get a picture painted. You have admired the work of a certain man; some geese, for example, poised above a wave. You want to buy one of his pictures. He pays you a visit, and, after the preliminary and indispensable courtesies have been gone through, he produces a roll of rough sketches: these are his stock subjects, the geese among them. He has painted a hun-

\*F. T. Piggott in the Fortnightly Review

dred of each of them, and is ready to paint a hundred more if you are disposed to order them. If they do not please you he deeply regrets it, but it can't be helped. To persuade him to touch a fresh subject is almost impossible. But, on the other hand, if you should admire a picture by some old master and desire to have a replica of it, he may be induced to do that for you; for the details of such a picture he has probably learnt by heart in his studies, and, if he be skilful and you not too learned, you will probably have some difficulty in distinguishing his picture from the original. But though the repetitions are vain from the point of view of originality, from the point of view of accuracy they are simply astounding. Not until one has submitted to the method, and worked under a master, is it possible to understand the extraordinary minuteness of the system, to realize how everything, down to the smallest detail, has been carefully worked out and made subject to rule. For every line in a bird's beak or claw, a certain position of the hand and a certain inclination of the brush have been found to be necessary, and they must be learnt, acquired, and remembered. The curves and swells cannot be accomplished in any other way. For every broad mark in the body or the wing, a certain intensity of color at the point of the brush, and a certain quantity of water to be held in reserve at the hinge, are necessary, or the color will not shade off properly, and there will be a series of hard smudges instead of animated feathers. There is no other way of getting those feathers, just as there are no other lines which will tell so simply of the bird's strong flight in the air. But when these and a score of other minute instructions are learnt and remembered, the student may paint a bird cleaving the air as well as the best of them. But then—and this is perhaps the most astonishing part of the educational process—it is not the one swallow that makes the

spring, it is the hundred swallows skimming hither and thither that tell you that the grass is green, that suggest to you air warm with sunlight and full of insect life; and yet not one position of beak or wing of all the flight has escaped the master's study, and the pupil has to learn them all; and not until he has mastered them all, not until every trick has become a second nature to his hand, will he be entitled to ask for the last certificate, technically called the "grant of one character."

#### HOW AN AMERICAN OPERA IS POSSIBLE

Silas G. Pratt. . . . . The Forum

As the chorus and orchestra are the basis of grand opera, they should be so organized as to secure the best possible results at the least expense. There should be formed an opera-chorus society of ladies and gentlemen not dependent upon singing for a livelihood. This chorus should number from one to three hundred and should serve as an auxiliary to the professional or acting salaried chorus, which would not, therefore, need be so large. For instance, the acting chorus would not exceed thirty-five or forty singers, for the auxiliary (volunteer) chorus would sustain the *ensemble* where power and sonorous quality were necessary. The orchestra, too, could be greatly economized to general advantage: a body of forty-five or fifty being sufficient for the work of accompanying, this could be augmented in the strings by students. In this manner a body of sixty effective players could be secured, with from thirty-six to forty-five salaried performers. In Europe almost every city of any pretension has its local opera with chorus and band, supported by the customary patronage of some petty prince, and most of those in the chorus and the orchestra have other occupations that thus render it unnecessary for them to receive from music their entire livelihood. This is one of the chief causes of the prevalence of grand

opera at reasonable prices. The chorus and orchestra having thus been placed upon a logical business basis, the next important matter would be the solo artists. Here a radical change should be made at the start. The "star system" should not be tolerated. When one considers that with both Italian and German companies artists have been paid in the United States as much in a single month as they received in their native land in a whole year, another of the chief reasons for the failure of our opera seasons must be apparent. It is asserted even that some singers possessing life contracts with royal opera companies abroad, which include a life pension after a certain term of service, have surrendered these for a single season's engagement in this country.

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It being plain, therefore, that purely mercenary motives cannot find a place in a scheme of the character proposed, it becomes at once apparent that native singers, as far as possible, should be engaged. It is most likely that nearly all female rôles and many male parts could be thus taken by our people, and where this might not be found possible the parts could be taken by foreign-born residents to whom the learning of the vernacular would be no hardship. All persons engaged should consider the honor of their position of some importance. They should be expected to participate somewhat from patriotic and not wholly from pecuniary motives. Such coöperation could be expected only when the profits were for the public good and not for the enrichment of a private enterprise; for in any personal undertaking the greed of the manager excites a like feeling among all with whom he deals, heaping up expenses beyond all reasonable limits. The coöperation of solo-singers, of leaders in the orchestra and the chorus could be secured upon a much more reasonable basis if engagements,

say for six months, could be guaranteed. This could be made practicable by the formation of local opera-chorus societies in our larger cities. These local societies would need to learn only certain distinctly choral or *ensemble* numbers at first, the acting (salaried) chorus doing all the dramatic work. The participation of such bodies would awaken a local interest in every city and arouse a musical feeling which would contribute largely to an artistic and financial success. Thus a permanent result would be achieved in every city, and a chorus and a sufficient orchestra would be organized with a society to sustain it as patrons of American grand opera. The standard of the *ensemble* would thus be greatly improved, the chorus parts would be given with fresh voices, and the expenses would be diminished and the receipts increased. The ballet in modern opera is a superfluous appendage, and in view of the gorgeous spectacular productions given elsewhere, its introduction serves only to excite ridicule. Another item of enormous expense has been costumes, scenery, and paraphernalia. These have invariably been purchased at absurd prices, sometimes three and four times their value being paid. I remember hearing Sir Augustus Harris upon his Drury Lane stage at a rehearsal tell a carpenter that he would give him just one-half what he demanded for a certain quantity of work, and when Sir Augustus caught my look of surprise, he said to me, "They'll make money on it at that." These details of expense attended to with the economy that is practised in private business would go far to diminish expenses and to render certain a financial success.

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Since all permanent results are achieved by gradual development, it would be wise to make the first attempt in a modest manner and not to endeavor to clothe it with all the pomp and circumstance of an entire



season of grand opera. Thus, as an initial effort, I would suggest three works, two of which should be original operas by native composers, the third a standard favorite. These might be given first to the patrons and then be repeated for the public at popular prices within the reach of all. Thus the patrons' nights would serve to show the support given by public-spirited citizens, and the popular nights would show whether the enterprise received the approval of the masses. As a suggestion of a definite plan of incorporation, the following is offered: The organization of a stock company with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars in shares of one hundred dollars each, twenty-five per cent to be paid at organization, the balance in amounts not to exceed twenty-five per cent at any one time, the entire sum to be paid within a year. Let it be expressly stipulated that dividends in excess of four or five per cent. shall not be paid, all money in excess of expenses and the dividends to be placed in the hands of trustees for the education of talented singers and for the production of new works.

#### DANTE ROSSETTI

*John Skelton.....Blackwood's*

It is now many years since I made Rossetti's acquaintance. In the Spring of 1859 I went with the late Alexander Sellar to Oxford, and after a forenoon in the company of two illustrious professors (who continue to "pipe as though they would never grow old"), they took me to see the hall of the Union Debating Society, which had then been newly decorated by certain members of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. The frescoes (if they were frescoes, but I have since been told that they were drawings in distemper) have long since crumbled away; then they were vivid and splendid—fresh from brush and pencil. Rossetti's contribution was by far the most striking; and for moral force and spiritual impressiveness I

don't think he ever afterwards did anything much better. He had taken for his subject that vision of Guinevere which arrests Lancelot in his quest for the San Grail; and the face of the queen was simply wonderful. Next morning I went to London to stay with Dallas of *The Times*, and it turned out that he had already met the artist, who, except to a select circle, was then quite unknown. But it was clear that the man who had drawn that unforgettable Guinevere must be a man worth knowing; and in the course of four-and-twenty hours—high up in an airy studio above Blackfriars Bridge—I had been introduced to him, and to the works on which he was engaged.

Rossetti's figure was not imposing;—short, squat, bull-doggish, he belonged to the Cavour type; but the sallow face was massive and powerful. The impression of solidity is somehow toned down in Watts' portrait, and the face is thinner and more worn than it was when I knew him. Sleepless nights and protracted pain may possibly have changed him in later years, and made the ideal Rossetti more manifest. Except for the tranquil, meditative, ruminating eye (one thought of the ox-eyed Juno) there was nothing ideal about him then; he was intensely Italian indeed; but it was the sleek and well-fed citizen of Milan or Genoa that he recalled—not the slim romantic hero of Verdi or Donizetti. For several years thereafter, detained in London by Scotch Appeal Cases and other business, I saw much of him. I would call for him in the afternoon when the House of Lords had risen, and we would ramble about the river until it was time to dine at some homely restaurant in the city; and then, if we did not go to the theatre, we would knock up Dallas in Hanover Square for a rubber—Rossetti liked a rubber, though he was a poor player, and rather addicted to abstruse speculations on the reasons which had in-

duced him to play the wrong card—and finish the evening with whisky-and-soda and poetry over the fire.

Rossetti, as I have said, was in the early sixties little known either as painter or poet outside the circle of his friends. Yet some of his very finest work had been finished years before. The Pre-Raphaelite brethren were then regarded in many quarters with unreasoning hostility; and Rossetti, who was very sensitive to ridicule had sedulously shunned publicity. It was only by accident that I came to know that he was a poet. He gave me some sheets of MSS. one day, and asked me to look at them. I found among them more than one of his most perfect sonnets. He had a good memory, and at times he would declaim in his slow deliberate manner scraps and fragments of verses which he would attribute to writers of whom no record remains. When brought to book, and obliged to confess that they were his own, he would tell us that the pieces from which they were taken had been unfortunately lost. (We came by-and-by to understand what "lost" meant.) "The Early Italian Poets" was published in 1861, and, of course, from that time forward his wonderful facility for turning into English the most delicate and idiomatic felicities of a foreign tongue was pretty widely recognized. But of his own inspiration (though the true poetic faculty in some of its highest and most intense moods was unquestionably his) little was known till later.

#### THE ESCURIAL PALACE

*Theodore Child*.....*Harper's*

All along the main street of the town, which rises and rises until it ends in a mere path up the mountain-side, the vast rectangular buildings of the dependencies of the convent-palace continue in gray monotony, block after block, joined together by galleries and arches that span the lateral streets leading to the central

area. On a chimney of one of these dependencies may be seen a stork's nest, the only feature which distinguishes it from a hundred other chimneys. Let us turn down this street, pass under the arch, and here we are with the gray granite leviathan before us. The immensity of it takes your breath away; it is not a palace, but a cyclopean town; and although the sun may be shining brilliantly, it looks sad and funereal with its gray walls picked out with staring joints of white mortar, its leaden roofs, its granite-paved surroundings, its volcanic aspect. This impression of something burnt, blasted, plutonian, of something that has passed through raging fire, struck me time after time as I looked upon the structure. Nor is this idea of fire inappropriate. The palace-convent itself is built in the form of a gridiron turned upside down, and that in memory of the patron, San Lorenzo, who was broiled by Valerian on a slow fire, and, according to Prudentius, bore his martyrdom with coolness and even jocose irony, for when one side was roasted he had himself turned, and invited his cooks to try whether he tasted better underdone or well done.

The plan is a rectangular parallelogram. At the four corners are towers with pointed roofs, which represent the feet of the gridiron; the church and the royal palace, which jut out on one façade, form the handle; the interior buildings, which unite together the two longer sides, form the crossbars. On two sides there are gardens, and on two other sides vast open spaces, paved with granite slabs, or strewn with gravel, marked off with columns and chains, and further bounded by the immense dependencies which shut off the view of the Escorial from the village. After the pyramids, this is the hugest pile of granite that the hand of man has constructed. Façades, doors, vestibules, domes, towers, all are in harmony with the grandeur and pharaonic character of

the edifice. Even the gardens are sombre and austere, for they consist exclusively of fountains surrounded by box-trees cut in geometric and labyrinthine designs. We must not find fault with the building because it has not those qualities it was never intended to have. The architect was ordered to raise a monument on the plan of a gridiron in order to recall the instrument of torture on which St. Laurence suffered martyrdom. The strange interference of hagiography with architecture is in keeping with the character of the founder. The vastness of the votive monument is in conformity with the temper of a king upon whose dominions the sun shone "all the twenty-four hours of the natural day," though we may also say, with the old Duke of Braganza, "he who made such a great vow must have had a great fear." Furthermore, we must remember that the accomplishment of the vow made under the walls of St. Quentin was strengthened by Philip's pious desire to carry out the last wishes of Charles V., who left to his son the care of providing a fitting burial-place for his dynasty. Thus the Escorial is at once a mausoleum, a monastery, and a palace.

*Aspiring Genius.—Tid-Bits*

A certain young and aspiring musician in the suburbs had so far been successful in getting up minor concerts that he aspired to becoming an accepted conductor. Consequently he was always on the alert to learn something from the acts and manners of any conductor of note whom he happened to see. Great was his delight to find an advertisement in the local newspaper offering valuable hints to rising conductors. "Just the thing for me," said he. "I see my way to prominence." So with a little hesitation he dispatched the two-guinea fee; but what was his surprise on receiving, after two posts, the following hints for which he had paid so dearly:—"Take lessons in swimming and carpet-beating. Confine your

attention to your toilet—to cuffs, collars, gloves, and back-hair, and always bear in mind your cuffs and shirt-front cannot be too much displayed. Tap vigorously on the desk, and give a prolonged 'Hush' in all soft passages. It draws the attention of the audience from the music to the conductor. At the conclusion of each piece wipe your forehead—whether it needs it or not. Scowl occasionally at the man with the double-bass, and directly the drummer comes in with his part, wave your left hand violently in his direction—it keeps down his vanity. If you wear long hair, throw it back by a graceful swing of the head, for it helps to remind the audience that all the merit is yours."

*Sunday at the Museums.—New York Tribune*

"The average attendance on the one-half day—the Metropolitan Museum being open only in the afternoon on Sundays—is equal to four whole week days. The average daily attendance is 2,278." An interesting fact in connection with the Metropolitan Museum is found in its average daily attendance as compared with that of other museums. The South Kensington Museum in London has an average daily attendance of 730; the British Museum in London has an average of 601; the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, 300, and the Boston Museum, 190.

*The Great in Art.—The Nation*

The beauty of Burne-Jones's work speaks for itself. But its danger to others cannot be too strongly insisted upon. He is a marvellous exotic. But it is not these men who advance art, although the best of them, like Puvis de Chavannes, are in no sense behind their age. The artists who really have the greatest power, and whose influence is the healthiest, are the men who give dignity and beauty to their own times and surroundings—men like Rembrandt, like Velasquez, like Corot, like Degas, like Whistler.

## ANECDOTES OF ART AND ARTISTS

### *Carnegie's Appreciations.—Art Amateur*

An instance of Carnegie's kindness to art students was shown when he commissioned one to paint a portrait of a deceased relative—from a photograph probably. The young man did not know what charge to make for it, and consulted various artists of his acquaintance, who agreed that he could not well ask Mr. Carnegie more than \$250 for the picture. He sent in his bill accordingly, but he received instead a check for \$750, Mr. Carnegie writing that the portrait had given him so much satisfaction that he thought it was worth that amount. It is not only to artists that Mr. Carnegie is generous. A well-known author, whom we will call Mr. D., was to lecture before a literary society which usually pays the lion of the evening a fee of \$100. Nine members on this occasion had each subscribed \$10 toward that sum, and Mr. Carnegie was asked to give the other \$10. He sat down and wrote a check, which he handed to the caller. "You have made a mistake," said the latter. "This check is for \$110." "Yes, I know," said Mr. Carnegie. "That's all right. I've derived quite that amount of enjoyment from Mr. D's books."

### *Music Hath Charms.—The Arena*

Music is the inspiration of the battle-field, of the church, of the lover, and of the solitary student. When Luther was fatigued by prolonged studies, he would take his flute or guitar, and play a lively piece in his garden, and find his mind refreshed. "Music," said Luther, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only thing which, like theology, can calm the troubled soul and put the devil to flight." This happy influence of music makes it a most important though greatly neglected therapeutic agent; for that which powerfully affects the soul necessarily affects the body in a similar manner. His biographer says

that David, the famous musical composer, when on earth, cured a man of fever with the pianoforte, and when the fever was disposed to return, he readily drove it away in the same manner. In a hospital in Havana a soldier named Martin was under treatment for catalepsy, but absolutely in vain, for fifteen months; but on the 8th of August, the doctors ordered a bagpipe played near his bed, and he recovered almost immediately. The medical profession has neglected this powerful agent; but in London a new musical society, the Guild of St. Cecilia, has been organized to apply music to the restoration of invalids and soothing to their sufferings.

### *The Greatest French Composer.—The Century*

It is only in the opera-house that a French composer can win popularity in France. Neither "Henry VIII," produced in March, 1883, "Proserpine," produced in March, 1887, nor "Ascanio," produced in March, 1890, won an enduring success. A few months ago the National Academy of Music performed a long-neglected duty, and placed "Samson et Dalila" on its list. After failing with "La Princesse jaune" (1872), and "Le Timbre d'argent" (1877), in Paris, Saint-Saëns had sent this opera to Weimar for its baptism of fire. Meanwhile Wagner has conquered the privilege of being heard in Paris, and the largest and most fascinating repertory possessed by the modern lyric theatre has thus been opened to the Grand Opéra. Possibly the circumstance will help in the long run to an appreciation of the scores of M. Saint-Saëns, but for the present he must content himself, as well he may, with the contemporary reputation which neither German nor Briton, neither Italian nor American, will deny to him as the first of living French composers of orchestral and chamber music. And if posterity adds a degree to the honor, and pronounces him the great-

est French musician of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, it will still fall short of the opinion once expressed in the heart of the enemy's country. It was in the early '70's, at Wagner's villa, that Dr. Von Bülow, after hearing M. Saint-Saëns read the score of "Siegfried" at the pianoforte, declared that he was then the greatest living musician save Wagner and Liszt. In 1881, M. Camille Saint-Saëns was elected a member of the Institute in the place left vacant by the death of Henri Reber.

*The Bumptious Beginner.—Art Amateur*

A good story is told of the late A. H. Wyant by Mr. Bruce Crane, who, by the way, was a pupil of his of whom he was very proud. A young man called upon Mr. Wyant at his studio and asked him to give him some lessons in painting. "What can you do?" asked the old gentleman. "Oh, I can finish a landscape first rate, but I never know how to begin one," was the reply. "If that's so," remarked the veteran artist, solemnly puffing at his cigarette, "I think we can easily come to a bargain. I find that I can begin a picture without any trouble, but I have no end of trouble in trying to finish it. Now, if you'll teach me how to finish my pictures, I'll teach you how to begin yours." And with that the old gentleman blew a cloud of smoke and went back to his work.

*A Shock to Nature.*

F. Hopkinson Smith is the author of the following: "I often think what a shock it must be to the good taste of nature when one whitewashes an old fence. For years the sun bleached it, and the winds polished it, until each fibre shown like soft threads of grey satin. Then the little lichens went to work and filled up all the cracks and crannies, and wove grey and black films of lace over the rails, and the dew came every night and helped the green moss to bind the edges with velvet, and the worms

gnawed the splinters into holes, and the weeds clustered about it and threw their tall blossoms against it, and when there was found a particularly ugly old hewn post, a little creeper of a vine peeped over the stone wall and saw its chance, and called out: 'Hold on, I can hide that,' and so shot out a long delicate spray of green, which clung faithfully all summer and left a crown of gold behind it when it died in the autumn. And yet here comes this brute with a scythe and a hatchet, sweeps away all this beauty in an hour and leaves behind only its grimy skeleton."

*The Campo Santo of Genoa.—Cosmopolitan*

While Rome is the city of tombs, and Florence the home and workshop and temple of art, and Pisa has the sacred soil, and Bologna has a throng of sepulchres that have the gift of beauty, it is in Genoa that the most remarkable evidence is found of development in the artistic decoration of graves. Quickly the unique reputation of the Campo Santo of Genoa is explained, for many of the tombs are marvels of art, and are surprises in beauty and in taste. Beside this, dingy and crowded Westminster Abbey becomes as a second-hand store of funeral bric-à-brac; and the things that are curious in startling originality of design are more notable than those that are attractive through delicacy of workmanship. First, one sees that art still lives in Italy; that whatever she has lost, her sculptors are not unworthy their surpassing inheritance of glory. Indeed, art is like the sunshine in the air, and an inspiration for the people from the cradle to the grave.

*In Central Park.—Texas Siftings*

Visiting Englishman:—So that's the h'Obelisk. Why, pun me soul, I didn't know there were hany Hegyp-tian hantiquities in this country.

New Yorker:—We have lots of 'em. I'll make you acquainted with faro at the club to-night



## FORETASTES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR

*Reflections from The Study.....Harper's*

A travelled Frenchman was asked the other day how the buildings of the Columbian World's Fair compared with those of the last exposition in the French capital. After reflecting a moment he replied, "The buildings at Chicago are what you might have expected in Paris; the buildings in Paris were what you might have expected in Chicago." That is to say, in the capital of the world of art the exhibition architecture—and architecture is an essential part of a world's exhibition—in its utilitarianism made little effort to rise above the commonplace, while in a typical industrial city of the New World the display is of the noblest and most refined classic art. The creation has avoided the eccentric as completely as it has escaped the commonplace; has achieved the grand without pretension, and has been so mindful of beauty and harmony that the severest critic cannot gibe at its ambitious magnitude. At the same time utility has not been sacrificed to show, nor the practical object of the exhibition to ostentation. No world's exhibition was ever better housed or more conveniently arranged, and the promise now is that it will be seen to better advantage and with less weariness than any of its predecessors have been. As it stood on the day of its formal dedication in October, incomplete, its decoration in progress, with the scaffoldings and building-stages still marring the architectural effect, in the midst of the *débris* of ten thousand workmen driving on the work night and day, it was already a sufficient answer to the doubt whether the American genius is equal to the creation of any works except those of mechanical ingenuity. The distinction of the Columbian Exhibition is not its magnitude; it is not that it contains the largest building ever erected in the world; it is in its beauty, its harmonious grouping, its splendid landscape and architectural effects.

*Fair Cranks.....The Century*

As was to be expected, the fair has attracted the indigenous and numerous American "cranks," as well as foreign persons with mental and moral crotchets. These, and also youthful geniuses, have besieged, personally and by letter, the Ways and Means Committee, of which Edward B. Butler is chairman, and Samuel A. Crawford is secretary. A few examples will indicate how much of human nature as it really is will not be on exhibition at the fair: An American was early in the field with a divine revelation of the site which had been foreordained for the fair when the foundations of the world were laid, and an Englishman has desired to be put on exhibition as the Messiah. Two boys "of respectable parentage" in Western New York have offered to walk to Chicago, and to camp on the Exposition grounds with the purpose of illustrating the life of tramps, and of lecturing on its vicissitudes. Another boy of sixteen recommended that a number of nickel-in-the-slot phonographs fixed to repeat amusing fish stories might be placed in the Fisheries Building and about the grounds; he urged that a royalty on the suggestion would enable him to help his widowed mother: An enterprising dealer in cosmetics asked for space to exhibit an old woman, one-half of whose face was to be smoothed out with his preparation and the remainder left with its mortal wrinkles until the end of the fair, when he would smooth out the other half in the presence of the multitude. The parents of a "favorite orator" of six years offered his services as introducer of the chief orator at the dedicatory ceremonies, which would, they thought, lend emphasis to the portentous importance of the occasion. A mathematician asked for standing-room where he might show the world how to square the circle. Out of Indiana came a solver of perpetual

motion; he was informed that space could not be allotted for the exhibition of an idea, so he would have to bring on his machine; later he informed the committee that his self-feeding engine, which had been running a sewing-machine, had unfortunately broken down, "but the principle remained the same." A Georgian asked for a concession to conduct a cockpit, and another son of the South knew of a colored child which was an anatomical wonder, and could be had by stealing it from its mother; for a reasonable sum he was willing to fill the office of kidnapper. Innumerable freaks of nature have been tendered; and the pretty English barmaid has in several instances inclosed her photograph with an offer of assistance to the Fair. A very serious offer came from a Spaniard, who had been disgusted with the weak attempts to give bull-fights in Paris during the recent exposition. He offered to fill the brutal void at the Columbian fair if he could be assured the privilege of producing the spectacle "with all its real and genuine circumstances."

*The Malays.—Illustrated World's Fair*

The village will be a typical native village, transplanted bodily to Chicago with its houses, its people, its traditions and its rites. It will be in charge of a village chief and a high priest, without whom it would be utterly impossible for a white man to control the islanders unless he resorted to force. Not that they are unruly, but they act almost wholly upon the oracular pronouncements of their high priest, who has visions and spiritual communications to cover all emergencies. In addition to the artisans who accompany the exhibit there will be native musicians, dancers and athletes. The sultan of Jokjerkarta has lent his wonderful troupe of dancing girls, boxers, wrestlers and fencers, and his entire orchestra and set of marionettes. These ballets and musicians are virtually owned by the native princes; in fact they are bred

and educated by them, and are slaves in everything except that they cannot be sold. It required the combined influence of the special commissioner to Java, the members of the Javanese government and several wealthy planters to accomplish the loan of these artists, who are said to excel any others in the island.

*Irish Cottage Industries.—Far and Near*

The Irish cottage industries have a peculiarly interesting exhibit. It will be remembered in connection with these that a countess, seeing the wretchedness of the homes near her, out of the means at her command revived the old industries of linen weaving and lace making. It served the practical end of keeping starvation from many women and children, and it showed what beautiful work could be done by these women in hovels if the means were provided. Partly to show what has been done, and partly to increase the work this exhibit is to be made. Donegal Castle, one of the famous ruins, is to be reproduced with some habitable rooms, but not large enough to destroy the historical beauty of the castle. The cottage industries will be demonstrated within its walls.

*The S. S. Christopher Columbus.—Harper's*

The World's Fair Steamship Company, composed of persons interested in the whaleback type of vessel, have been awarded the privilege of landing passengers at the World's Fair wharfs. The only whaleback boat that they will use in the service will be the Christopher Columbus. A fleet of twenty-five ordinary lake passenger boats will have facilities for taking 15,000 passengers an hour to Jackson Park, and bringing the same number back again. This large whaleback boat will make four trips to the park every day, and on each trip she will be entitled by her license to take 5,000 persons. That is certainly a very large excursion boat. Her fit-

tings of the three decks will be magnificent with mahogany and brass finishings. Her speed will be at twenty miles an hour, and as the distance from the main landing in Chicago, at the foot of Van Buren street, to the dock at Jackson Park is only eight miles, it will readily be seen that the journey will be short, and should be very pleasant.

*Some Statistics.....Frank Leslie's Weekly*

There is no longer room for doubt that the Columbian Exposition will be in a real sense a world's fair. An official statement shows that foreign countries have already set apart nearly six millions of dollars for the erection of buildings and securing proper exhibits. Of the total number of eighty-six nations, colonies, and principalities which will be represented, thirty-eight have organized official commissions to manage their affairs. Sixteen foreign government buildings, each representative in its character, are now in progress of erection. The largest appropriation—eight hundred thousand dollars—is that of Germany. The same statement shows that thirty States of the Union, whose appropriations aggregate three millions of dollars, will erect pavilions on the fair grounds. It is hardly creditable that the appropriations made by many of our larger States fall considerably below those made by some of the smaller foreign States. Thus Japan has appropriated \$630,000, as against \$300,000 by New York; Brazil \$600,000; as against \$300,000 by Pennsylvania, and Spain \$214,000, as against \$150,000 by Missouri. Costa Rica has set apart \$150,000, and Ecuador \$125,000, as against \$100,000 by Michigan, \$100,000 by Ohio, and \$125,000 by Iowa; while Belgium, Ceylon, Greece, Morocco, Peru, Sweden, Paraguay, and other States and colonies have appropriated more than New Jersey, or Kentucky, Wisconsin, and some other Western States, which may be expected to profit largely from the fair.

*The Biggest Stone on Earth.—The Architect*

A great brown-stone monolith will be among Wisconsin's contributions to the World's Fair. This obelisk claims the title of being the largest on earth. The work was commenced with five steam channellers and about forty men in August last, since which time the work has been pushed until the large pillar was worked out. Previous to the day of raising, the workmen at the quarry had carefully started the parting wedges, so that on the appointed day all that was necessary to complete the task Mr. Prentice had undertaken was the successful driving of the wedges. Along each side of the monolith, which had been sawed at either end, were about 400 leather wedges, all partly driven. Arriving at the quarry, all that remained to be done was the giving of the signal to begin driving the wedges. There were fifty men on either side standing with mauls uplifted, waiting for the word to be given to tap the entered wedges. At a signal the blows fell and the work had begun. With the precision of clockwork the men drove the wedges, at each succeeding blow advancing to the next wedge. At last, with a slight quiver, the huge rock parted in its entirety from the mass and lay at the bottom of the pit ready to be delivered to the State Commission to be trimmed to the desired size. Mr. Prentice's first proposition to furnish the monolith was for a stone just a trifle larger than the Egyptian obelisk at Rome, said to be the largest in the world, which is 105 ft. 7 in., exclusive of the foundation, and 9 ft. square at the base. He first intended the monolith to be 106 ft. in length and 9 ft. 2 in. at the base; but upon a later consideration decided to have it 115 ft. long, 10 ft. at the base, and 4 ft. square at the top. The apex will be about 5 ft. long, and will be tapered to about a 6 in. tip. The entire monolith will rest upon a foundation which will be made of granite 10 ft. high and 12 ft. square.



COSTUMES AND COIFFURES OF OUR DAY

*From Drawings by A. U. in the Sunday Sun.*

## FLIRTATION

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The following analysis of flirtation is an extract from the diary of Paul Bourget, part of which appears in Belford's Magazine:—

Let us follow now, one after the other, the successive periods over which flirtation can, and sometimes does, pass before it reaches that crisis which may transform the operette into an opera, and the innocent, insignificant by-play into a drama full of tears and blood. The other afternoon, for instance, you have called upon a lady whom you seldom visit. On that day you showed yourself good-humored and even witty; she used to classify you among those callers whom one has to receive out of social duty, and she is quite surprised as well as charmed, to find so much pleasure in your company. When you leave, you have grown more satisfied with yourself and her. It seemed almost as if you had discovered her. A few days later you call on the same lady again; this time she is alone and is visibly pleased by your coming. She begins teasing you in a way she never had before. You answer in the same tone, and this alone might be called flirtation. Perhaps, about that time, you have some serious attachment in some other quarter, and the fact of conversing in this light, airy tone with another woman has all the piquancy of a demi-infidelity. Little by little, you contract the charming habit of visiting your flirt with a perfectly quiet conscience, since you feel sure never to fall in love with her. Your new friend, on her side, although most earnestly devoted to her duties, discovers an ever new charm in this close proximity to a danger the existence of which she refuses to admit. It is just like the candy she is munching half the afternoon. She is not taking a meal, but only tasting sweets. Besides, if there is also, on her side,

some serious affection toward somebody else, she finds it great fun to render this "somebody else" just a little bit jealous, so that he may hold in higher value the happiness granted him. This is what might be called the honeymoon of a flirtation; it is something like the minor motive in a sonata: the melody is there, but it is so faint and so vaguely indicated that it just caresses the ear without forcing it to listen. We are reaching now the second period of this interesting situation. One, or both, of the two flirts is, or are, beginning to suffer the first symptoms of an indescribable uneasiness. She has been discovering that he is very deeply in love with somebody else, and rather illogically imagines that he has been deceiving her all along. Why does she think so? She couldn't tell, since she doesn't love him and would feel much embarrassed if he did love her. But vanity is made of such paradoxes. He, on his side, is made aware by some accident that there is a masculine affection hidden in this woman's life, and that she is bound in that direction as solidly as she is insignificantly attached to him. He didn't mind at first to be counted simply as a kind of appetite-opener, but that was when he thought the dinner only of an indifferent kind. Now that he knows the table is spread with all the luxuries of the season, he finds himself rather too candid, and, to say the word, he feels himself victimized. So, one fine morning—by the way, why do we always speak of fine mornings, when in general the early hours are just the reverse—well, one morning, fine or otherwise, she is struck with the idea that you are observing, with too strict fidelity, the tacit understanding existing between you. On your side, you get up decided to prove to her that you are worth troubling her imagination a little more. From



that moment dates the most surprising unevenness in her humor as well as in yours. You begin addressing each other sundry remarks that are more biting than tender; she occasionally makes even fun of you, thrusting such witty sallies as are apt, sometimes, to touch you to the quick. Yourself are apt to indulge in jealous inquisition, acting almost as awkwardly as the most obtuse of husbands. A storm is evidently brewing, and your nerves suffer from the amount of electricity in the atmosphere, although no clouds have yet appeared upon your horizon. Never fear; those clouds are coming, and with them lightning and thundering bolts, even hail, which is going to mow down those pretty daisies, the petals of which you had taken such pleasure picking together in the innocent bloom of your early flirtation. The third period is now on. There is no more question of honeymoon, and the sky has grown as black as the ink I write with, or the heart of my lady-love. The man has sworn that he would have this woman his own, and she, on her side, begins to display a well-acted indignation at the pretensions he dares to bring forward. Or perhaps it is the other way; she has felt her slight power over you dwindling to nothingness, and she is trying her very hardest to transform into sworn duties those attentions you so gladly manifested toward her at first; you rebel, and war is declared—and this war ends what I should call flirtation proper, and I have no occasion to pursue my study any farther.

#### THE MODERN HERCULES

According to a writer in the Theatre, the poor men have their hands full in trying to manage a woman of to-day. She is very different from the woman of yesterday. To-day she is aggressive, self-reliant, self-assertive, snapping her fingers at conventionalities. In spite of St. Paul's prohibition she speaks in public her ideas on everything. Her gowns are gored at the hips to show her figure,

she cuts her dresses with a deep V; comes alone; goes alone; and carries a ticket for Sioux Falls in her pocket! The woman of to-day does not care for the man of brains, but she does insist upon a man of figure, style, carriage, and above all, good legs, for polo and athletics. The girl of to-day does not say limbs, but plain legs. A careful mother assured me that soon after the Yale-Princeton football match her parlors were overrun by young men of extraordinary type, looking like prize-fighters in dress coats, short thick necks, and great broad shoulders. One, a young Hercules, attracted her attention. He was rude and almost boisterous. "Good gracious, girls," exclaimed the mother in horror, "who is that vulgarian?" "Why, mamma, what a speech! That is Jack Higgary, the foot-ball slugger, a perfect classic; look at his legs, mamma!"

#### THE SISSY MAN

*From the New York Sun*

As a contrast to the masculine girl and her swagger, it might be pertinent to present the sissy man and his affectations. You see this rare exotic in full bloom at those essentially feminine ceremonies known as five-o'clock teas, where nothing, sweetened and tied up with a bow, furnishes the repast, where soft light filters through rose-hued shades over fair faces, and æstheticism revels in daintiness galore. The sissy man has his prototype in Paris and in London, and one of his chief characteristics is his devotion to the married woman, particularly if she has a monster of a husband that can't understand Browning and had rather shovel coal than read Rossetti. The sissy makes it a point to calmly ignore the husband, who would kick him out for his impertinence only that he knows what a harmless little lamb he is and thinks it would be needlessly cruel. He knows more about the code of candy-giving and the etiquette of flowers than he does about the Constitution of the United States.

## VANITY FAIR

*(Old Favorites).....Frederick Locker-Lampson*

Vanitas vanitatum has rung in the ears  
Of gentle and simple for thousands of  
years;

The wail is still heard, yet its notes never  
scare

Either simple or gentle from Vanity Fair.

I often hear people abusing it, yet  
There the young go to learn and the old to  
forget;

The mirth may be feigning, the sheen may  
be glare,

But the gingerbread's gilded in Vanity Fair.

Old Dives there rolls in his chariot, but  
mind

Altra Cura is up with the lackeys behind;  
Joan trudges with Jack,—are the sweet-  
hearts aware

Of the trouble that waits them in Vanity  
Fair?

We saw them all go, and we something  
may learn

Of the harvest they reap when we see them  
return.

The tree was enticing, its branches are  
bare,—

Heigho for the promise of Vanity Fair.

Contemptible Dives! too credulous Joan!

Yet we all have a Vanity Fair of our own;  
My son, you have yours, but you need not  
despair—

I own I've a weakness for Vanity Fair.

Philosophy halts—wise councils are vain,  
We go, we repent, we return there again;  
To-night you will certainly meet with us  
there—

So come and be merry in Vanity Fair.

## WHAT IS FASHION?

*Ada H. Bigg.....Nineteenth Century*

Fashion may be described as the element of uncertainty run wild, and it is in this light we must view it when considering its effect upon production. Fashion's progress is marked by sudden transfers of prosperity from one class or locality, and the question is, Are such transfers advantageous to the country at large? There are plenty of people who will answer with an unhesitating "yes." They will say that if such transfers come with sufficient frequency, they tend to diffuse periods of exceptional prosperity over widely separated portions of the industrial field, so that in

the course of every few years each group of workers engaged in the production of things which fashion affects will in turn have enjoyed some of this prosperity. In this way industries will be given an opportunity of expanding to the point where they can avail themselves to the utmost of improved machinery, increased division of labor, and all that economy of manufacture consequent upon some utilization of waste not till then profitable. Then, when the wave of fashion recedes, the industry can devote itself to staple production, or will have secured a hold upon foreign markets; while, of those who have been benefited by the times of exceptionally active trade, many will manage to permanently retain the benefit by the judicious use they have made of higher wages and profits. In this manner most men will get that opportunity which is supposed to come to every one once in his life. But there is a reverse side to the medal in the fact that every increase of prosperity secured to a class or locality by change of fashion involves a corresponding loss to some other class or locality. The hard times induced by waning fashion may deprive people not only of all the advantages they have gleaned from the exceptionally good times, but of all those also which steady trade had previously bestowed upon them. Now, as far as the working classes are concerned, it may be taken as an axiom that to descend in the scale of comfort does infinitely more harm than to ascend does good, and that the intensity of the struggle to secure work when work is scarce carries wages far lower down than the keenness of competition to obtain hands when hands are few carries wages up.

## THE DINNER HOUR

*From Harper's Young People*

It is interesting to note that the dinner hour has gradually progressed from the forenoon until evening, just as the *matinée* has been transferred

from the morning performance that its name signifies to the afternoon. The word dinner is believed by many persons to be a corruption of *dix heures*, or ten o'clock, the hour at which the Norman conquerors of England ate their principal meal. During the reigns of Francis and Louis XII. of France, fashionable people dined at 10.30, and supped at the latest at six o'clock in the evening. Four hundred years ago a household of importance in England arose at six o'clock, breakfasted at seven, dined at ten, ate supper at four, and shut the gates at nine P. M. Louis XIV. did not dine till twelve, while his contemporaries, Cromwell and Charles II., took the meal at one. In 1700 the hour was advanced to two, and in 1751 the Duchess of Somerset's dinner-time was three. In 1860 Cowper speaks of four o'clock as the then fashionable time. But these customs are comparatively modern. The Romans, at the time of Cicero, took breakfast from three to four in the morning, a luncheon at twelve or one, and about three o'clock the principal meal of the day. This meal, however, was often prolonged far into the night, as the diners reclined upon couches, and were entertained and amused by the novelty of the dishes. Never before or since has so much money been spent on eating as by the Romans. Dinner began with eggs, and ended with fruit, and large quantities of wine were drunk. The courses between "the egg and the apple," as Horace phrases it, were varied according to the wealth of the host and the skill of the cook.

#### MR. PLATITUDE

National Observer

Proverbs are the Plitudinarian's great resource. "The wisdom of many, the wit of one"; and the wisdom of many is foolishness, and much good wit is the sworn enemy of Truth. Nay, is not every proverb bounded and conditioned by another, its exact antithesis? There is none, indeed,

but is at best a half-truth: whence their peculiar attraction for the man of little wisdom. The facts of life and character are too complex to fit neatly into so narrow a formula; and it is only after the event that you can use a proverb with precise fitness. Thus, a fairly well-to-do provincial sells all he hath and transfers his business to London; he fails; and "a rolling stone gathers no moss," says Mr. Platitude: who, if he hit upon the reflection whilst the scheme was unfulfilled, is pretty sure to add, "as I have always said." Or our provincial succeeds, and then is the triumph of "Nothing venture, nothing have." Both proverbs are fatuous. Our trader is meditating his move, and you attempt to forecast his fortunes; you consider his character and history and schooling, his determination, health, wealth, special ability; and, though every prospect pleases, your opinion is but a guess after all. There are fluctuations in trade, fires and shipwrecks, land-rats and water-rats, false stewards and dishonest debtors; all more than enough to devour his capital and bring himself to ruin. What matter how well equipped the carrick if the hurricane take her unawares? The ancients were sad sinners in this way. The choruses of all the tragics are stuffed with tritenesses: grandly mouthed in the original, but how unmitigable in the common crib! The bore that Aristides must have been! And how very human the nameless citizen who got tired of hearing him called "the Just!" Conceive the longanimity of a world that suffered Cato the Censor to exist. The pious Æneas, the blameless Telemachus—each had his store of mustiness, and each dispensed of it with charity illimitable: Which was the worse? The first was the more prodigal; and, besides, he was earlier in time: a fact which reminds you that the classic platitudes have been serving up for some thousands of years in every form. And what you pass in Homer, you find a cause of queasiness

in Fenélon—still more in Martin Tupper. The works of the wise, indeed, are full of wise things; but wisdom is ever, and has ever been, and will ever be, too dark and deep for the intellects of Mr. Platitude.

#### DUMAS FILS ON MARRIAGE

Speaking on behalf of thousands of her sisters, a Paris society girl recently wrote to a Paris newspaper about her many unsuccessful ruses and attempts to secure a husband. The editor forwarded the letter to Alexander Dumas, whose reply was in part as follows:—

"This longing to enjoy life without it costing anything and by man's intervention is the first step into the wreck of a woman's good name. The legal benefactor is first sought for, and if he is not to be found you accustom yourself by degrees to the ideas of the other kind. Youth is so short, poverty is so sad, and contemporary morality so complacent. The hypothesis of an old husband, rheumatic and rich, is already a concession to solicitations of an inferior order. I am convinced that young girls of modest means will find it harder and harder to make the rich marriages they dream of, and that many of them, unless they make a supreme effort in the direction of right and virtue, will go to swell the ranks of our courtesans. To be entirely frank, I hold out no hope for you. Your principles are bad. You despise work which brings help in the greatest distress, consolation in the greatest sorrow. You don't think work is respectable. You are mistaken. This old world of ours is going to pieces, and a new society will arise, based on equality and labor for all. Do not count on men, young girls; count on yourselves. Do not despise art, science, industry, commerce, which represent life and are the basis of all society. Seek in all four what we men have found in them—a real value that is lacking in your

gowns, soirées and dances. That is the best way to find a husband, if you still want one when you amount to something, which is not certain, for your present great desire to get married is only the result of your education, which has incapacitated you from doing anything else. It is quite likely that when your own work has secured for you your independence men will appear in a different light to you, and that you will prefer to remain single, as is often the case with us men. If I were not talking in public with a young girl I would give her very good philosophical reasons, and especially physiological reasons, for my not believing in marriage. Let it suffice for me to recall that the majority of women, not to say all, always say, 'If I were a man I should never marry,' which shows what they think of marriage. No, do not worry about husbands. Work, young girl; paint pictures like Rosa Bonheur, write books like Mme. Sand, act like Sarah Bernhardt, philosophize like Heloise, translate like Mme. Dacier, make pianos like Mme. Erard, conduct a store like Mme. Boucicault. Neither of these occupations is easy, may be, but it is less tiresome than this eternal hunting after husbands and less humiliating than not finding one."

#### COLORS

*Woman's Home Journal*

Blue has always been considered a mystical color, probably because it is that of the sky. Green is the hue of elves and fairies, and especially unpopular for weddings. In some places it is deemed to be unlucky to meet a white horse, or see a white-breasted bird. Yellow is the color of jealousy, and Shakespeare often alludes to it. In China it is the sacred color and is the favorite tint of the Emperor himself. It is used when the wise men make charms, and it is an infallible specific against many diseases. Many charms are printed on yellow paper; they are pasted over

the door or on the bed curtain, or worn in the hair, or put into a bag and hung from the button-hole, or they are burned and the ashes mingled with tea, which is drunk as a specific against evil spirits. Black is a doomed color among uncultured tribes. It has always been the type of darkness. Red is, however, "lucky." The robin was chosen by Northern people as a sacred bird because of its red breast; the Highland women tie a red string around their cows' horns to prevent the "evil eye." In China, red is tied about the children's wrists as a safeguard against evil spirits, and it holds a prominent place in the bridal ceremonies. The color has also been used in a medicinal way. We read that the Emperor Francis I. was wrapped in red cloth when suffering from small-pox; and old wives say that the best remedy for whooping-cough is a bit of scarlet flannel tied about the throat. Scarlet is called the color of victory. Purple is the color of sadness, yet some nations associate it with kingly state. We read of the "purple and fine linen," but perhaps the color there mentioned is really a rich dark red.

#### SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON

H. L. Nelson.....*Harper's Weekly*

Society at the capital is a moving and breathing picture of the life of the country. It is essentially republican. The men and women who compose it come from all ends of the land. Its chief interest lies in the fact that it is not like the society that is to be found at courts or in the charmed circles of those who hedge in kings. Here we have the people doing as best they may what is done by the select of Europe. They may do it crudely, inelegantly, even boisterously, but will any one who has participated in their pleasures say that they do not do it generously, and with a certain nobility of kindness, that, unfortunately for them, is a stranger to many who look at them through cynical lorgnettes? Not many years ago—seven from this

time of writing—the official parlor of Washington saw, for the first time in many years, the old Southern families creep out again in the warm sunshine. There is a certain kinship between the New Englander and the Southerner from one of the older States, and when the Democratic party returned to the White House it was not long in being re-established. Often among the groups of jesting, argumentative, simple-minded statesmen you shall find a courtly Southerner paying fine compliments in his grandiloquent speech to a bright-eyed New England woman used to straightforward words, or to the masculine reserve which believes, whether or not the belief be confessed, in the Puritan subordination of woman; and yet there is no New England woman whose femininity does not rise with the shy alertness of a trout after a fly, through superimposed years of hard and restraining custom, to the shining allurements of flattery. And at the same time—for in society that is purely American the wife is never far from the husband—you shall hear a low sweet woman's voice, mellowed by the Southern accent, arguing learnedly a constitutional point with a New England man whose political opinions are sadly awry; for it has been for ages now the creed of Southern women that to be truly a helpmate to their husbands is to be intellectually helpful and sympathetic. When New England women, before the war, were knitting and putting up famous preserves, and generally looking after the physical welfare of their men folk, the women of the South were reading the works of Edmund Burke and kindred literature to their fathers, sweethearts, and husbands.

#### THE YOUNG MAN OF THE DAY

"I study the young men in my book," said Daudet recently, "the young fellows of twenty-five or so, the generation that is just embarking, not for Cythera—it is too serious for that—but for the petty traffic of life.



There's no gayety in it; its heart is dry and its soul shut against generous ideas, and tenderness, and the illusions which are charming, but which don't pay interest on their cost. Yet, while I judge this generation, I pity it. Are these young men responsible, after all? Is it not rather the fathers who have ill-known their duties towards them, and brought them up so carelessly, that are the guilty ones? Merely to transmit life is not enough, for, when children are left to come up alone, they come up ill. They say that children were never loved so much as now. Whether that is true or not depends upon the fashion of loving. It is very pretty for a mother to be always kissing her children and spoiling them. It is very convenient for a father to let them do whatever they like so long as they don't annoy him; but to bring them up seriously—that is a hard task and one that often lacks gayety. To work for them! that's nothing; but to make them work—what a business that is!"

#### PRECEDENCE, IN FEET AND INCHES

*The New York Tribune*

The celebrated Comte Aymery de la Rochefoucauld is the recognized arbiter of etiquette and good taste in Paris, and, in fact, is a kind of social and infallible oracle. He is one of the most chivalrous of men, and yet so fervent a disciple of etiquette that his code of politeness does not allow him to advance more than a certain number of steps to meet a marchioness entering his salons, while a duchess or a princess is entitled to twice the number, and a mere baroness need not expect him to advance to greet her at all. If commoners were ever admitted in so noble a drawing-room as that of the Hôtel de la Rochefoucauld, the count would probably recede instead of advancing, in order to show his disapproval of the lowliness of their social standing. Another of his "fads" is the extreme nicety with which he calculates the moment of making his appearance at a house

where he is invited to dinner. At that of a royal or imperial prince, he arrives ten minutes in advance; at a duke's, five minutes before the appointed hour; at that of an equal he comes at the precise minute; and when he happens to dine with somebody whom he considers his social inferior, if ever so slightly so, he does not appear until five or ten minutes after the time mentioned on the invitation he has received.

#### THE ART STUDENT

*New York Evening Sun*

It is not precisely clear why the art student should take herself so much more seriously than other students. But she does. The attitude is perhaps wearisome to relatives, intimates and people in the same boarding house, but to the casual person the inclination of the art student to regard herself as a genius is an interesting and curious phenomenon. It requires immense self-conceit, for example, to wear clothes unlike those of the rest of the world. But a girl fresh from the prairies will take down a portière or piece of studio drapery, pin it about her and go to a reception with the composure of a woman of the world in a costume from Worth. She copies from studio casts queer ways of doing her hair and wears strange Oriental girthing. When she comes to paint pictures she keeps a volume of Browning turned down by her side or the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayam, which of late has rather knocked Browning out. She would be very much astonished if you understood the allegory on her canvas, for by your ignorance she measures her strength. At the same time this romantic young person who is entertaining herself with a tremendous drama on a small stage, is great in high jinks at a studio feast, a jolly companion, and when her little play is played out, will make a capital teacher in a Western town and perhaps marry the Mayor. In the meantime, who can regret for her her golden dreams.

*Lyrics New and Old*

THE HOURS

Cornelia Vine Baker.....Frank Leslie's Monthly

I.

Past's asleep,  
The present's smiling,  
Happy hearts are filled with cheer;  
All is brightness,  
All is lightness,  
Naught of trouble find we here.

II.

Present's past,  
And past is sleeping,  
Future's here all drenched with tears;  
Hopes are mocking,  
Sorrows flocking,  
All the earth seems bleak and drear.

III.

Future's past,  
And sorrow's sleeping,  
Hearts beat lightly once again;  
Hopes returning,  
Gladness burning,  
Like the sunshine after rain.

IV.

Time is passing,  
Moments flying;  
Clocks are striking,  
Hours are dying;  
All is changing,  
Smiling, sighing,  
Time is passing on!

MESSAGE OF THE WINDS

Neil McDonald.....In Harper's Bazaar

Wind of the morning, breath of the dawn-  
ing,  
Hasten and chase the dark shadows  
away,  
And carry a message from me to a maiden,  
In her ears breathe it at breaking of day.  
Waft o'er the bed where the loved one re-  
poses  
Fragrance of roses and perfume of hay,  
And speak my name softly as soon as she  
wakens,  
And tell her much more than my lips  
dare to say.

Wind of the evening, breath of the gloam-  
ing,  
Sighing so softly at close of the day,  
Come o'er the woods and the vale of the  
roses  
And breathe in my ears what the maiden  
did say.  
Come when the shadows around me are  
falling,  
When doubts are oppressing, oh, hasten  
along,  
And tell me an answer sent by the maiden  
To rid me of sorrow and cheer me to  
song.

PHILOMELA

(Old Favorites).....Matthew Arnold

Hark! ah, the nightingale—  
The tawny-throated!  
Hark, from that moonlit cedar what a  
burst!  
What triumph! hark!—what pain!  
O wanderer from a Grecian shore,  
Still, after many years, in distant lands,  
Still nourishing in thy bewildered brain  
That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, old-  
world pain—  
Say, will it never heal?  
And can this fragrant lawn  
With its cool trees, and night,  
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,  
And moonshine, and the dew,  
To thy racked heart and brain  
Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold,  
Here, through the moonlight on this Eng-  
lish grass,

The unfriendly palace in the Thracian  
wild?  
Dost thou again peruse  
With hot cheeks and seared eyes  
The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's  
shame?  
Dost thou once more essay  
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,  
Poor fugitive, the feathery change  
Once more, and once more seem to make  
resound  
With love and hate, triumph and agony,  
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephisian vale?

Listen, Eugenia,  
How thick the bursts come crowding  
through the leaves!  
Again—thou hearest?  
Eternal passion!  
Eternal pain!

WHY SONGS ARE SUNG

James G. Burnett.....New England Magazine

'Tis not for honors he may win,  
The poet's songs are sung;  
'Tis not for these he lets us in  
To worlds he lives among.

No bay nor laurel would he wear;  
But that for which he longs,  
Is only that some one, somewhere,  
May learn to love his songs.

## THE RICH OLD MAN AND HIS FORTUNE\*

When a male individual of the human species has passed the age of fifty years he is no longer young. There is no use in attempting to disguise the fact—that person is old. He is over the divide; he is on the downward track; he is on the home stretch, going down the grade. It is time to put away delusions, to fling away ambition, to forgive your enemies, to put your household in order. There sits the grim old croupier Death just on the other side of the green cloth, with his rake in his hand. Every year he makes his game; every year the rake comes nearer and nearer; every move gathers in your neighbors, friends and associates. You may look the fleshless old skeleton square in the face, you may effect to be brave, to be careless, to be indifferent—but every time his long, gaunt fingers take away an acquaintance, there comes over you a nervous twitch, and your smile when he is gone is a ghastly, nervous one.

One of the most common conceits of old gentlemen past fifty is to claim that they are “just as young as they ever were,” “never felt so well in my life,” “just as vigorous as ever,” “prime of life, sir,” “full of intellectual vigor.” Some of these elderly persons will wink and look wise, and boast of their unimpaired vigor. But they do not ride horseback any more; “have lost their taste for such vigorous exercise.” They do not go over the mountains for quail any more; they shoot duck from a punt hid in a tule blind. They do not dance, nor ride horseback, nor go upstairs two steps at a time, nor jump upon a car while it is in motion. Just see one of these well-preserved old gentlemen get out of a buggy or walk up hill; hear him pant and wheeze; see him avoid a draft from a crack in a door

or window; see him throw his handkerchief over his bald head when he goes to sleep in church. This elderly gentleman carries a substantial cane, wears thick underclothes, a buckskin over his chest, corsets, if too fat, and a liver pad. His hair gets thin, his legs get weak, he gets irritable, thinks this generation not so good as the last, thinks the world is growing dishonest, and the country is going to the devil. If he is a lawyer, he has become an old foggy, and the boys worry him with sharp practice. If he is a doctor, he regards all young men as quacks, and all progress in medicine as empiricism. If he is a banker, he looks wise, and continues to look wiser, till at the age of fifty the countenance is rigid with frozen sagacity.

We are not discussing poor old men past fifty. They never die, and if they do, it is of no consequence. The old croupier sends his rake after those who have something on the cloth. All the way up from half a million to ten millions, the old man past fifty is worth raking in. At fifty, the rich old man begins to take care of himself. He stays at home nights—he does not so often have an appointment to see a man down-town. He begins to pinch off on his wine and cigars. He finds that champagne inflames his toes and makes chalk in his joints. He begins to diet—eats mush for breakfast, has a light dinner, and goes to bed several drinks of brandy-and-water earlier than usual. The rich old man of fifty begins to moralize on the vanity of wealth, and philosophizes upon the accumulation of unnecessary millions. He admits, with an undertone of regret, that he can not take his money with him, and that if he does, it will melt. The rich old man past fifty now finds his hands full.

\*The San Francisco Argonaut

First is the nervous anxiety concerning death. He is a watchful observer of the little indications with which Death is good enough as a rule to herald his coming. He takes better care of himself, and just now he begins to realize that he has a family. He has a dim consciousness that all these years past he has had butcher and other bills to pay; but now, as the bills increase, he realizes that he has sons and daughters. Boys are beginning to assert themselves, and the girls are making raids upon the treasury. Europe must be done, society makes its demands, and the rich old man past fifty begins to realize that just as his faculties are beginning to decay, just as he is weakening from old age, just as he feels the gout twinging at his toes, just as he is threatened with paralysis, softening of the brain, and apoplexy, all his faculties are strained to hold on to what he has. He finds it harder to keep than to get. Young fellows whom he does not like steal his daughters. His boys marry girls whose families he does not know. He hates to dower and divide, and if he does not, the world says he is an old hunk.

Society is very busy gossiping over the rich old man past fifty. Having exhausted itself over the important inquiry as to how he got his money, all the cognate facts of his family, his early education, his former employments, whom he married, etc., are explored. Having plowed and harrowed this field, the next inquiry is as to what he will do with his money. If he builds a mansion in town and country, drives four-in-hand, sends his family to Europe, educates his boys in Germany and his daughters in Paris, he is extravagant, and society deplors the fact that he spends his money foolishly. If he is economical, lives quietly, boards at a cheap restaurant, and sleeps in a garret, society denounces him as a money-grub, a usurer, and a mean old cuss. Everybody speculates as to what the rich

old man past fifty ought to do with his money. Everybody agrees that he ought to build a monument for himself and lay the foundation of some princely charity, some great, noble, generous scheme of philanthropy; and it is singular with what unanimity all assert that, if they were rich and past fifty, they would astonish the world by some great act of large-hearted benevolence. The life of the rich old man past fifty is beset with difficulties when he lives, and if he can look down from the bright mansions in the skies—where, by the way, all rich old men go—he will see his heirs quarreling over his estate, contesting his will, and raising the question of his sanity. If he endows a charity, the heirs fight it; if he does not, society denounces him. If he leaves no heirs, no wife, no children, the lawyers hunt them up, and, out from some vile boarding-house or alley, some draggle-tailed widow, or servant, or demirep, is dragged to smirch the good name and steal the estate of the rich old bachelor or widower past fifty. We have been casting about us, and in San Francisco we have penciled the names of nearly one hundred rich old men past fifty, all of whom in due course of nature will soon be compelled to pass in their chips to the old croupier and give up their seats around the green table.

#### SONG

*Joseph B. Gilder.....Independent*

Eyes, you are neither black nor brown  
Unchangeably; for when you listen  
To some sweet tale, oft glancing down,  
While tears beneath your lashes glisten,—

Or when with hope or present joy  
You sparkle, or by love are lighted,—  
When fancies sweet your thoughts employ,  
And sorrow comes not, uninvited,—

Then soft and mildly bright you show,  
Like summer skies at sunset hour;  
But when with wrath and scorn you glow,  
And Guilt and Shame affrighted cower,—

Then blacker than the storm-filled cloud,  
From which the lightning leaps and  
flashes;  
And with a deadlier force endowed,  
You loom between your dusky lashes.

## SOME STRANGE FOIBLES AND HOBBIES

As a vivid picture of life in the larger towns in Maine during the winter months, and showing, incidentally, that whatsoever the people there undertake to do they do with their might, this extract which the Congregationalist prints from a private letter can hardly be rivalled :—

While waiting for father to come to supper I will begin a letter, for after supper I must devote my time to cramming on the subject of John, for to-morrow's Sunday-school. We have a howling Sunday-school! It numbers 160, with 70 in the home department. You know we have changed to the Blakeslee study and are to take a two years' course. Mrs. M. enters into it with her usual vim and loads us down with Oxford Bibles and Cambridge Bibles, and O. V.'s and R. V.'s, and Geikie's and Edersheim's, and a list I couldn't count on my fingers. We shall attempt so much and call in so many aids that we shall all be demented fools before spring. I'm stuffing in John, but as no two authors agree on any one item regarding his writing it is very unsatisfactory. And then I am getting in such a state that I don't care a picayune anyway. We are being rushed to death with saving the heathen, improving our minds and bringing up other folks' children. I feel as though there is a rope around my neck, with the whole town at the other end "yanking" me over rocks and stubble. "Them's my sentiments." I couldn't go to sewing school to-day because last night I forgot the pump and the water froze clear to China! I boiled all the water there was in our neighbor's well and poured it into ours. At half-past one this, Saturday, afternoon, got the pump started, with all our Saturday's work to do after that! I wonder if Mrs. M. would study theology after that! I must stop writing now and

review John to see if he is in trim for to-morrow.

I have little faith, writes Labouchere in London Truth, in what is called "the higher education" of girls, and I have no doubt in my own mind that it is at the bottom of all that we hear about the growing disinclination of men to marry. Those who share this view with me will hear with joy that a German lady (Mrs. Stürken) has opened at Brooklands, in Cheshire, a school for housekeeping. The curriculum includes :—

- Housework,
- Cooking, both plain and elaborate.
- Laundry work.
- Laying the table and waiting.
- Marketing.
- Management of servants.
- Making and repairing linen.
- Cleaning silver and lamps.
- Care of poultry.
- Dressmaking and millinery.

A college on this plan would, doubtless, speedily lead to the extinction of Girton, and I anticipate that its "sweet girl graduates" would be married off as fast as they took degrees.

Kate Field's Washington accounts for it thus :—

Susan B. Anthony's reason for spinsterhood is unique and amusing. In speaking of this at one of the suffrage meetings, Miss Anthony said the first time she ever gave any serious thought to the question was years before she had arrived at an age to be ranked as an old maid. One day, in strolling through a New England graveyard, she became so forcibly impressed with the constantly recurring inscription, "Sacred to the memory of A—, relict of the late Z—," that she then and there took a mental iron-clad oath to remain forever unmarried, rather than have her existence recorded simply as the "relict" of some man.



## NOTES

The Sultan of Johore is five feet eight inches high and is the possessor of ten millions of dollars worth of jewels, mostly diamonds. When in his royal togs he is ablaze from head to foot. . . . In Paris, mid-lent is celebrated by the masters and mistresses of the washtub by a cavalcade in which one wash-woman, crowned "queen of queens," rules her subjects for twenty-four hours. . . . Marvin Clark, a blind newspaper man of New York, has learned to use the typewriter, and still continues his work. . . . When a Chinese emperor dies, all subjects are forbidden to shave their heads. . . . The largest dining table in New York is the one that fills the main private dining-room of the Union League Club. . . . The home of the mustache is in Spain. After the Moors first invaded the country the Christian and Moslem population became so mixed that it was difficult to say which were Moors and which Spaniards. The Spaniards then hit upon a means by which they could at once distinguish their brethren. They did not shave their lips any longer, and they allowed a tuft of hair to grow below their under lip, so that their beards formed the rude outline of a cross. Thus the mustache became a symbol of liberty and fraternity. . . . A unique institution has been opened in England under the name of the College for Woman Workers. It is a sort of training school for younger women who intend taking up philanthropic work. . . . Patti's mail exceeds that of a Cabinet Minister, and a great number of her correspondents seem to have the idea that Craig-y-Nos was intended for a foundling asylum. . . . Probably the most valuable stamp in the world is one owned by M. Philippe la Renotiere de Ferrary of Paris. This man's collection is valued by experts at sums ranging from one-half to three-quarters of a million of dol-

lars. . . . A new attempt is about to be made to introduce variety into the festal attire of the modern masculine, so that, through a cautious and systematic course of sober grays and delicate tints, he will be gently led into tropical gorgeousness of color and splendor of form and material. . . . No woman in the world wears so many jewels as the Russian Empress. . . . A Chicago faddist suggests a scheme for an endowed newspaper, as an outlet for the wealth of philanthropists. . . . There are 500,000 collectors of stamps in New York City, more than 1,000,000 in the United States, and about 5,000,000 in the world. . . . "I propose," said an English phonetic faddist, "to abolish the unnecessary letters *ue* in all words that end with them, so that tongue will be tong, and plague plag." "How about glue?" said a critic. . . . Some pert American woman once described our climate as one which was mainly composed of samples. . . . Her Majesty Queen Victoria has given pounds each to over five hundred mothers who have had three children at a birth during her reign. . . . In Japan, if a woman is not married by a certain age, the authorities pick out a man whom they compel her to marry. . . . It is said that a large proportion of the plumes worn by ladies who attend the Queen's drawing room are hired from a shop, which makes a business of renting out plumes. The feathers are worth £1 to £2, and the rent of them is five or six shillings for each occasion. . . . A custom prevails in Turkey whereby a Moslem is exempted from military service if he elopes with a Christian girl and keeps her in his harem long enough to warrant the presumption that she has embraced Mohammedanism. . . . Among the exhibits at the World's Fair will be a pack of cards made from human skin, which were captured from Chief Geronimo, of the tribe of the Apaches.

## THE CRINOLINE OF OLD\*

Concerning crinoline, the following extract from the Dundee (Scotland) Advertiser, January 5, 1709, has been unearthed. Mr. Isaac Bickerstaffe, censor of great Britain, sitting in the Court of Judicature, had crinoline brought in and hoisted by a pulley to the roof of the hall, where it formed a very splendid and ample canopy over our heads, and covered the whole Court of Judicature with a kind of silken rotunda in its form not unlike the cupola of St. Paul's. On inquiring for the person belonging to the petticoat, Mr. Bickerstaffe, to his great surprise, was directed to a very pretty young damsel. "My pretty maid," he said, "do you own yourself to have been the inhabitant of the garment before us?" The young lady who wore this hoop confessed that she did not like it, and that she kept out of it as long as she could, and till she began to appear little in the eyes of all her acquaintances, and said she would be very glad to see an example made of it. History does not go on to relate in what manner the hoop was censured, but the young lady for her modesty and amiability, and in somewhat for her good looks, only received great praise.

### WOMEN'S DRESS

At a meeting of the National Council of Women of the United States, of which Miss Frances E. Willard is the head, a committee was appointed to prepare suggestions for a radical change in women's dress. Some of the results of this committee's work are told by Miss Frances E. Russell, in the Chautauquan:—

Deprecating anything in the nature of a uniform, and seeking only to increase women's freedom to wear what

suits her personally, the committee recommends certain essentials. For the head, relief from unnecessary weight and proper protection from sunshine and cold. Next the body, the union undersuits, of varying texture, price, and style. Over these, when needed, the equestrienne trousers and an under-waist. For the outer dress three styles are suggested and will be illustrated in the printed report,—the Syrian or dual dress of our English sisters; the gymnasium dress now used in the best gymnasia for women; and the American costume consisting of a short gown with leggings of the same material. These constitute a basis from which individual taste and judgment may vary. The committee also recommends loose and easy dressing of the neck, arms, hands, and feet—the shoes to have broad soles, to be loose across the balls and with room for straight toes, with low heels or none. The time of the World's Fair has been chosen as a fitting occasion for a general testing of these principles of dress. The necessity for much walking about the Fair grounds, the outside steps and inside stairs of the many buildings, the crowding, the uncertainty of the weather, the danger of accidents, the variety of nationalities intermingled, the necessity for carefully conserving one's energies—all these are evident reasons in favor of a loose, very light, and short suit of clothing, and make it easy to effect the change personally, and to accustom the general public to the innovation.

### WEDDING PRESENTS

Anna C. Cary ..... Chautauquan

A young couple just starting in life, with only enough for simple and economical living, received at their wedding several hundred handsome, expensive, and many of them ornate

\*New York Evening Sun

presents; presents from relatives whom they had never seen, from mere acquaintances, and from people for whom they cared nothing. It took them years, as they said, to live down these presents. Many of them they simply put in a safe deposit vault; but they felt under obligation to each giver of gifts, and when in turn these friends and acquaintances were married, the young couple felt in duty bound not only to send them a present, but one that as nearly as possible approached in financial value that given to them. It behooves us to call a halt in the giving of engagement presents, and to curb as much as possible promiscuous giving in wedding presents. A wedding is a family rite, and an intimate sharing in it belongs to those alone who are nearest the bride and groom in blood and in sympathy.

#### TO PHYLLIS

*New York Tribune*

It is not that my love of old  
Hath changed its course or faltered,  
This heart of mine is not more cold  
Than once it was, nor altered.  
From day to day thine ev'ry charm  
Doth daily more endear thee;  
Though now I may not reach thine arm  
And seem perchance less near thee.

Suspect not that my faithless heart,  
Hath found another mistress:  
I love thee, dear, for what thou art  
And not for that or this dress.  
Let fashions change at Worth's decree,  
Yet art thou ever dearer,  
Though they compel me follow thee,  
Now further off, now nearer.

If I press not so near, sweetheart,  
As late I did, believe not  
That falseness keeps me thus apart;  
O'er fancied treason grieve not.  
'Tis Fashion's fiat comes atween,  
And mocks Love's warm insistence,  
When as this spreading crinoline  
Thus keeps me at a distance.

#### THE REAL LACE REVIVAL

*National Observer*

What of the charming probabilities, the delightful hopes, that come of the real lace revival? Does not the Grand Dame herself seem to smile

approval out of the dim past? Without lace, Grand-Damery could not have been possible, and behold! it is once more with us. Its softening, beautifying, aristocraticising influence on the aspect and effect of its lieges is unimagined of the present generation. Who knows, indeed, but the statelier manners and the finer grace may return with it? At any rate, if it do not exactly rule the Court, the camp, the grove, as once it was wont to do, it is important in the general life. All the best bridal and ball and dinner gowns rejoice in it; and people of taste and understanding, practitioners of true beauty, are only too glad to recognize that in day or evening service it is thus conspicuous. The richness of the materials affected now, the simplicity of many leading styles, are calculated to give it the very best of chances. Simply shaped and following the line of the garment, or done into frills, lapels and insertion—in fact, as grudgingly cut as may be—it has come forth conquering and to conquer; and the "Stuart" capes of thirty years back, with certain crossed or folded *berthes*, are examples of the exquisite uses it may serve. The effect of cream-colored Brussels is so varying and delightful as to give it the first place among all; but Irish point and guipure are by no means out of the running; while Mechlin, returning out of banishment, has taken a new lease of life. (Nothing can be daintier or prettier than the pelerine in cream-colored *crêpe-de-chine*; it mellows and arrays.) Lace scarfs, to drape the shoulders withal, are useful and gracious accompaniments to many a gown that were nothing without their aid: they are pleasing enough to the eye in good imitation, but in right needlework they have the beauty and the glamor old lace alone conveys. Black-silk Venice, Venice Point, Torchon, Medici, Cluny, Honiton, are once more at the front, too; and thread and wire-ground are being revived from many an excellent old pattern.

## LOVE UNCRITICAL

Q.....*In the London Speaker*

When first I 'gan to know thee, dear,  
Thy faults I did espy,  
And "Sure this is a blemish here,  
And that's a vice," said I.

But since that hour I did resign  
My judgment to my fate,  
Thou art no more than only mine,  
To love and vindicate.

Henceforth thy champion am I vow'd,  
And stultify my sense,  
Not owning what I proved, yet proud  
To die in its defence.

The kerchief that thou gav'st I'll wear  
Upon mine eye-lids bound;  
And every man I meet I'll dare  
To find the faults I found.

## MODERN TASTE IN WALL-PAPER

"In our age the demand for ornament is ceaseless, the supply profuse; but discretion in its application, genius in design, and understanding of its spirit seem to be asleep or dead." Thus writes Mr. Herbert Maxwell, in *Blackwood's*, who, continuing, says:—

To few manufactures has indifference to the art of building lent such an impetus as to that of wall-papers. Like a parasitic growth, they have spread through our houses, increasing in luxuriousness with the increase of decay, obliterating every other form of mural decoration, and substituting cheap cleanliness for sagacious adaptation and delineation of structure. Wall-papers were little used in Europe before the eighteenth century, though they had been long before that applied to house decoration by the Chinese. Those that were first manufactured in the West were adaptations of design from Italian brocades, and at first they were used in an unobjectionable manner, just as hangings of the costlier material were employed—namely, to fill spaces between obvious structural lines—and, so applied, no objection could be made to their use. On the contrary, the invention brought it within the means of almost every householder to fill blank wall-spaces with agreeable tracery and harmonious color. But the cornice, frieze

and dado remained intact: coigns were protected with moulding or plaster-work, and the inmate might feel that he was living in a built room and not in a bandbox. But gradually the wall features disappeared; paper crept over everything except window and door openings, even into the very angles of the walls, and it is nothing uncommon now on entering a saloon of considerable pretension and proportions to find the walls closely covered with paper from floor to ceiling, save a narrow skirting-board to protect the plaster from the housemaid's broom and a cornice reduced to a meagre moulding. Mr. Walter Crane, in a recent number of a Contemporary, takes credit to our house-decorators for the greater refinement recently achieved in the designs of wall-papers. It is not so much the design that has been at fault as the use of wall-papers. Keep these in their proper place, and the design is of less moment than the color. The fact is, too much importance attached to design is calculated to tempt the designer to prove how clever he is and how much he knows of the orders of art. There is an insufferable degree of self-consciousness in most of the art papers produced, and people have to be reminded that wall space is not the place for ornament, but wall structure. With most of these ambitious wall-papers a paper dado and paper frieze is supplied. Can anything be more puerile? What does Mr. Crane say to the tradesman who pastes a block-printed paper frieze round a room already furnished with a frieze of its own? It is to be feared, seeing that this is no uncommon arrangement, that its full absurdity is not apparent to every eye.

The Governor of British Borneo reports a visit to the Island of Banguay. The marriage rites of the people consist in transferring a drop of blood from a small incision made with a knife in the calf of the man's leg to a similar cut in the woman's leg.

ONCE UPON A TIME

Margaret Vandegrift.....In Echoes

Oh, yes, he's a decent young fellow;  
I've nothing against him, my dear;  
And it's likely he thinks he is courting,  
And it's wholesome, a bit of a fear.  
But when I think back to my girlhood,  
And your grandfather, he was the boy!  
If these days were those days, my darling,  
By this I'd be wishing you joy.

He courted at fair and at frolic;  
He toasted me more than he ought,  
And I don't like to think, to this day, dear,  
How he looked the day after he fought.  
'Twas all a mistake that he fought for;  
The other boy wasn't to blame;  
'Twas only a fancy of Talbot's  
That Mike laughed in speaking my name.

And the ways Talbot asked me to have him!  
He'd not even pass me the tea,  
But he'd look in my eyes and then whisper  
"If I was that teacup, machree!"  
If I gave him my hand just in friendship,  
He'd sigh to his boots or as deep,  
And say in his beautiful accents,  
"Ah, when can I have it to keep?"

It seemed that I couldn't well help it;  
I just plagued him out of his life,  
Though still to myself I kept saying  
That I should some day be his wife.

And then came the day of the jaunt, dear;  
'Twas to an old ruin we went;  
And he wandered me off with himself, like,  
And I, for the once, was content.

I fancied a little blue flower  
That grew in the crack of the wall,  
And he climbed like a goat till he'd pick it,  
And some way he managed to fall.  
I don't know to this day how I did it;  
He'd have slipped to his death, at the last;  
But I caught his two feet in my hands, dear,  
And held for his life safe and fast.

And that boy, as he hung upside down there,  
And groping about for his life,  
Calls up: "You've my fate in your hands,  
dear,

Let go if you'll not be my wife!"  
Could I murder him? No, that I couldn't!  
I gave him no answer at all,  
I only held fast till he'd managed  
To catch his two hands on the wall.

I stood there all laughing and crying,  
And, well, you might fancy the rest  
If you could; but these days are so different,  
And each thinks her own day the best,  
There'll not be another like Talbot,  
No matter the day or the year,  
And your boy's nice, quiet, well-mannered;  
I hope you'll be happy, my dear!

FINESSE

From Vogue

If all my dreams were prophecies,  
And all my hopes came true,  
If all my songs had golden wings,  
To carry love to you;  
If all your heart were mine indeed,  
In sadness or in mirth,  
I would not barter my estate  
For any king's on earth.

Alas! my dreams become nightmares,  
My hopes are blasted trust,  
My songs are in falsetto key,  
My wishes are as dust.

Your heart has never answered mine,  
Perhaps it never will,—  
For though I am your humble slave,  
I'd be your monarch still.

A king should rule with potency,  
The slave a suppliant is;  
So since you flout my monarchy,  
My only hope is this:—  
To leave you, to deceive you, dear,  
To vex your mind with doubt,  
And by this sweet diplomacy  
To win you out and out.

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS

(Old Favorites).....Robert Herrick

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying:  
And this same flower that smiles to-day,  
To-morrow may be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  
The higher he's a-getting;  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;  
And while ye may go marry:  
For having once but lost your prime,  
You may forever tarry.



## LOVERS IN LONDON

*Violet Hunt*.....*The Century*

Here in the Park, on the scanty grass,  
The black sheep straying here and there,  
And the sullen pond, like a dim, gray glass,  
I had rather be here than anywhere.

You were here, and your eyes of blue  
Were as good to me as a summer sky;  
You were here, and I never knew  
That the leaves were dusty, the grass  
was dry.

I had rather be here—rather think I stand  
Where your footsteps fell, though they  
left no sign,  
By the gate, by the tree with the iron band,  
By the wandering waves of the Serpentine.

Where we paused to see if the gardener  
Had dressed his beds in crimson or blue,  
And read by the labels what flowers they  
were,—  
I'd rather be anywhere, Sweet, with you.

I know, if you take the train for an hour,  
There are birds, and brooks, and the  
usual things,  
The unlettered tree, the untrained flower.  
I go not hence, Love has clipped my  
wings.

London still, where a love that is dead  
Flits like a ghost, beside, before,  
On the gravel walks—and over my head  
The dull gray skies that she sees no  
more.

## THE CHESS-BOARD

*(Old Favorites)*.....*By Bulwer*

My little love, do you remember,  
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,  
Those evenings in the bleak December,  
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,  
When you and I played chess together,  
Checkmated by each other's eyes?

Ah, still I see your soft white hand  
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight.  
Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand,  
The double Castles guard the wings:  
The Bishop, bent on distant things,  
Moves, sidling through the fight.

That never, never, nevermore,  
As in those old still nights of yore  
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise),  
Can you and I shut out the skies,  
Shut out the world, and wintry weather,  
And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,  
Play chess, as then we played together!

Our fingers touch; our glances meet,  
And falter; falls your golden hair  
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet  
Is heaving. Down the field your Queen  
Rides slow, her soldiery all between,  
And checks me unaware.

Ah me! the little battle's done,  
Disperst is all its chivalry;  
Full many a move, since then, have we  
Mid life's perplexing checkers made,  
And many a game with Fortune played,—  
What is it we have won?  
This, this at least—if this alone;—

## POUR PRENDRE CONJAY

*Will J. Lampson*.....*New York Sun*

Her P. P. C.: I have it now,  
And as I take it in, somehow  
There comes to me a little touch  
Of keen regret; not very much  
Perhaps; but then, you know, just now

A little's quite too much. I bow  
To Fate, and wonder how  
I should regret, so very much,  
Her P. P. C.

We were but friends. I don't allow  
Myself romantic fancies now,  
Since Time has come along to touch  
Me with his unpoetic clutch;  
And yet with pansies I endow  
Her P. P. C.

## AT SEVENTEEN

*Arthur Symonds*.....*London Academy*

You were a child, and liked me yesterday.  
To-day you are a woman, and perhaps  
Those softer eyes betoken the sweet lapse  
Of liking into loving: who shall say?  
Only I know that there can be for us  
No liking more, nor any kisses now  
But they shall wake sweet shame upon  
your brow,  
Sweetly, or in a rose calamitous.

Trembling upon the verge of some new  
dawn  
You stand, as if awakened out of sleep,  
And it is I who cried to you "Arise!"  
I who would fain call back the child that's  
gone,  
And what you lost for me would have  
you keep,  
Fearing to meet the woman of your  
eyes.

## STRANGE MICROSCOPIC HANDICRAFTS\*

History has handed down to us many examples of that extraordinary form of caligraphic mania of which the chief symptom is a desire to compress the greatest number of words within the smallest possible space. Pliny the Younger declares (in *Opera* vii., 21) that Cicero once saw the "Iliad" written so small that it could be enclosed in a walnut-shell. This affirmation was regarded as improbable until the seventeenth century, when Huet, Bishop of Avranches, France, an excellent Greek scholar, proved that it could be accomplished. He demonstrated, entirely to the satisfaction of the doubters, that a piece of flexible vellum, twenty-seven centimetres in length and twenty-one in breadth, could be packed into the shell of a large walnut. For the entire "Iliad" to be written upon this sheet, the poem must be contained in 250 lines of thirty verses each! One side would then contain 7,500 verses, and the reverse as many, making 15,000 in all, a sufficient number. The Gospel of St. John and the Acts of the Apostles were written within the circumference of a farthing in the sixth century by an Italian monk.

Dr. Heylin, in his "Life of King Charles," records that during the reign of Queen Elizabeth "there was one who wrote the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Pater Noster, the Queen's name, and the year of our Lord within the compass of a penny; and gave her Majesty a pair of spectacles of such an artificial making that by the help thereof she did plainly and distinctly discern every letter." A somewhat similar feat was that "rare piece of work brought to pass by Peter Bales, an Englishman, who also exhibited before Her

Majesty the entire Bible written in a book containing as many leaves as a full-sized edition, but fitting into a walnut." In St. John's college, Oxford, is preserved a portrait of Charles I., in which the engraver's lines, as they seem to be, are really microscopic writing, the face alone containing all the book of Psalms, with the creeds and several forms of prayer. The learned Porson is known to have indulged in this species of "curious idleness" occasionally, and perhaps the Greek verses from the "Medea" of Euripides, with Johnson's translation of the same for Burney's "History of Music," were executed by him. Though consisting of 220 words, they are comprised in a circle half an inch in diameter, with a small space in the center left blank.

About forty years ago a specimen of microscopic penmanship was exhibited in this country which, perhaps, has never been excelled. It consisted of the following inscription, written upon glass, within a circle the 625th part of an inch in diameter: "Lowell and Senter, watchmakers, 64 Exchange street, Portland. Written by Fermat, at Paris, 1852." The circle within which this was inscribed was much smaller than the head of an ordinary pin, and if a needle was placed between the lens of a microscope and the writing, the latter was completely concealed. At the Dusseldorf exhibition a few years ago, a gentleman showed a postal card upon which the whole of the first three books of the "Odyssey" were written, and the remaining space was filled with a transcript of a long debate which had taken place in the German parliament a short time before, the whole card containing 33,000 words.

\*F. L. C., in New York Evening Post.

In the spring of 1882 a Hungarian Jew sent to a Vienna paper a grain of wheat on which he had written 309 words taken from Sissot's book on Vienna.

The reader will naturally inquire somewhat incredulously, "How is such work accomplished?" Although not acquainted with the details, Dr. Lardner, in his celebrated "Museum of Science," 1835, describes the principle of execution as follows: "It may be stated generally to consist of a mechanism by which the point of the engraver or style is guided by a system of levers which are capable of imparting to it three motions in right lines, which are reciprocally perpendicular, two of them being parallel, and the third at right angles to the surface on which the characters or designs are written or engraved. The combination of the motions in the direction of the axis, parallel to the surface on which the characters are engraved or written, determines the form of the characters, and the motion in the direction of the axis at right angles to that surface determines the depth of the incision, if it be engraving, or the thickness of the stroke, if it be writing." It must not, however, be supposed that this species of writing is confined to modern times. Layard, in his "History of Nineveh," mentions that the national records of the Assyrian empire were written upon bricks in characters so minute as to be scarcely legible without the aid of the microscope, and that, in fact, a variety of this instrument was found among the excavations.

So much for dainty penmanship. That minute mechanical construction can lay claim also to considerable antiquity is evidenced by the works of Pliny and Adrian, who relate that Myrmecides constructed out of ivory a ship with all her appurtenances, and a chariot with four wheels and four horses, both of so small dimensions that a bee could hide either of them

with its wings. Though this tale appears somewhat exaggerated, some credence should certainly be given it, for in the reign of Queen Elizabeth we have well-authenticated proof of the existence of a still more wonderful work. In 1578, Mark Scaliot, a London locksmith, manufactured a lock consisting of eleven different pieces of steel, iron, and brass which, together with the key belonging to it, weighed only one grain. The same artist also constructed a chain of gold, containing forty-three links, which he fastened to the lock and key, and upon these being attached to the neck of a flea, the insect was able to draw them with ease. Hadrianus Junius saw at Mechlin, in Brabant, a cherry-stone carved into the form of a basket, in which were fourteen pairs of dice, the spots on the latter being visible to the naked eye. A cherry-stone was shown at Florence for many years, carved by the Italian sculptor, Rossi, and containing a glory of sixty saints. But a still more marvellous curiosity was a set of 1,600 ivory dishes which were said to have been purchased by one Shad of Mittelbrach from the maker, Oswald Northingerus, and exhibited before Pope Paul V. These dainty turnings, though perfect in every respect, were scarcely visible to the naked eye, and could be easily enclosed in a casket the size of a peppercorn. A Jesuit father, Ferrarius, made twenty-five wooden cannon, capable of being packed away in the same space. In 1764, on the birthday of King George III., a watchmaker of London, named Arnold, presented himself before the King to exhibit a curious repeating watch of his manufacture. His Majesty, as well as the nobles of the court, greatly admired his minute workmanship, "and extraordinary it must indeed be considered," says the chronicler, "when it is known that this repeating watch was in diameter somewhat less than a silver twopence, that it contained one hundred and twenty distinct parts,

and that altogether it weighed less than six pennyweights." But do not imagine that modern workmen are not equally skilful. Not very long ago a London newspaper announced that a jeweller of Turin had made a tug-boat formed of a single pearl. The sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light at the prow is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and the stand upon which it is mounted is a slab of whitest ivory. The entire weight of this marvellous specimen of jeweller's craft is less than half an ounce, but the maker values it at \$5,000.

#### OBSERVATIONS AT KILAUEA

*Josiah Keep.....Science*

The crater is a huge depression or pit, about three miles long and two miles broad. The walls are mostly precipitous, though quite irregular, and the floor is some three hundred feet below the surface of the island at that point. Forty years ago it was several hundred feet lower. Standing on the brink of the crater and looking down, one is reminded of a great cellar after a fire. Everything is black or rusty, and the smoke and steam coming up from dark clefts put you in mind of the charred and smoking timbers to be seen after a conflagration. A zigzag path, a mile long, leads down through ferns and bushes to the black lava, and then you step out on a sea of absolute desolation. The lava is cold now, but there are the most abundant evidences of its recent fusion. The surface is greatly varied; here being nearly smooth, and there swelling up into steep hillocks, perhaps with caves beneath them, into which you can creep or perhaps walk upright. Cracks abound, and out of some of them the hot slag has oozed, and flowed, and cooled, and hardened. After walking over two miles of this rough floor I came suddenly to the brink of a second pit in the floor of the greater one. This second pit, the "Halem'oum'ou" of

the natives, is about half a mile in diameter, and at the time of my visit its floor was some two hundred and fifty feet below the point where I was standing. Some adventurous climbers descended the precipitous sides and actually stood on the freshly-cooled lava, but I did not accompany them. In the centre of this lower floor was the lake of molten lava, nearly circular in outline, and about one thousand feet across. Its level surface was largely covered by a thin, gray crust, portions of which would often sink and reveal the glowing liquid beneath. The fiery lake was never free from agitations, particularly around its edges, but the extent and violence of the activity were constantly changing. Occasionally a liquid hillock would rise like an enormous bubble, then sink back again, while a puff of thin blue smoke would slowly rise and float off from the spot, showing that in a condensed state it had doubtless been the lifting agent. But most of the agitation resembled the lively boiling of a kettle of water over a brisk fire. The glowing fountains would jump and dance in the wildest manner, often throwing up the fiery drops to a height of fifty feet, while waves of lava would surge against the curb of the lake with a sound like that of ocean breakers. In the night time, seen through an opera glass, the display was beautiful and grand beyond description. The continual falling of half-cooled drops of lava around the edge of the lake, combined with the wash of the fire-waves, serves to build up a curb, which grows in proportion to the activity of the lake. On one side of the pool of melted rock its top was some thirty feet higher than the floor which joined the base of the curb to the walls of the pit. One night the lava rose in the lake and poured over the curb on that side in a magnificent cascade of fire. It was not possible to get in front of the overflow, but it was estimated that the stream was fifty feet wide. The motion of the

current was like that of a water cascade, but when the flood reached the floor of the pit it quickly began to congeal on the top, while the under part ran on until it reached the confining walls. Another overflow, where the curb was not so high, came directly toward my point of observation, and I could clearly see that the central point of the stream moved swiftest, causing the hardening waves to assume the well-known crescent forms. By such overflows from the moulten lake the inner pit is being gradually filled up; in fact, its floor has risen several hundred feet the past few years. The lake rises *pari passu*, the curb never rising very high above the floor. What the result will be is uncertain. Should the lava continue to rise, the pit will soon be filled and will overflow into the basin of Kilauea itself. But instead of this the bottom of the pit may drop out, so to speak, as it did very suddenly before this last rise, and instead of gazing into a lake of fire the tourist may be compelled to look into a huge smoking hole, some five or six hundred feet deep. Doubtless the whole floor of Kilauea rests on a very hot foundation, as the steam which ascends from many cracks indicates, but at the time of my visit there was no melted lava visible except in the lake which I have described.

#### IN THE MINES

*Chautauquan*

The modes of opening and working deep mines—the most important class—depend upon the shape of the deposit, that is, whether a bed, vein or irregular in form, whether nearly horizontal or steeply inclined, the direction of the dip, and its relation to the contour of the adjacent country. Thus the attack may be begun by adit, vertical shaft, incline, or open cut—usually by a combination of two or more of these means. In deciding upon the most advantageous system of development the manager employs both geological reasoning and the

measurements of the topographical engineer. There are general rules which apply, but often the question is presented in a manner calling for the careful balancing of conditions and a prudent foresight in adapting the initiatory openings to the probable requirements of the future. The actual mining comes under three heads: (1) exploration, or the underground search for ore; (2) dead work, or the preparatory opening upon the deposit and arranging for convenient and rapid extraction; and (3) exploitation, or “the process by which ores and valuable minerals are won from their natural position.” Exploration (called underground prospecting) consists in following the ore channel, in cross-cutting to intercept it, or in sinking to tap it in depth. Instead of driving full-sized openings (shafts, inclines, winzes, drifts, cross-cuts, etc.), it is often more expeditious and cheaper to explore by means of the diamond drill, which brings out a core representing the material passed through.

#### ABOUT AMBER

*Goldthwaite's Magazine*

For the past 2,000 years from the Baltic, the amber of commerce has been obtained, although specimens have been found in other countries, notably in Sicily and Mexico. It is obtained by mining, dredging and diving. The mines are situated near the seashore at Palmnicken, near Fischhausen, while the dredging is done at the more northerly place, Schwarzort. The mines are worked by day and night all the year. As the shafts and drifts pass wholly through sandy material, the mines are heavily timbered. The blaue erde when hoisted, is washed down a chute, across which are stretched nets of different sized meshes. By this means the first rough assortment is made. The pieces vary in size from a pea to the size of a hand. The depth of the mines is about 100 feet. The material obtained by dredging, in which twenty to thirty ships are engaged, is treated



in a manner similar to that from the mines. Diving is done with appropriate diving apparatus. The diver receives, besides his regular pay, a premium for every piece of amber he finds weighing above a certain number of grammes. The prevailing color of the Baltic amber is yellow; some is as transparent as crystal, other pieces clouded or opaque. The clouded variety is the most highly prized at present, but it is dependent on that position to public fancy. The annual product of the Baltic fields is about 300,000 lbs., the value of which is about \$1,000,000. The whole of the amber industry on the Baltic is in the hands of one firm in Königsberg, which pays annually a handsome royalty to the Prussian government.

#### NOXIOUS INSECTS

*Popular Science Monthly*

During the last half-century the agriculturists of the United States have constantly suffered from the attacks of two classes of organisms, which have disputed with them the possession of their crops. These organisms are, first, the noxious insects; and, second, the parasitic fungi. To these tiny foes American agriculture yields annually many million dollars' worth of her choicest products. They form an omnipresent host of tax-gatherers, taking possession of the farmer's crops and enforcing their onerous demands without process of law, unless preventive measures are vigorously prosecuted. They are no respecters of persons: like the rain, they fall upon the fields of both the just and the unjust. The authorities best able to judge have estimated the annual loss in the United States due to these little pests at more than half a billion dollars. Noxious insects occasion losses in the United States which are "in the aggregate enormous, and have been variously estimated at from \$300,000,000 to \$400,000,000 annually," and parasitic fungi—the rusts, smuts, blights, mildews, rots, and similar maladies of growing plants—

according to competent authorities, cause an equal or greater loss. In single States and single seasons the damage is often frightful in extent. During some of the great chinch-bug epidemics the loss in Illinois occasioned by this one insect has amounted to over \$73,000,000 a year; and in seasons not marked by an outbreak of such a great crop pest the injury is much more severe than is ordinarily supposed.

#### SOUTHERN MANUFACTURING CENTRES

*The Chautauquan*

It is enough to make those northern people who have not kept pace with the news of southern progress rub their eyes with astonishment to read that Richmond is now building many of the finest locomotives running on southern railroads; that the same city secured against northern competition the contract for building the great engines of our war ship *Texas*; that the South is annually shipping a million tons of coal to New England; that the finest ship yard in the world, and the largest dry dock on the Atlantic coast have been built at Newport News; that Roanoke, Va., in ten years has grown in population from 600 to 25,000, paying its workmen \$4,000,000 a year and having \$8,000,000 invested in factories; that in a Kentucky valley where only fifty people lived in 1880, now stands the town of Middlesborough which has nearly completed a \$2,000,000 furnace and steel plant; that the towns of Little Rock, Macon, Chattanooga, Lexington, Houston, and Birmingham, which figured in the census of 1880 as containing not a single manufacturing establishment, now support 1,002 factories, dealing with iron, wood, and textile manufactures and giving employment to many thousands of toilers; that Atlanta in ten years has advanced from 196 to 333 factories, Augusta from 60 to 417, Charleston from 194 to 566, Memphis from 138 to 302, Mobile from 91 to 229, Norfolk from 105 to 366, Richmond from 598 to 950, and a score of

other towns in like proportion; and that the percentage of increase in railroad mileage, in passengers carried, in freight moved, and in total earnings has been far greater than in our western States, while the development of the country opened up by these new roads and extensions has really only just commenced. Such facts as these speak eloquently of the enormous enterprise and thrift that are rapidly placing the South, long the unfortunate part of the country, upon a level with the most advanced and prosperous portions of our domain.

#### GOLD MINING PROSPECTS

*Northwest Magazine*

It is plain that 1893 is going to be a great year for gold mining. From all parts of the gold belts of the Rocky Mountains and the Cascades and Sierras we hear of new enterprises to get the yellow metal from the rocks and the auriferous gravels. The depression in silver has turned the attention of mining men everywhere to the possibilities of successful working of quartz deposits and placer ground. By the new cyanide of potassium process gold-bearing quartz can be worked to good advantage that could not be made to yield up a paying amount of gold under the old, simple process of milling and amalgamating. Then there is a great deal of placer ground that was once worked over in a crude way with the old, cheap apparatus of the shovel and the sluice box that can now be reworked with better returns than it gave before, with the modern appliances of hydraulic pipes. Take, for example, the Swauk placers, in Washington, near Ellensburg. A good deal of gold has been taken from them by miners working individually, but now a ten-mile flume is building, and the whole gulch will be washed out with the best hydraulic machinery. Another example may be found on the Missouri River, in Montana, where the gravel carries gold for a distance of over a hundred miles. In the spring a powerful machine will be set at work

on a flat boat that will by the air-exhaust principle raise the gravel from the bottom of the river and take out the gold dust and nuggets. For the past ten years silver has had the supremacy. Prospectors everywhere hunted for silver ledges and capitalists put their money into working silver mines. Now the capitalist says, "Show me a gold mine and I will put money in it; but there is too much silver produced already." Any promising gold proposition commands instant attention. It is not improbable that a few years of active gold development may even up the two metals at something like their old relative ratio of value. That would be a blessing for the whole world. The paper currency of the world needs two legs to stand upon to be safe. Now the silver leg is getting shorter all the time and there is danger that the whole body of the currency will topple over. Let us earnestly wish success to all searchers for the yellow gold. While the financiers are disputing as to the best way to get silver out of its present depression they may find the solution with their picks and "giants," their stamp mills and smelters. Good luck to them. The nations of the earth were never yet overstocked with gold and never will be. The more they find the better for trade and for the welfare of the people.

What, if there is any, is the difference between hypnotism and mesmerism? Most people think there is a considerable difference, and that hypnotism is a modern invention or discovery, allied to, but widely divergent from, that to which Mesmer gave currency. What may be accepted as an authoritative answer to the question is furnished by Arthur Shadwell, who was recently sent to Paris by The London Times to investigate hypnotism. He says: "There is no difference whatever." The subject, however, is open to dispute, as many specialists maintain that there is a difference.—*The N. Y. Tribune.*

## MARVELS OF THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD

A French inventor has attached a tiny incandescent lamp to an ordinary pencil, for use by reporters and others having to take notes at night. The battery is carried in the pocket, the wires passing down the sleeve. . . . The courts have decided that Rev. Hannibal Goodwin, who is 70 years old, and a resident of Newark, is the originator and earliest applicant for a patent upon the transparent and flexible celluloid films used in kodaks and other cameras which are fitted with rolls and roll holders. . . . The longest balloon ride on record is described by M. Maurice Mallet, in *L'Aéronaute*. It was from La Villette, Paris, to Wahlen, in central Germany, and occupied thirty-six hours and ten minutes, from October 23 to the morning of October 25, 1892. The flight was disturbed by snow in the upper regions of the atmosphere, which melted in the lower. . . . The results obtained by the use of chloroform and cocaine may be secured by subcutaneous injections of a solution of sugar or salt, or even of simple cold distilled water, while the ill-effects that sometimes follow applications of the former are avoided. . . . The French astronomer, Flammarion, has a volume of his own writing, bound in exquisite leather, made of skin from the shoulders of a lady who willed the epidermia to him, with a monetary legacy sufficient to properly cure it. The astronomer had once audibly expressed admiration for the whiteness of her shoulders discerned at a ball. . . . The Siamese have cultivated a rose which is white when in the shade, and changes to blood-red as soon as the sunlight strikes it. . . . Artificial stone is now manufactured free from the usual liability to crack or fracture. . . . An ant's brain is larger in proportion to its size than the brain of any known animal. . . . The next five or six centuries will ex-

haust the coal of Europe. The supply of Austria-Hungary, France and Belgium will be the first to give out; the coal mines of Great Britain will be exhausted next, and finally those of Germany. . . . Padernal Peak, N. M., has been in an active state of eruption since the last week in December, belching forth at intervals of three hours and lasting for a period of thirty minutes. The top, a square mile in extent, has been blown off, and the lava has filled up the valley on each side to the extent of half a mile. The last eruption occurred in 1820. . . . A cove full of human bones has just been discovered in Tuolumne county, California. . . . Waterproof sheets of paper, gummed and hydraulically compressed, make a material as durable as leather for the soles of shoes. . . . A hundred million years is reckoned as the limit of the earth's age, and the duration of life on the earth is put at one half that length of time. . . . A large boulder of galena, recently mined at Centerville, Mo., is said to have weighed 3,450 pounds. . . . If the sun were to be represented by a globe two feet in diameter, the earth would be represented proportionately by a pea, Mars by a pin head, and Mercury by a mustard seed. . . . The flounder lays 7,000,000 eggs annually; several others from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000, while the turbot is credited with depositing from 11,000,000 to 12,000,000 during each breeding season. . . . An inch of rain falling on an acre of land weighs 100 tons. There are 640 acres in a square mile, so that the same depth of rain falling on a square mile of land would weigh 64,000 tons. The total area of Great Britain is nearly 90,000 square miles, and assuming an inch of rain to fall over the whole of it, it follows that there must have been discharged from the clouds a weight of water in the form of rain amounting to 5,760,000,000 tons.

## Chords in a Minor Key

### WITH WINTER DESOLATION DREAR

Alfred I. Townsend.....*Californian*

A chilling waste of barren sand ;	A gleaming skull beside a rock ;
A spectral cactus, far away ;	A bruised and battered tin canteen ;
A chain of hills which seem to stand	A weather-beaten alpenstock ;
Between the desert and the day.	Some scattered bones strewn in between.
A soulless arch of steely blue ;	A tattered, rotten, buckskin sack ;
A noiseless rush of sweeping blast ;	A fleshless hand ; a gleam of gold ;
A lonely hare ; a bush or two ;	A shrivelled shoe ; a miner's pack ;
A vulture driving swiftly past.	Enough ! 'Tis all the heart can hold !

### OLD CHUMS

James Whitcomb Riley.....*Critic*

"If I die first," my old chum paused to say,	And turned, with misted eyes. His round delay
"Mind, not a whimper of regret;—instead,	Rang gaily on the stair; and then the door
Laugh, and be glad, as I shall. Being dead,	Opened and—closed. A something of the clear,
I shall not lodge so very far away	Hale hope, and force of wholesome faith he had
But that our mirth shall mingle. So, the day	Abided with me—strengthened more and more.—
The word comes, joy with me." "I'll try," I said,	Then—then they brought his broken body here :
Though, even speaking, sighed and shook my head	And I laughed—whisperingly. And we were glad.

### FOLDED HANDS

Albert Bigelow Paine.....*Worthington's Magazine*

Poor tired hands that toiled so hard for me,	That, e'en though tired, she would not wish to go,
At rest before me now I see them lying,	And leave me thus unduly.
They toiled so hard, and yet we could not see	
That she was dying.	Poor, tired heart that had so weary grown,
	That death came all unheeded o'er it creeping.
Poor, rough, red hands that drudged the livelong day,	How still it is to sit here all alone,
Still busy when the midnight oil was burning ;	While she is sleeping.
Oft toiling on until she saw the gray	
Of day returning.	Dear, patient heart that deemed the heavy care
	Of drudging household toil its highest duty ;
If I could sit and hold those tired hands,	That laid aside its precious yearnings there
And feel the warm life-blood within them beating,	Along with beauty.
And gaze with her across the twilight lands,	
Some whispered words repeating,	Dear heart and hands, so pulseless, still, and cold,
	(How peacefully and dreamlessly she's sleeping !)
I think to-night that I would love her so,	The spotless shroud of rest about them fold,
And I could tell my love to her so truly,	And leave me weeping.

### THE CANADIAN SONG SPARROW

From "This Canada of Ours".....*By M. L. D. Edgar*

[Every resident in the northern and eastern counties of the Dominion has heard the note of the song sparrow. He dwells long upon his first and second notes, forming a distinct "spondee." He then rattles off at least three "dactyls." The writer has distinctly recognized in the little song the melancholy sentiments indicated in these lines.]

From the leafy maple ridges	Where the farmer ploughs his furrow,
From the thickets of the cedar,	Sowing seed with hope of harvest;
From the alders by the river,	In the orchards, white with blossom,
From the bending willow branches,	In the early fields of clover,
From the hollows and the hillsides,	Comes the little brown-clad singer,
Through the lone Canadian forest,	Flitting in and out of bushes,
Comes the melancholy music,	Hiding well behind the fences,
Oft repeated, never changing—	Piping forth his song of sadness,
"All—is—vanity—vanity—vanity—vanity."	"Poor — hu — manity — manity—manity."

## WILD BOARS IN FRANCE\*

The wild boar, with its litter of from six to ten at a time, multiplies with prodigious rapidity; but, its flesh being good for food, it carries within its own hide the price set upon its head, and is therefore more readily exterminated, without any Government fee or Government official than the wolves are with the benefit of both those arrangements. The migrations of the wild swine are heralded in a peculiar manner. It is not only that an old boar goes in advance on a journey of exploration, but that this stalwart and experienced pioneer is generally attended by a young squire, called his page; and it is said that, if the page be killed, the locality in which the catastrophe occurs is pretty sure to see no more of the veteran. \* \* \* There is no beauty of outline in the bristly boar, nor even in his striped young ones. His legs seem too short and small for his great carcass; his tail, though nobly entitled "the wreath," is nevertheless a caricature; his countenance expresses none of the softer virtues, and is not redeemed by any dignity of aspect. On the other hand, this ungainly monster can be "as active as a mountain-cat." He can be described as "bounding like a chamois from the head of one boulder to another, clearing chasms in his stride." "He is very courageous, extremely fleet, very quick of hearing, and keen-scented." With a good huntsman, three or four good hounds, fleet of foot and stout of heart, and with a good gun, you may easily succeed in killing a wild boar; but to take him by fair downright hunting is a very different matter. In a country that suits him, what with his pace, what with his manœuvres, what with his frequently showing fight, he will often laugh to scorn the pursuit of men, horses, and dogs, till

night puts an end to the contest; and nowadays there are but few hounds that have strength and spirit to renew it the next morning. Of the four teeth with which the boar is born, the two lower ones, the tusks, become weapons of terrible power, attaining in the fourth year a length of eight or nine inches, with a sharpness so excessive that an American lady "found her face cut in a deplorable manner from merely looking at them." It is, at any rate, these murderous implements that the horse and his rider, the huntsman and his hounds, have seriously to fear.

### *Plucking Ostriches.—The Chautauquan*

In South Africa it was originally the custom of the keeper to coax the ostrich to come toward him by throwing to it some corn and then when the bird had its head down, the keeper would catch it by the neck. At the same moment several men would take hold of it by the feet and legs and compel it to squat down. Then its tail and wing feathers would be plucked. Another practice was to give the ostrich some dainties and while it was engaged in eating them, the keeper with a sharp knife would cut the feathers close to the skin. Subsequently in Algiers a box was devised with movable sides into which the ostrich was driven and the feathers then extracted. The directions given were that the feathers must be caught as near the skin as possible and pressed gently as if to stick them farther into the flesh, then twisted half way round. This movement removes the feather from its socket easily and without wounding the ostrich. A certain degree of dexterity is required for this operation which can then be rapidly performed after

\*Blackwood's



a little practice. A still later improvement is the plucking box now used in Cape Colony. It is a very solid wooden box, in which, though there is just room for one ostrich to stand, he cannot possibly turn around, nor can he kick, as the sides of the box are too high. At each end of the box there is a stout door, the one opening inside and the other outside the inclosure. The birds are dragged up in succession to the first door, and, after more or less of a scuffle, pushed in and the door shut. There the two operators standing one on each side of the box, have the ostrich completely in their power; and with a few rapid snips of the shears remove the long white plumes from his wings.

*Eels and their Ways.—Gentleman's Magazine*

Eels, like all other teleostean fishes, are oviparous, and the milt and roe, different in appearance from those elements in other species, occur in the same position. It is noteworthy that the spawn is very seldom met with, either in the body of the female or in the neighborhood of the spawning grounds. Perhaps, when her time is about to come, she keeps out of the way of temptation by lurking in mud at the bottom of the stream, and it is notorious that she only migrates towards the open sea during dark, cloudy nights. Even the appearance of the moon in the heavens is enough to stop her progress; the faintest sound or glimmer of strange light will send her and her mate into hiding among the stones or at the bottom, there to remain until all is silent and safe again. The ova are not met with in the neighborhood of the spawning grounds, for the very sufficient reason that, as a rule, the spawning grounds are not accessible to man. Eels—especially the broad-nosed variety—will deposit their ova and thrive in ponds which have no communication with the ocean, but the vast majority of them go down the river channels in autumn towards

the sea, the spawning grounds being at the estuaries or in harbors, where the brackish water is warmer than at either extreme of inland river or open ocean—and eels are very averse to cold. In the Winter they sleep much, and, like rattlesnakes, congregate in large numbers in one spot, where they bury themselves a foot or more deep in places which are sometimes left bare by the tide. In the Spring the return migration occurs, and the young and the parent fish that have been so fortunate as to survive all the dangers surrounding them, turn their noses landwards, proceeding sometimes in concert, but more often independently, and always in the daytime. It is one of the most beautiful and interesting sights in all natural history to witness the migration of the countless millions of elvers that commence in early Spring and continue during nearly the whole of Summer to pass up the rivers of England looking for a home—which comparatively few of them, by-the-by, ever find, thanks to the traps of the amateur and professional fishermen ever ready to stop them. Their numbers are absolutely incalculable; and it will give some idea of this fact when we state, on very good authority, that as many as 1,800, each about three inches long, have been known to pass a given spot on the Thames in a single minute. An otherwise clear river is frequently black with them, so numerous and thickly-grouped are they. They are said to form ropes of one another's bodies, but the present writer is free to admit that he has never seen this curious phenomenon himself! They are wonderfully persevering little creatures, and contrive to surmount obstacles which seem in their very nature to be altogether insurmountable. Rocks twenty feet high they can get over by sheer endeavor, or by such a subterfuge as worming themselves up through the dripping moss that overhangs the barrier. Couch in his "British Fishes," tells us that in the neighborhood

of Bristol he has seen the elvers utilize the branches of a tree as a stepping-stone on to which they climbed, and dropped into the pond over which it hung. He adds that "the tree appeared to be quite alive with these little animals," and that "the rapid and unsteady motion of the boughs did not appear to impede their progress."

*Do Ants Talk?—Magazine of Natural Science*

I one day saw a drove of the small black ants moving, perhaps to better quarters. The distance was some hundred and fifty yards. Most all which came from the old home carried some of the household goods. Some had eggs, some had what may have answered for their bacon or meat; some had one thing and some another. I sat and watched them closely for over an hour. I noticed that every time two met in the way they would hold their heads close together as if greeting one another, and no matter how often this meeting took place this same thing occurred, as though a short chat were necessary. To prove more about it, I killed one who was on his way. Others being eye-witnesses to the murder, went with speed, and with every ant they met this talking took place as before. But instead of a pleasant greeting, it was sad news they had to communicate. I know it was sad news, for every ant that these parties met, hastily turned back and fled on another course, as much as to say, "for the King's sake and for your safety, do not go there, for I have seen a monster, just behind, that is able to destroy us all at one blow. I saw him kill one of our family. I do not know how many more are killed." So the news spread, and it was true. How was the news communicated if not by speech?

*Animals as Barometers.—Tit-Bits.*

If a cat sneezes, or sits in the fender, or washes her head behind her ear, it is a sure sign of rain. Be-

fore the approach of a storm cats have frequently rubbed themselves against some convenient object—very often the writer's leg. The goat utters a peculiar cry before rain. If rats and mice make much noise it indicates rain. If a dog eats grass in the morning it will surely rain before night. If a bull goes to pasture first it will rain; if the cows precede him the weather will be uncertain. Sheep are known in Wales to ascend the hills and scatter themselves before clear weather, but if they bleat and seek shelter snow is expected. When a dog refuses to take meat it is a sign of coming rain. In stormy and cold weather cows often fail in yielding milk. If cattle lie down in early morning rain may be expected. Sailors do not like cats, and they have a saying that when a cat is frisky she has a gale of wind in her tail. When a dead calm becomes monotonous sailors have been known to throw a cat overboard to raise the wind. Hogs run with sticks and straws in their mouths before cold weather, and carry leaves to make warm beds. There is an old proverb that "pigs can see the wind," as they are restless and squeal loudly before a storm. The sailors call a stormy north-wester a "cat's nose."

*The Snowdrop.—The London Speaker*

Haselton Dyer records an old legend which tells how, after the fall of man, no flower bloomed in Eden, and Eve wept and mourned over the barren earth, whilst snowstorms raged around. But an angel was sent to comfort her in her grief, and, even as he spoke, he stretched out his hand and caught a falling flake of snow, and breathed upon it, and when he loosed it, and it touched the earth, it bloomed and became a sweet white flower, which was to Eve more beautiful than all the flowers of Paradise which she had known and lost. And the angel said:—

"This is an earnest, Eve, to thee  
That sun and summer soon shall be."

Then, as he passed from her sight, in his place there stood a garland of blossoming snowdrops. That this flower is an emblem of purity its name evidences, for nothing is so pure, so cold, so dazzlingly white as fresh-fallen snow. The brilliant purity of it makes all else seem dull and dark. I remember a poem wherein the plumage of white doves is described as grey by contrast when seen upon glittering snow. Already mentioned as a symbol of hope, these

" . . . harbingers of Spring—  
A sort of link between dumb life and light,"

are also tokens of spiritual hope :

"Out of the snow the snowdrop,  
Out of Death comes Life."

Nay, more. For whilst, as in almost all folk traditions, there is a gloomy side to the snowdrop, and in many parts of rural England a single Spring flower, *e. g.*, a snowdrop, violet, daffodil, or primrose, must not be carried into a house at a season when the plant first comes into blossom, or, it is said, ill-luck is sure to follow, we may consider the white-clad "herald" to be not merely a promise of future Spring, but a type of compensation for "the winter of our discontent."

"He who wintry hours hath given,  
With the snow gives snowdrops birth;  
And while angels sing in heaven,  
God hears the robins sing on earth."

*Animal Trials by Jury.—Cassell's Magazine*

Among the beavers it is undoubted that courts were held, and judicial functions exercised, and the sentences carried out with most exact discipline. This is proved by the fact that near to every beaver settlement there exists a class of what are called "bachelor beavers." This is composed of two sections, old males who had lost their mates and were held to be no longer of true use to the community, and younger "bachelors" who had been expelled from the settlement for misconduct, idleness, and laziness, more generally theft, and by a jury

awarded a sentence of perpetual exclusion, a kind of penal servitude, which all the community of beavers were bound to join in order to see thoroughly carried out. These "bachelors" live alone, not in warm houses protected by dams, as in community, but in holes in the banks of the rivers—prison cells, in fact—where they just manage to live, and where they can at a pinch succeed in storing sufficient winter food. Sometimes their privations must be great, but there is no escape for them. If they endeavor to build a proper beaver house—at all events, within ken of any of their old associates—it is reported, and it becomes the bounden duty of the members of the community to turn out and destroy what has been done. Penal servitude among beavers really existed, as it does among us. The beaver thief is compelled to work hard, and in isolation from his family, and yet cannot secure the most primary personal comforts—cannot exercise himself in that craft of construction in which alone he can find true pleasure. He must atone to society for his fault, just as our convicted prisoners do. Any one who has seen the beavers at the Zoölogical Gardens ceaselessly comforting themselves and passing their time in constructing houses that they do not need, will realize what a punishment a jury of beavers mete out to one of their own kind who is idle or lazy, or has been guilty of theft, or violated any of the essential laws of the beaver community, when they make him a "bachelor" beaver and will not let him erect a house near to them.

*The Boxing Kangaroo.—Frank Leslie's Weekly*

The fact that human intelligence is not essential to success in pugilism is demonstrated by the performances of Jack, the trained kangaroo, which are diverting the Parisian public at the Nouveau Cirque. Jack stands six feet high, and, planted solidly upon his two long hind legs, with the

adjunct of a powerful tail, is able to stand up before human boxers and deal honest blows that would do severe damage to his antagonist, but for the fact that the fists of both are covered with padded gloves.

*The Sparrows.—New York Sun.*

Outside my garret window there's a roof,  
And there the lively sparrows love to  
    come,  
These wintry days, eager to get a crumb.  
Though feathered warm, in brown and  
    gray, not proof  
Are they 'gainst hunger. From a ledge  
    aloof  
They flurry down, alert and frolicsome;  
And then, again, they're sober-eyed and  
    glum,  
Anxious that I should give for their be-  
    hoof.  
They are abused by some, I freely own;  
And when I gave food I have seen them  
    flare  
Away awhile, as if they had a fear  
Of unexpected harm; but ne'er a stone  
Would I throw at these gossips of the air,  
That this dull weather fills with a chatty  
    cheer.

*Why Dogs Wag their Tails.—New York Sun*

We promptly assent to Dr. Robinson's statement that the study of the tail wagging of dogs is very interesting; but, when he tells us that the character of the wag is "dependent upon some interlocking of the machinery of cognate ideas," we must pause. Is it so now, Doctor? We ourselves are not fully satisfied that it is, though we have had reason to suspect that it may be in some cases. But really we have not time for a debate before going to the dog show, and must hurry along with Dr. Robinson, carrying a copy of the Contemporary Review, that we may compare his theories with the object lessons in the show. "All dogs wag their tails as an intimation that they are happy," says the Doctor. This is an imperfect diagnosis. A dog may wag his tail as a symptom of the expectancy of happiness, or, as a scholar might say, of happiness *in prospectu*, but, alas! not yet realized, and not possible of full realization until the anticipated bone is at least partly

crunched, at which time, the time of real happiness, the dog has ceased to wag his tail, and doesn't care a crack whether he has any such thing. We are told that the movement of the tail postulates the emotion; but we must say a word against confounding postulation with coincidence. Again Dr. Robinson goes on: "Owing to some inoculation of the nervous mechanism which we cannot unravel, the association of pleasure and wagging has become inseparable." The rhetoric of this remark is abominable, and we cannot put any faith in the science of a man who would try to unravel the inoculation of the mechanism. We are getting tired of Dr. Robinson's speculations, and feel like throwing the Contemporary Review to the dogs. But, hullo! We must hold on to it till we look at a rather striking passage, from which we learn that the members of a pack of foxhounds grow big with the most poignant of all delights when they first detect the presence of game, so that, at this time, they "wag their tails all at once for the common good." Again, we learn that a setter, when setting game, understands the supreme importance of keeping the tail very still, so that, while its tail can be seen to tremble with emotion, it can never be seen to wag, even though held out in full view. When Dr. Robinson gives us solid facts of this kind, and he gives many of them, we can almost pardon him for presenting us with loose speculations and untenable theories.

*On the Wing.—Goldthwaite's.*

The wings of a bird are set at such an angle that the stroke is not only downward but backward, the motion being thus at once sustaining and propelling, and, as is the case with a sailboat, it is in the direction of the least resistance, so that the bird can only fly as its head is pointed. This makes it all the more difficult to understand the quick movements and rapid changes in flight which a bird instantaneously makes.

## THE CRIMES AND IMMORALITIES OF ANIMALS\*

The plant, the animal, the savage, the child of civilized man, and civilized man himself, are stages in nature which pass imperceptibly one into the other, and form one sympathetic whole. According, then, to the natural-history method, nature may be studied in her lower realms in order to gain an insight into her more developed stages; for although the processes of elimination may be more direct and severe in the beginnings of nature, yet they are in essence the same throughout her whole extent, reaching into the highest spheres of action and thought. From these points of view, many of the acts of nature are the most cruel and immoral. The insectivorous plants commit the equivalents of murder. When insects light upon a leaf of the *utricularia neglecta*, it allures these insects by its appendages, plays with them, catches them in an elastic valve, which closes in behind, and imprisons them until they die. Did we not know that these phenomena depend on histological conditions we might suspect premeditation, ambush, and liberty of choice; for very small insects are refused by this plant.

As we pass from the vegetable to the animal, the number of equivalents of crime increases in variety. This taking of life in order to procure food or to command the tribe has been observed among horses, bulls, and stags. It is a familiar fact that cannibalism is sometimes practiced among wolves; field mice when they fall into a trap devour one another; rats do the same; porpoises and rabbits have been known to do likewise even when they have plenty to eat (*Lacaszagne*); once in a while a dog will eat another dog. But with cannibalism goes infanticide; the female of the crocodile sometimes eats those of her

young who do not know how to swim. As among barbarous peoples, so among civilized, there has been infanticide, on account of bodily deformity. Lombroso saw a hen abandon the weak and lame of her brood and start off with the robust ones. There are birds who break their eggs and destroy their nests; monkeys who dash the heads of their young against a tree when they are tired of carrying them. Cats, hares and dogs furnish the equivalents of infanticide, and the young of foxes practice parricide. There is in animals, as in men, an irresistible impulse for over excitement of passions. The patient dromedaries when agitated become furious, trample those who trouble them under their feet; but, having satisfied their vengeance they become quiet again; in such cases the Arabs throw their clothes at the dromedary and let him vent his rage on these. In certain species of ants, the warriors, after a combat, are possessed with a sort of fury, and fight everything in their way; they even attack the slaves who strive to calm them by seizing them by the legs and holding them firm until their anger is over. In a quarrel between the bears in a zoological garden at Cologne, the female becoming exhausted, the male held it under water until it was drowned, and then dragged it around to make sure of its death. In northern Scotland, troops of cows have been known to put their guilty companions to death. Magnan has seen the most docile dogs, by continued use of alcoholic drinks, become mischievous. Lombroso has observed a parallel case in roosters poisoned with foul meat, Ants narcotized by chloroform become paralyzed, except in the head, by the moving of which they bite everything in reach. It is known that in a sect of assassins in the Orient

\*From Arthur MacDonald's "Criminology"—Funk & Wagnall's, N. Y.



the homicidal fury is excited by a mixture of hemp and opium.

Meteoric conditions have their influence; thus animals of the same species, or related ones, are fiercer in the torrid zone than in the less warm regions of America (Rousse); the lions in the Atlas mountains are much less formidable than those in the desert. Cattle have been known during the warm season, and especially at the approach of a storm, to be taken with an attack of fury and rush against persons and trees until the storm bursts and the rain calms them. Theft is a common vice among animals. In stealing to satisfy hunger the passion is generally irresistible. There is a selection of suitable objects; the dog or cat confine themselves to food; there is, as a rule, no hoarding or hiding, but the food is used at once. But in the stealing of useless articles practiced by magpies, rats, and monkeys, the method is often systematic, or at long intervals, hoarding or hiding being the rule; this is a sort of kleptomania, perniciousness, or a love of stealing for its own sake. As the magpie is notorious for stealing glittering objects, so we find the parallel among savages, who have been known to help themselves on shipboard to all the movables, being fascinated by mirrors, cutlery, and jewelry. Sometimes bees, in order to save trouble, attack in crowds well-furnished hives and carry off the provisions; they gradually acquire a taste for this, and form companies and colonies of brigands. If bees are given a mixture of honey and brandy, they can acquire a taste for it, and become irritable under its influence, drink and cease to work, and, like men, fall from one vice into another.

Swindling and deceit are known among animals. In military stables horses are known to have pretended to be lame in order to avoid going to military exercise. A chimpanzee had been fed on cake when sick; after his

recovery he often feigned coughing in order to procure dainties. The cuckoo sometimes lays its eggs in the sparrow's nest, and to make the deception surer it takes away one of the sparrow's eggs. Animals are conscious of their deceit, as shown by the fact that they try to operate secretly and noiselessly; they show a sense of guilt if detected; they take precautions in advance to avoid discovery; in some cases they manifest regret and repentance. Thus bees which steal, hesitate often before and after their exploits, as if they feared punishment. One describes how his monkey committed theft: while he pretended to sleep the animal regarded him with hesitation, and stopped every time his master moved or seemed on the point of awakening. Such, and many more well-known facts, may be due, perhaps, to fear of punishment, which naturally follows a misdeed, just as is observed among habitual thieves.

Cases of meanness are not so numerous among the animals; a surprising one is the innocent dove, which sometimes hides under her wings food for which she has no need, simply to deprive her companions. The sense of property is manifested in the competition for prizes, as in the struggle for the female, or for food, rank, territory, or nests. The dog distinguishes the property of his master, and even discriminates between objects belonging to different members of the same family. It is well known that, by a wise employment of punishment, animals can be trained and improved. There are, however, instincts that it seems impossible to change. The cat, in spite of a long domesticity and repeated punishments, never loses its habit of stealing; and a curious coincidence is, that, among criminals, a thief is the most difficult to reform, and is generally incorrigible. Severity may help feeble animals sometimes, but it renders the more vigorous vindictive. In the case of criminal man the same idea is true.

## THE MAGISTRACY OF UNCLE CEPHAS\*

Happening, soon after the close of the war, to ride along the road past "Old Pop Castle," I observed a large and excited concourse of colored people standing under the famous oak at that place. Upon approaching and making inquiry, I learned that Uncle Cephas—now 'Squire Bolden—who, along with some others of his race, had recently been appointed magistrate, was about to hold his first court.

Elbowing my way through the dense crowd till I reached and mounted one of the gnarled roots of the oak, I was enabled to overlook the sea of heads and survey the court. On the safest corner of a very unsteady shuck-frame was perched the presiding magistrate, his ebony forehead, which flowed back without limit over his bald pate, covered with an appropriate frown. The rest of the frame held the six jurymen, who leaned against or sat upon it according to each one's confidence in its stability. The prisoner, a vagabondish but harmless looking man on whose crow-black face fright was imprinted in an ashy cast, was wrapped up in ropes and placed in the middle of the shuck-frame for safe keeping.

I had scarcely gained my position and taken in the surroundings when the court opened.

"De court am now adjourned en will perceed to bizness," cried Uncle Cephas in a loud voice, as he removed his hat and dropped it on the ground. "Let whosomedever gwi pussycute dis pussun hyere in de shuck-frame now speak up er f'rever hole his peace!" he continued with due solemnity.

A young mulatto, the smartness of whose dress culminated in a highly glazed paper collar, slowly arose from one of the oak roots, cleared his

throat in the most approved legal fashion, and announced that he had been engaged to conduct the prosecution.

"Well, den shoot, Luke, er give up de gun," exclaimed the court after the counsel had wasted a good while in fumbling through his pockets in a somewhat perfunctory manner.

"Mister magistrate en gentermen ob de jury," began the prosecutor after this warning, "you am dissembled tergedder hyere dis puiirty day under dis blue sky en dese green leabes to deform one er der highes' juties er freemuns en feller citizens."

"De gentermuns better not take quite sich er big chip, en chop er li'l' closeter to de line," put in the court.

"You am dissembled tergedder," continued the counsel, in nowise abashed, "hyere to see dat er pussun dat needs jestic wuss'n anybody in de succle er my whole intelligence gits hit, en gits er plenny of it, heaped up, sheken down, squshed in en runnin' ober. En ef—ef de law didn' inquire dat some confusions must perceed out'n de mouf er de pussycuter, ev'y word dat would be necessary would be 'hyers Nickydemus en dar's de lim' er grapevine,'" pointing to a stout grapevine which lay on the frame near the magistrate. "Ev'body knows he's done broke ev'y law dat been made sence dey fust started to makin' laws, sides all sights en stacks un um dat nebber ai' been made. He's broke um straight-ways en broke um side-ways en broke um craus-ways, en broke um slopendicler en broke um puppendicler, uppendicler, downendicler en roun'endicler twel he's natelly wo' um out to er frazzle.

"But, ez de law do inquire some confusions to perceed fum de

\*David Dodge in Kate Field's Washington

mouf er de pussycutin' lyer, I will perceed. Fustly, who is dat in de shuck-frame? Nickydemus Wagstaff! What is he excused ob? Ev'ytheng in God ermighty's worl' 'cep'n' one theng, en dat is doin' right. Eben de biggis' lier twixt Roanoke en 'Tar River neber excused him er doin' dat.

"Who's raisin' up de biggytis' en de mannishis' en de sassynis' en de outdaciouis' en de roguishis' passle er chillun in de neighborhood? Nickydemus! Whose chillun's alluz rippin' en kervort'n' erbout de country, pluggin' water-milyuns, chunkin' down apples, robbin' rabbit-gums en ginnin' sass to grown folks? Nickydemus's! Whose chillun fetches all the mumps en measles en de whuppin'-cough en de chick'n-pox in the neighborhood? Nickydemus's! Whose chickens is alluz in ev'body else's gyarden, whose hawgs is alluz in ev'body else's cawn-fiel', whose dawgs is alluz in ev'body else's hen nes'es? Nickydemus's!

"Awn whose lan' do all de snakes en pizen-oak en wire-grass en all dem udder pesterments raise en muldipliy en git er good start to tek the whole country? Nickydemus's! Whose wife does all de conjurin' en tale-totin' en makes all de 'sturbances in de neighborhood? Nickydemus's!

"Den who does all de borryin' en beggin' en botherin' in the neighborhood? Who'll cum to yer house en holler twel he'll make yer walk two mile from yer work en mebbe wade de crick, en den des want to borry five cents? Who c'n gin er thousan' reasons why yer *mus'* len' him er dollar en den turn roun' en gin ten thousan' w'y he ca' pay it? Who c'n make de biggis' promus en de littlis' kerformance in de Nunited States? Who c'n out-argyfy Danul Webster hissef when he wants to git holt er yer thengs, en den out-argyfy him ergin when yer tries to bre'k dat holt?

"Ef yer needs er hoe er er axe er er maul, er anything else dat you's boun' to hab dat minute, who done borrid it 'bout fibe minutes befo'!

Nickydemus! Ef yer picks out er mon'sous good light'ood stump er locus' tree er grapevine, who gits dar des erhead un yer en leabs it b'ar es er possum tail? Nickydemus! Who fetches nothin' en 'stroys mo' sump'n t' eat at er beeg meet'n' dan any seben dar? Nickydemus!

"Who is de lazyis', lyinis', eaten'is, outlandishis', worryin'is nigger awn dis side ob de river? Who aggyvates en 'sturbs de neighborhood twel dey don' know dar heels fum dar head? Ergin I axes yer who owes ev'body in twelb mile er dis place, er furder, ef he ranges furder? Who c'n look into yer min' en tell to er minute how lawng it takes yer to furgit dat las' twenty-fibe cents he borrid en den step right up en borry er nudder one? Nickydemus! En now who ken be spar'd de bes' en missed de less? Nickydemus!"

It was plain from the looks the jurors wore that the last two points made by the prosecutor were clinchers. So summing up in the following words, he closed:

"Now, gentermun ob de jury, you's hyeard er few, des er few, ob de scusionments ginst de pris'n-er. De book ob life ai' big ernough to hole dem all. En fact dars so many dat I ai' eben had time to git to dat hawg dat come up missin' las' week en dat ev'body knows in dar min' he's boun' to hab. En all I'm got to say is dat dis is *de* chance to git ridder Nickydemus."

The magistrate, who for some time had been extremely busy trimming the knots from the grapevine with his pocket-knife and twisting it into suppleteness, now paused and delivered the following charge:

"Gentermuns ob de jury, you's hyeard enough to hang er whole cuppen [cowpen] full er niggers. En all I'm got to say is dat pull'n fodder time putnigh hyere en dis er mighty good chance to git ridder Nickydemus."

The jury now climbed down off the shuck-frame and withdrew down to

the spring. After refreshing themselves with copious draughts, they slowly and deliberately filed back up the steep hill, as if heavily freighted with the weight of their importance, and resumed their seats on the frame.

"Gentermuns ob de jury, is yer egreed?" demanded 'Squire Bolden.

"We am, sah," came in dignified tones from the frame.

"What is de wordick?" solemnly demanded Uncle Cephas.

"De wordick, sah, am it nebber won' do to let slip dis chance er gittin' ridder Nickydemus," was the reply.

"Stan' up, pris'ner," was the superfluous order of the magistrate to the condemned, who had been standing up from the first. "You's done plenny harm in dis worl' fer one nigger; en 'sides you's had er fa'r trial 'fo' yer feller citizens. Now, its de jedgment er dis court dat yer be hung to dis biggis' lim' awn Pop Castle oak widder grapevine, caze t'ud be bad luck to use er rope atter it been 'bout dead folks, en dat de jury is debby-tized to do de hangin'."

"Hold on!" I shouted, thoroughly aroused by the groans of the prisoner and the screams of his wife and children. "Do you know that you are about to deprive a human being of life against law and justice? Why, not even a witness has appeared against him. Mind what you do!"

"De gentermun in sto' cloze," replied the magistrate sternly, "will please don't bodder de excusionments er dis hyere court. De chac'ter er Nickydemus Wagstaff is knowed fer as de train goes, ef not er li' funder. De whole yearth en ev'ytheng in it b'ars witness ergin him. Gentermuns, do yer juty."

While I was struggling desperately to force my way through the throng and reach the spot, the ropes were stripped from the prisoner, a slip-noose in the grapevine thrown around his neck, and he was dragged away to the designated spot. One end of the vine weighted with a small stone was

thrown over a huge limb. The jury seized it as it fell and pulled with might and main. The doomed man rose, wildly kicking and struggling against the background of blue sky. He was already several feet in the air when a hitch occurred. The jury gave a jerk. With a snap the grapevine broke, piling them in a heap on the grouud. In an instant Nicodemus was making for the woods, descending the hill twenty feet at a bound, with half of the grapevine standing out straight behind him, and the whole crowd, Uncle Cephas in the van, in headlong pursuit. Before a hundred yards were covered, it was clear that Pop Castle would witness no hanging that day, and in half an hour the breathless, baffled crowd was back again, seeking what consolation the cool spring water could afford.

Whether it was an accidental break in the grapevine or whether the shrewd old man while trimming and "soo-plin'" gave it a nick, it was impossible to say, although there was plainly a twinkle in Uncle Ceph's eye when his gaze met mine on his return from the chase.

At any rate Nicodemus was most effectually got rid of. We never heard of him again. In a short while his family moved off to him or in quest of him, and the Pop Castle neighborhood had peace.

#### A WOMAN WRITER IN TENNESSEE

*Lippincott's Magazine*

She owned the mountains and she owned the mountaineers. She visited their cabins, played with their babies, rode with their sons, and gave their wives their first intimation that all dresses need not be made in two pieces. During this trip she spent a day and a night with the family of Rev. Joseph Wells, the "natural orator" of the Virginia mountains. The little one-roomed log cabin was almost one hundred years old, and the old minister had lived there as boy and man without the slightest desire for anything different. He had never

seen a town or a railroad, he had never heard a musical instrument played upon. But he had preached among the mountaineers for a quarter of a century, and, as he modestly confided to the writer, he had "brung a heap o' sinners tuh th' mourner's bench." Lying on the floor that night before the great fireplace, in which one immense log blazed, the old man told the simple story of his life, while the wild-cats screamed in the woods all round the cabin and the November wind whistled through the chinks between the logs. A page story of this had been ordered, so the newspaper woman jotted down in short-hand much of the mountaineer's recital, dialect and all. It was very nearly her undoing; for the speaker came behind her suddenly and glanced over her shoulder. He had laboriously taught himself to read and write a little, but when he saw the strange stenographic characters he was plainly alarmed, and disposed to regard both them and his guest as uncanny. She explained as well as she could, and he continued his story with many misgivings. Long after the family had gone to sleep (children, adults, and dogs all in the one room, according to the necessities of the case and the primitive customs of the locality), the guest, who lay awake listening to wind and forest sounds, heard the host and his wife discussing her in their corner. When the topic of the "strange writin'" came up again the voices fell to awed whispers, and it was evident that the old people were very much disturbed in their minds. She sent them the story when it appeared, and with the assistance of State Senator J. B. F. Mills, of Virginia, who was near Big Stone Gap at the time, the mountain preacher read it. She still cherishes the quaint little letter he wrote to her after the great undertaking was completed. It might have been written by a child, if one judged by the spelling and grammar, but the courtesy and hospitality of the mountaineer breathed in every

line. He never mentioned the "strange writin'" but he gave her a most urgent invitation to "come an' live with me an' Betsy" if she ever tired of newspaper work in New York.

**CHIMMIE TAKES DE DUCHESS TO DE DANCE**  
*A Tale of The Bowery.....The New York Sun*

"Say, what d'ye tink I done? I took de Duchess t'de Roseleaf Social Outin' an' Life Savin' Club's dance. Sure! Don't ye know dat club? Say, youse otter get 'quainted in 'siaty. Dat's one er der swellest clubs down where I uster live, but I never taut I'd get er invite ter its dance. I'm getting up in de world, sure, an' I'll be outter sight if I keeps on. De Roseleafs in winter dey dances, an' in summer dey has picnics on dose barges what gits towed up de river wid mixed ale. Dat's wot makes it social an' dat's wot makes it outin'. See? Wot makes it life savin' is 'cause no gents can pack no gun nor no knife t'de dance, nor t'de outin'. Dat's right, ain't it? De club is high toned, an' I'm givin' it t'ye straight.

"Well, I was tellin' ye: I met er mug wot's er barkeep on de Bowry, wot I uster know before 'e got high-toned, an' now 'e knows me again 'cause I got high-toned, an' 'e says t' me, 'e says, says 'e: 'Chimmie,' says 'e, like I was er old pal, 'e says, 'Chimmie, would youse like er invite t' de Roseleaf dance?' 'e says. See? " 'Why, sure,' I says, 'sure. Wot's de damage?'

" 'Fifty cents fer hat check,' 'e says, 'an' mixed ale five cents er glass fer wot ye order.'

" 'Does one hat check take in er loidy?' I says, 'cause I'm onto dem mugs. See?'

" 'Sure,' says 'e, an' I says 'dat goes,' tinkin' I'd take de Duchess an' paralyze dose mugs dead.

" 'Well, dat's wot she done. Lemme tell ye. De Duchess an' me was dead sore 'cause of me stringin' 'er dat time wot I took Maggie t' de teayter. 'Member? When I says t' 'er, says I, 'Duchess, will ye go t' de



Roseleaf dance wid me?' She says: 'De ye mean me, er de ye mean Madamosell Maggie?' which is what she calls Maggie, bein' forn.

"So I jollies 'er, an' tells 'er dat de Roseleafs was a corker wot Maggie wasn't good 'nough fer, an' she says she'd go, an' promises t' borry de vally's spiketail coat fer me.

"Say, yer otter seen me! I was up t' de limit, only de coat fitted me too much. De sleeves was over me fists, an' de tails was outter sight.

"But, hully gee! I wasn't in it 'longside de Duchess. Ye'd had er fit ter seen er. 'It was like dis: Miss Fannie had 'er dress made wid dem hoops wot mabbe yuse heard tell of, 'an she wored it onct, but 'is wiskers, dat's Miss Fannie's fader, 'e near died 'er laughin' when 'e seed it, an' 'e strings 'er so dat she never wored it no more, but gives it t' de Duchess. See?

"Say, when de Duchess snook outter de house dat night an' met me 'roun' de corner I taut er bealloon was chasin' me.

"'Duchess,' I says, when I could talk fer laughin'. 'Duchess, dere'll be er riot at de Roseleaf if yer goes in dem togs,' I says.

"'T'ell wid de Roseleaf,' says she, only not in dose words, but in 'er forn words wot means dat. 'Wot t'ell,' she says. 'If dose Roseleaf don't know wots der fashion, I'll learn 'em,' she says.

"Dere's some style 'bout de Duchess, I'm tellin' ye, an' I was stuck on 'er grit, so we chases ourselves down t' de ball where de dance was. Dey was all dere when we got dere, an', say, if de King an' Queen of England had er waltzed in, de Roseleafs couldn't been no more paralyzed. Dey was dead paralyzed, I'm tellin' ye.

"De band, wot was er pianner an' er fiddle, had just started when me frien', de barkeep, wot was goin' ter lead de march, 'e stopped de music, an' 'e says: 'Loidies and gents,' says 'e, 'dis is Mister Chimmie Fadden an' 'is loidy frien'; Mr. Fadden and

loidy, de Roseleaf loidies an' gents,' 'e says.

"Wid dat de Duchess she gives 'em er bow wot killed 'em dead.

"Say, ye otter seen it. It was like er loidy out on top er de stage. Sure.

"Den me frien', de barkeep, 'e says: 'Mr. Fadden an' 'is loidy frien' will lead,' 'e says.

"Say, I taut I'd go tru de floor; but de Duchess she gives me er brace, an' we chases off wid de band er playin' an' all de gang chasin' after us, an' de Duchess steered 'em 'roun like dey never was steered, an' 'stid er stringin' de Duchess, like I taut dey would, dey gives er de greatest game er jolly ye ever seed. Wese was in it, and dat's straight.

"I can't dance dose dinkey dances wot dey dance in games like dat, only jigs I can dance, dat's all; so me friend, de barkeep, waltzes off wid de Duchess after de march, an' I takes er glass er mixed ale wid de barkeep's loidy frien'. Den de Duchess an' de barkeep comes up an' he sets 'em up, an' de whole gang er mugs chases up dere an' nods t' de Duchess fer de nex' dance, like dey do, but she wasn't on ter wot t'ell dey meant, an' she jess nods back. See? Dat's wot made trouble. Well, den dere was er riot, sure. Every mug she nodded ter taut dat he'd collared de nex' dance, an' when de band started de music, all de mugs holds out der hands an' de Duchess was paralyzed, bein' forn an not tumblin'. In er minute dey was all scrappin' beautiful, an' de Duchess made me make er sneak outter de hall wid 'er, dough I wanted ter take 'er hand in der scrap de worse way, so as I wouldn't seem stuck up.

He was an artist at sleight-of-hand,

A song-and-dance lady, she.

They met at one, they loved at two,

They married at half-past three!

A brief, brief dream of wedded bliss,

Then she criticised his tricks;

They wrangled at four, they quarrelled at five,

And parted forever at six!

[Philadelphia North American

## QUAINT BITS OF INFORMATION

The Pekin Gazette is the oldest journal in the world. . . . It dates from the eighth century. . . . At the court ball in Berlin recently the Empress wore in her hair the famous jeweled hat buckle of Napoleon I., which fell into the hands of the Prussian cavalry after Waterloo. The stones in it, though not very large, are magnificent. It was originally made for the coronation ceremony in Notre-Dame in 1804. Possibly it has not been used since. . . . The biggest idol in the world is Dia-Buten, the Japanese god, which is over 60 feet high. The image is made of copper, tin, mercury and gold, and has been worshipped for more than twelve centuries. . . . There are 200,000 light-weight shillings in circulation. They were made in Germany. Look out for them, says an English newspaper—likewise for the genuine ones. . . . The largest and heaviest building stone ever quarried in England was taken from the Plankinton bed, near Norwich, in February, 1889. It was in one piece, without crack or flaw, and weighed over thirty-five tons. . . . A correspondent of the Paris "Figaro" has been interviewing the big pawnshop of Paris. He has published a rather curious list of the various articles pledged during the year. The most popular among them were bed sheets, of which 91,194 pairs were pledged; there were 549 eider-down quilts, 254 fans, 392 boxes of mathematical instruments, 1,972 saucepans, 460 sewing-machines, 57 pianos, and 977 looking-glasses. . . . The original manuscript of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" is owned by Mrs. J. Burns, of Dublin. It was given by the poet to the wife of his brother Gilbert, who left it by will to her daughter-in-law, the present owner. . . . Acting Secretary Wharton of the State department, has accepted the offer of a steamship company to

bring from Fayal to this country, a gun used on the United States vessel General Armstrong in its battle with a British fleet at Fayal in 1814. . . . The Bayonet is so called because it was first used near Bayonne. . . . The little flag that General Walker bore at the head of his Quixotic expedition into Nicaragua is in the possession of a San Francisco official. It is of blue and white silk and muslin, with a red star in the centre. . . . A single sheet of paper, 6 feet in width and  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length, has been made by the paper works at Watertown, N. Y., and was made and rolled entire without a single break. . . . The President receives \$50,000 a year; the members of the Cabinet receive \$8,000; the Vice-President \$8,000; the Speaker \$5,000; the Chief Justice \$10,500; Senators and Members of Congress \$5,000. . . . No woman has entered the Convent of St. Catherine, on Mt. Sinai, for 1,400 years. . . . The London Op-  
cian says that great men are usually blue-eyed, and instances Shakespeare, Socrates, Locke, Bacon, Milton, Goethe, Franklin, Napoleon, Bismarck, Gladstone, Huxley, Virchow, and Renan. . . . New York buys more lace than any city in the world. . . . There is a little reptile belonging in Madagascar known as the scimitar snake, that is, the curling sword. Running along the back from head to tail is a blackish, horny substance, which bends with the convolutions of the snake's body as readily as would a well-tempered steel spring; and throughout its entire length it bears an edge as hard as flint and sharp as a razor. . . . Thunderstorms are more frequent in Java than in any other part of the world, there being an average of ninety-seven days in each year upon which they occur. . . . A ton of sea water is supposed to contain about fourteen grains of gold. . . .

On an average, rain falls in London on 182 days each year. . . . A London confectioner says that he is sometimes called on to furnish wedding cakes weighing 1,000 pounds each, and puddings of a size sufficient for 500 hearty appetites. . . . Among the British nobility nineteen per cent. are childless. . . . The loss in population, in India, from famine, appears to be 500,000 annually in a cycle of years. . . . One square mile of New York City's area, inclusive of streets and public squares, has a population of more than 350,000.

*Cemetery Gleanings.—In Judge*

In a very old churchyard on Long Island a moss-covered, time-stained block commemorates a calamity in these words:

"Father and I lies here together.  
Father lies here and I over there."

Both lost at sea with a vessel went down  
with thirty other souls, with not  
one body ever recovered."

In Eastern Vermont is a tombstone sacred to the memory of a certain Mrs. Hinckley. A few months later, according to the testimony of the stones, her little girl followed her to the well-known bourne that forbids the return of travelers, and the doubly-bereaved husband and father thus apostrophizes his daughter:

"Go sleep with ma, Alminy B,  
Soon pa will come and sleep with thee."

Apparently Deacon Hinckley saw reason to change his plans, for in his modest inclosure are monumental tablets sacred to the memory of his three subsequent wives. In a Massachusetts graveyard of great antiquity I found this memorial of an unfortunate sailor, who plaintively proclaims:

"I lost my life on the raging seas  
A sovereign God does as he please."

The epitaph on a tomb in Staffordshire says, incoherently and quaintly:

"Broken on the wheel of time  
The body is the spirit's rinde.  
Living with a crown in heaven  
My age was nobbut three times eleven."

Of the sex and condition of this person of thirty-three no record remains, as the upper half of the thick stone has broken or crumbled away. I can vouch for the genuineness of all the foregoing epitaphs, which have probably not been in print before. The following have been told me by others: One that is said to be over the grave of Miss Nott, a maiden lady, in Oxfordshire, reads:

"Nott born, Nott dead, Nott christened,  
Nott begot;  
So here she lies that was and that was Nott.  
Reader, behold a wonder rarely wrought,  
Which, while thou seemst to read thou  
rearest Nott."

The inscription on the monument of two little girls in England runs:

"To the memory of Emma and Maria  
Littleboy, the twin children of George and  
Emma Littleboy, of Hornsey, who died  
July 16, 1783.

Two Littleboys lie here,  
Yet strange to say,  
These Littleboys are girls."

*Culinary Recipes on a Tombstone.—Tid-Bits*

A Parisian restaurant keeper, who departed this life some years ago, left his fortune, a matter of two hundred and fifty thousand francs, to his two nephews. To this bequest a curious condition was affixed. The testator stipulated that, instead of the epitaph usually to be read on tombstones, his nephews should attach to that which marked his final resting-place, a culinary recipe, to be renewed daily. To facilitate this, he left three hundred and sixty-five such recipes, the object in view, according to his will, being to be useful to his fellow-citizens after his death. There exists, it should be said, in France, an epitaph committee, and the members of the same absolutely refused to allow the condition indicated in the dead man's will to be carried out. The unpleasant consequence for the nephews of the deceased is that, according to the conditions of the will, they can not touch the fortune left unless their late uncle's instructions be complied with.

## *In Dialect*

### THE RAILROAD THROUGH THE FARM

*Sam Walter Foss.....Farm Ballads*

There's thet black abomernation, that big locomotive there,  
Its smoke-tail like a pirut-flag, a-wavin' through the air;  
An' I mus' set, twelve times a day, an' never raise my arm,  
An' see thet gret black monster go a-snortin' through my farm.

My father's farm, my grandsir's farm,—I come of Pilgrim stock,—  
My great-great-great-great-grandsir's farm, way back to Plymouth Rock;  
'Way back in the sixteen hundreds it was in our family name,  
An' no man dared to trespass till that tootin' railroad came.

I sez, "You can't go through this farm, you hear it flat an' plain!"  
An' then they blabbed about the right of "eminent domain."  
"Who's Eminunt Domain?" sez I. "I want you folks to see  
Thet on this farm there ain't no man as eminent as me."

An' w'en their gangs begun to dig I went out with a gun,  
An' they rushed me off to prison till their wretched work wuz done.  
"If I can't purtect my farm," sez I, "w'y, then, it's my idee,  
You'd better shet off callin' this 'the country of the free.'"

There, there, ye hear it toot agin an' break the peaceful calm.  
I tell ye, you black monster, you've no business on my farm!  
An' men ride by in stovepipe hats, an' women loll in silk,  
An' lookin' in my barnyard, say, "See thet ol' codger milk!"

Git off my farm, you stuck-up doods, who set in there an' grin.  
I own this farm, railroad an' all, an' I will fence it in!  
Ding-ding, toot-toot, you black ol' fiend, you'll find w'en you come back,  
An' ol' rail fence, without no bars, built straight across the track.

An' then you stuck-up doods inside, you Pullman upper crust,  
Will know this codger'll hold his farm an' let the railroad bust.  
You'll find this railroad all fenced in—'twon't do no good to talk—  
If you want to git to Boston, w'y jest take yer laigs an' walk.

### THE TWO VISITS

*Sam Walter Foss.....The Yankee Blade*

The Kaiser goes to see the Czar,  
The worl' turns out to see;  
His ret'nue follers from afar,  
An' then the Kaiser and the Czar  
Embrace in solemn glee,  
An' then saloot an' hug an' kiss,  
An' both are filled and soaked in bliss.

Wen I go down to Hiram's place  
The worl' don't seem to care,  
I neither kiss his hands or face,  
'Twould make 'em laff at Hiram's place,  
'Twould make 'em 'ar an' tear.  
But Hiram says, ez roun' he pokes,  
"I'm glad to see ye, how's yer folks?"

I take a look at Hiram's hogs  
An' hear how much they grow,  
This somehow Hiram's mem'ry jogs,  
An' he lets out on them ar' hogs—

You oughter hear him blow;  
If you could only hear him once  
You'd hear some ginooine elerkunce.

Ol' Hiram he is slow enough  
But none too slow for me,  
For I'm a purty tame ol' duff,  
An' fairly moderit enough,  
An' jest as slow ez he.  
So we stub roun' the whole day long  
Until we hear the supper gong.

The Kaiser goes to see the Czar,  
An' maybe stops to tea,  
But men like Czars an' Kaisers are,  
Cooped in the palace of the Czar,  
Hain't no sich times ez we.  
The Czar an' Kaiser know no charm  
Like loafin' roun' ol' Hiram's farm.

## MAGIC OF INDIA AND AFRICA.

Harry Kellar, the well-known wizard, describes in the North American Review a number of feats performed by the high-caste fakirs of India and witch-doctors of South Africa. Among the tricks that baffled the writer's deepest scrutiny are the following:—

On the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Calcutta during the winter of 1875-6, I saw a marvel of levitation performed in the presence of the Prince and of some fifty thousand spectators. The place was the Maidam, or Great Plaza of Calcutta, and the old fakir who was the master magician of the occasion did his work out in the open plaza. Around him, in raised seats and on and under the galleries of the neighboring houses, the native Princes and Begums were gathered by the score, arrayed in their silks and jewels, with a magnificence to which our Western eyes are little accustomed. After a *salaam* to the Prince, the old fakir took three swords with straight cross-barred hilts, and buried them hilt downwards about six inches in the ground. The points of these swords were very sharp, as I afterwards informed myself. A younger fakir, whose black beard was parted in what we now call the English fashion, although it originated in Hindustan, then appeared, and at a gesture from his master, stretched himself out upon the ground, at full length, with his feet together and his hands close to his sides, and, after a pass or two made by the hands of the old man, appeared to become rigid and lifeless.

A third fakir now came forward and taking hold of the feet of his prostrate companion, whose head was lifted by the master, the two laid the stiffened body upon the points of the

swords, which appeared to support it without penetrating the flesh. The point of one of the swords was immediately under the nape of the man's neck, that of the second rested midway between his shoulders, and that of the third was at the base of the spine; there being nothing under his legs. After the body had been placed on the sword-points the second fakir retired, and the old man, who was standing some distance from it, turned and *salaamed* to the audience. The body tipped neither to the right nor to the left, but seemed to be balanced with mathematical accuracy. Presently the master took a dagger with which he removed the soil round the hilt of the first sword, and, releasing it from the earth, after some exertion, quietly stuck it into his girdle, the body meanwhile retaining its position. The second and third swords were likewise taken from under the body, which, there in broad daylight and under the eyes of the spectators, preserved its horizontal position, without visible support, about two feet from the ground. A murmur of admiration pervaded the vast throng, and with a low *salaam* to the Prince, the master summoned his assistant, and lifting the suspended body from its airy perch, they laid it gently upon the ground. With a few passes of the master's hand the inanimate youth was himself again.

During the Zulu war I was in South Africa, travelling north through Zululand. In Dunn's reservation, two hundred miles north from Durban, in Natal, I saw a witch doctor levitate the form of a young Zulu by waving a tuft of grass about his head, amid surroundings calculated to impress themselves deeply upon the most prosaic imagination. It was evening, and the witch doctor, who belonged to the class described more than once



by Rider Haggard with great accuracy, was as revolting in his appearance as the high caste fakirs had been pleasing. A number of fakirs had gathered about our camp fire and I had given them some illustrations of my own skill. They seemed puzzled but were not specially curious. One of them stole away and after some minutes returned with their own conjuror, the witch doctor in question. After considerable solicitation from the natives, the intricacies of which my knowledge of the Zulu language did not enable me quite to penetrate, the conjuror, who at first seemed reluctant to give his consent to an exhibition of his powers before me, took a knob kerry or club and fastened it at the end of a thong of rawhide about two feet long. A young native, tall and athletic, whose eyes appeared to be fixed upon those of the conjuror with an apprehensive steadfastness, took his own knob kerry and fastened it at the end of a similar thong of hide.

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The two then stood six feet apart, in the full glare of the fire, and began, all the while in silence, to whirl their knob kerrys about their heads. I noticed that when the two clubs seemed, in their swift flight, almost to come in contact, a spark or flame passed or appeared to pass from one of them to the other. The third time this happened there was an explosion, the spark appeared to burst, the young man's knob kerry was shattered to pieces, and he fell to the ground apparently lifeless. The witch doctor turned to the high grass a few feet behind us and gathered a handful of stalks about three feet long. Standing in the shadow and away from the fire, he waved, with a swift motion exactly similar to that of the clubs a few minutes before, the bunch of grass around the head of the young Zulu, who lay as dead, in the firelight. In a moment or two the grass seemed to ignite in its flight, although

the witch doctor was not standing within twenty feet of the fire, and burned slowly, crackling audibly. Approaching more closely the form of the native in the trance the conjuror waved the flaming grass gently over his figure, about a foot from the flesh. To my intense amazement the recumbent body slowly rose from the ground and floated upward in the air to a height of about three feet, remaining in suspension and moving up and down, according as the passes of the burning grass were slower or faster. As the grass burned out and dropped to the ground the body returned to its position on the ground, and after a few passes from the hands of the witch doctor, the young Zulu leaped to his feet, apparently none the worse for his wonderful experience. The witch doctors of Africa have a great reputation for making rain and bewitching cows, and frequently seem to make themselves the vehicle of domestic enchantments and household spells, but, taking it altogether, the exhibition I have just described, was, I think, the most remarkable that has come under my vision.

#### THE ZANTE EARTHQUAKE

*New York Tribune*

The excitement and terror which the earthquake produced were widespread. The repeated shocks, though they were fainter than the first, did their main damage to the nerves of the people. The Nomarch, or Governor of the island, lost his head completely, and was found on the shore trying to get a boat to escape with his family from the island. Five hundred people got on a boat and sailed for Patras, and as many more left the next day. People who owned anything in the shape of a wagon or carriage, pulled it out in the square or on the quay and slept in it. Others hired carriages for the same purpose. No one went to bed. The people in the country stayed out of doors. On the third day the terror was increased

by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, and a general panic ensued. A few cool heads saw that something must be done for the relief of the homeless and suffering. The telegraph carried news of the disaster to all points of the compass. Newspaper correspondents from Athens sent earnest appeals for aid, and perhaps somewhat exaggerated accounts of the damage done. Subscriptions for aid came back on the same cables that published the need. The condition of a large number of people was certainly unfortunate. They were suddenly rendered homeless. Some had nothing but the clothes on their backs. The climate of Zante is usually mild, even in winter; but this week the cold has been more severe than for many years. The rain poured into the roofless cellars in which many families had taken refuge. From the Greek naval station, about three hours by water, one hundred tents were sent to the island, where several thousand were needed. Half of these tents were taken possession of by the soldiers, who had left their barracks. The Athenian papers have loudly rebuked this form of military cowardice, and the Nomarch and the commandant have both been dismissed. The Government issued 35,000 pounds of bread, beginning with small quantities. Many of the ovens on the island were destroyed or rendered useless by the great shock. It was a pathetic sight to go around with the bread wagon and to see the distribution from house to house. Still more pathetic was it to go through the poorer sections of the town inspecting house after house and listening to the tale of woe which so many had to tell. Often that tale was more truly told in wan and anxious faces or which sadness and despair were too plainly written. Many a mother broke into tears as she showed me the wreck of her home. A large number had retreated to the beach and were living in the tents, huddled together to keep warm in the cold, cutting wind,

which made the Zante roses and cyclamon I found blooming out of doors seem a mockery of untimeliness. Other victims of the earthquake had planted their tents as near to the old shattered homestead as possible—so near that I wonder that the shock of this morning did not bury them under fallen walls. But for others there was no choice but to live out of doors or to cling to the old ruins. I was struck with the tenacity with which many would cling to even the shell of a home, when it was far beyond the line of safety. It was not uncommon to find men, women and children, dogs, goats, chickens and pigs all huddled together in the cellar of a house in the poor districts, which had become familiar to them as home, while the walls and timbers above them of uninhabitable rooms threatened to join the family party below.

#### DANCE AT A JAPANESE BANQUET

*Lafcadio Hearn*.....*Atlantic*

All at once, with a little burst of laughter, a number of young girls enter, make the customary prostration of greeting, glide into the open space between the ranks of the guests, and begin to serve the wine with a grace and dexterity of which no common maid is capable. They are pretty; they are clad in very costly robes of silk; they are girdled like queens; and the beautifully dressed hair of each is decked with fresh flowers, with wonderful combs and pins, and with curious ornaments of gold. They greet the stranger as if they had always known him; they jest, laugh, and utter funny little cries. These are the *geisha*, or dancing-girls, hired for the banquet. *Samisen* (Gustars) tinkle. The dancers withdraw to a clear space at the farther end of the banqueting-hall, always vast enough to admit of many more guests than ever assemble upon common occasions. Some form the orchestra, under the direction of a woman of uncertain age; there are several *samisen*, and a tiny drum played by a child. Others,

singly or in pairs, perform the dance. It may be swift and merry, consisting wholly of graceful posturing,—two girls dancing together with such coincidence of step and gesture as only years of training could render possible. But more frequently it is rather like acting than like what we Occidentals call dancing,—acting accompanied with extraordinary waving of sleeves and fans, and with a play of eyes and features, sweet, subtle, subdued, wholly Oriental. There are more voluptuous dances known to geisha, but upon ordinary occasions and before refined audiences they portray beautiful old Japanese traditions, like the legend of the fisher Urashima, beloved by the Sea God's daughter; and at intervals they sing ancient Chinese poems, expressing a natural emotion with delicious vividness by a few exquisite words. And always they pour the wine,—that warm, pale yellow, sleepy wine which fills the veins with soft contentment, making a faint sense of ecstasy, through which, as through some pop-pied sleep, the commonplace becomes wondrous and blissful, and the geisha Maids of Paradise, and the world much sweeter than, in the natural order of things, it could ever possibly be. The banquet, at first so silent, slowly changes to a merry tumult. The company break ranks, form groups; and from group to group the girls pass, laughing, prattling,—still pouring saké into the cups which are being exchanged and emptied with low bows. Men begin to sing old samurai songs, old Chinese poems. One or two even dance. A geisha tucks her robe well up to her knees; and the samisen strike up the quick melody, "*Kompira funé-funé*." As the music plays, she begins to run lightly and swiftly in a figure of 8, and a young man carrying a saké bottle and cup, also runs in the same figure of 8. If the two meet on a line, the one through whose error the meeting happens must drink a cup of saké. The music becomes quicker

and quicker, and the runners run faster and faster, for they must keep time to the melody; and the geisha wins. In another part of the room, guests and geisha are playing *ken*. They sing as they play, facing each other, and clap their hands, and fling out their fingers at intervals with little cries; and the samisen keep time.

#### THE FUNERAL OF A DRUID

*New York Tribune*

The death has just occurred at Llantrissant (in Wales) of Dr. William Price, who held the distinguished office of Arch-Druid of Wales. He was something more than ninety-three years old, and might have passed for one of the old-time bards who perished in King Edward's days, so rugged and antique was his appearance. The ceremony took place on the summit of a high hill at Caerlan, the very spot where the body of the infant had been burned. Several hundred tickets were issued to the friends and former patients of Dr. Price, entitling them to enter the enclosure and witness the burning. The hour first set was noon. The body of Dr. Price was clothed in the Druidical robes he had worn in life, and was then placed in a coffin of perforated sheet iron. On the hilltop two stone walls had been built, four feet apart, each being about ten feet long and four feet high. A number of iron bars extending from one to the other formed a rude grating between them, some distance above the ground, and upon these bars the coffin was placed, the head being toward the east and the feet toward the west. A clergyman of the Established Church was present and read the ordinary service of the dead in Welsh. The vestments of the Church contrasted as strangely with the Druidical garb worn by some of the attendants as did the words of the Prayer-book with the strange rites. Some slight changes were made in the service, such as the body being "consigned to the flames."

Then under and over and all around the coffin was piled a great lot of wood, perhaps a whole cord of it, and to this were added several tons of coal. Many gallons of paraffine oil were thrown upon it, thoroughly saturating the entire pile. Then, at about eight o'clock, two of the closest friends of the late Druid came forward from the throng and applied torches to the wood, one at each end of the mass. In a moment it was all a raging furnace, and the hill literally flared like a volcano. A brisk breeze was blowing, which fanned the fire and carried the flame and smoke far into the heavens. For many miles the strange spectacle was clearly seen, and thousands of people came flocking thither from all parts of Glamorganshire. Seven or eight thousand of them gathered in a ring about the pyre, as close to it as possible, and watched it with eager interest all day long. Some hours after dark that evening the flames had died down and there was only a dull glow from the coals. Then with long hooks they dragged the coffin from the furnace, when it was discovered that it had been literally burned through in many places, and when the lid was uncovered, the receptacle was absolutely empty without the faintest trace within of the remains. The coffin was subsequently conveyed on a bier, followed by an immense crowd, and deposited on the couch in the deceased's residence, where a few days previously he had breathed his last.

#### A COLONY OF WEALTHY ORGAN GRINDERS

##### *Wide Awake*

One of the most astonishing things that Italy has to offer to the tourist traveling among her mountains, is that of a whole village of well-to-do Italians speaking excellent English, with a distinctive American accent. They are retired organ-grinders, who have acquired comfortable fortunes in America, and have come back to their beloved native land to live in affluence with their families in this strange little colony which they have

founded among the sweet Italian mountains. The stranger, in walking through the quiet streets, is often astonished at the sound of a hand-organ pealing forth the familiar strains of "Sweet Violets" or "Annie Rooney" from within some one of the houses, giving evidence of the affection in which the organs are held by their swarthy, dark-eyed owners, and which most of them cherish fondly in their ideal life of idleness to afford them the music which means so much in their lives.

#### A DUTCH KERMESSE

Among the things which Mr. H. W. Ranger writes in the *Century* about life by the North Sea, is a description of a peculiarly Dutch festival, a scene from which we append:—

On the second day the crowd really begins to swarm, and by evening all the avenues of the fair are jammed. The gasoline lamps shed a flaring glare over the sea of heads; the hurdy-gurdies of the different merry-go-rounds try to drown one another; the managers of the theaters, with their companies in tights and spangles on the platforms beside them, are bawling through speaking-trumpets descriptions of the wonderful pieces about to be performed inside, occasionally giving short sketches as alluring samples; parties of young peasants and their sweet-hearts "charge" through the crowd. This "charge," which is peculiarly Dutch, is accomplished by from ten to twenty persons locking arms, with the weight forward, and acting on the principle of a battering-ram. It is very effective, and will open a lane through the densest throng. The chargers sing cheerfully during the onset, and the collisions are generally taken as neat bits of pleasantry. When the chargers reach, or have created, a comparatively open space, they form a ring, and jump up and

down, shouting, "Hustle! Hustle!" in time to the steps, while the tempo is accelerated till the feet give out and the breath is gone. What the Donnybrook Irishman would term "a fine bit of a fight" now follows. A cry has gone up from two combatants who have squabbled about nothing—"Laren! Laren! Laren!" from one, and from the other, "Huizen! Huizen! Huizen!" Our village (Laren) is Catholic; Huizen, just beyond, is Protestant; and the feuds of the rival creeds, though mild in comparison with those of the past, are bitter yet. No decent and self-respecting Larenite would dream of marrying into Huizen, and vice versa. The women's caps and earrings are of another pattern; so are the sabots, even those of the children. There is absolutely no social communication between the communities. In the olden days there was constant fighting, and many a head was broken and many a knife-stab given; but in these times, except on special occasions, the towns preserve a surly peace. But hot blood boils at kermess time, and the old trouble breaks out again, and the war-cries brings the reserves hurrying to the field, clearing for action as they come. In this case the police separate the brawlers, taking one to one end of the fair, and the other, with a handsome cut on his head from his opponent's wooden shoe, in the opposite direction. It may be well to state, by the by, that a wooden shoe of the size worn hereabout, snatched off and used either as a club or projectile, makes a weapon of great effectiveness, and one very convenient to get at upon the first call of necessity.

#### STUPEFYING INFLUENCE OF UNLIMITED ATHLETICS

*New York Evening Post*

The Greeks knew something about gymnastics and the consequences of a high degree of physical culture, and Plato saw the necessity of putting some limitations upon their pur-

suit in his ideal republic. He considered the "mere athlete" as little better than a "savage," and distinctly declared the effect of gymnastic training carried to great lengths to be to make the mind "dull and feeble." We do not know how much weight Plato carries with the undergraduate mind of to-day, but we can reinforce his authority with one which no young man will lightly set at defiance—none other than that of some of the brightest and, what is more, prettiest among the girls. Many of them we have heard to admit in private, and some to declare with vigor in public, that college boys are getting to be a stupid set, having nothing to talk about but "in-shoots" and "recovers" and "touch-downs." Such young ladies, of course, have their own particular enthusiasms and ideals, but they are foolish enough to maintain that a passion for music, for example, or for art or literature, is far more interesting and worthy, even for purposes of conversation alone, than the one subject that now seems to drive everything else out of the young male mind. We certainly hope they will come in increasing numbers to the help of Plato against the stupefying influence of unlimited athletics. At any rate, we must hope that, either through surfeit and reaction from excess, or through the rousing of college authorities to their duty in the premises, a change may come. In some way the present maladjustment of college ideas ought to be corrected, so that a good scholar need not apologize for attention to his studies, or a lover of letters or art or science be obliged to point to some physical infirmity as his sufficient excuse for not having done his part in upholding the true glory of the college in the scrimmages of the football field.

To be born, it has been said, is to get into a great scrape. But to die is, perhaps, to get into a still greater one.



## FOLK LORE STUDIES AND SKETCHES

### AUSTRALIA

*Charles Selby.....For Current Literature*

O thou vast island of the Southern seas,  
Scorched by fierce suns thy sombre forests  
stand

At hour of noon, when every fitful breeze  
Hath died away, and silent is the land.  
Then are thy birds beneath the burning  
rays

Oppressed and mute, or on the heated  
ground

Fall and expire. Now oft the lurid blaze  
Of fiery conflagration rages round  
The farms from the primeval forests won,  
Round fields of golden grain, and seems  
to mock

The settler's hopes. Or on the arid run  
By furnace wind attacked the woolly  
flock,

Seeks to assuage its parching thirst in vain  
At wonted spots, and o'er the vast ex-  
panse

The sheep in thousands lie, by drought all  
slain,  
Whilst helpless shepherds mourn the  
evil chance.

Land of the Southern Cross! A secret  
charm

Lurks in thy gloomy woods and haunts  
thy plains,

The gorgeous radiance of thy sunsets warm  
Lights up thy barren hills when daylight  
wan.

Then e'en thy deserts seem enchanted  
ground,

Bathed in a shining flood of ruddy light,  
While Sol descends with glowing face so  
round.

And swiftly fall the shadows of the night.  
Who can forget thy twilight scenes sublime,  
The changing splendors of the fading  
light?

How balmy is the night in thy fair clime,  
How sweet to wander in the pale moon-  
light!

Strange land! I seem to tread thy shores  
again

In dreams, again I cross the pathless hills  
And see the mirage on the distant plain,

The salt-encrusted ground, the sluggish  
rills,

The giant trees and plants, uncouth and  
wild,

Strange shapes of beasts no other land  
e'er bore

Since man first trod the earth. Again a  
child

I seem to stand upon thy sunny shore.

*Ceylon.—San Francisco News-Letter*

In every city in Ceylon and in Mad-  
ras we were beset with mountebanks  
—conjurers, fortune-tellers, snake  
charmers, and sleight-of-hand per-

formers. Some of them were very  
clever. Of course we suppose the  
villainous-looking cobras were harm-  
less, as we were told their poisonous  
fangs had been extracted. Ceylon is  
indeed the land of spices. All kinds  
of aromatic plants and beautiful flow-  
ers abound. Nutmegs, cinnamon,  
camphor, sandal wood, cardiman, all-  
spice, cloves, and indeed every kind  
of pungent seed that one ever heard  
of, may be found in Ceylon. The  
cinnamon gardens at Colombo were at  
one time a source of income. But  
cinnamon grows wild everywhere.  
There is no need of cocoanuts and  
bananas—millions and millions of  
trees, as common as our oaks or pines  
in the United States. Many rare  
specimens of forest trees have been  
brought to the gardens of Ceylon  
from all over the world. Among  
them is a specimen of the fabled  
"Upas" tree that was formerly said  
to be death to every living thing that  
came within its shadow. It is indeed  
a poisonous tree, but not so much as  
our poison oak or swamp sumac of  
the East. India rubber trees and  
banzas are quite common in Ceylon.  
The soil and the climate seem equal  
to almost any demands that are made  
upon them.

*Before Man Was—The Speaker*

From the sporting point of view,  
what waste of good material: "big  
game" of phenomenal proportions ex-  
isting when there were none to pur-  
sue. What splendid sport it would  
have been to track and to stalk the  
gigantic horned Dinosaur, to light on  
a "Brontosaurus excelsus" sixty feet  
long and weighing twenty tons; or to  
shoot flying Pterodactyls with their  
leather wings and toothed beaks! The  
big game of modern days disappears  
before civilization; and Mr. Rhodes'  
Cade-Cairo telegraph will help further  
to hasten the extinction of the few re-  
maining great beasts of Central Africa.  
The gigantic tortoise of the Aldabra

Island in the Mauritian group is the nearest survival of the extinct animals of old, and that is disappearing. It is to be hoped that the Mauritian Government will take care that these interesting "insects" are carefully preserved. But the ancient monsters had not to encounter civilization. Physical and natural causes gradually destroyed them. Indeed, the very exaggeration of monstrosity seems in some cases to have been its own destruction; as in the case of the Dinosaur, of which, according to Professor Marsh, the head, by a process of evolution, gradually became so large and so heavy that the body could not carry it!

*The Claim Settler.—Christian Union*

Women play the truly heroic part on the prairie claims. To their nobility and courage is due much of the development of the West. While the husband rubs up against humanity at the settlement store or the school-house meetings, and chats with his neighbor as their half-mile furrows touch at mid-afternoon, the wife is alone in the cabin. There is no tall elm or stately maple to cast a grateful shadow. For long miles, perhaps as far as the eye can reach, not a tree is visible. The clear prairie sky is flooded with Summer's light and heat. The small home is fiercely torrid, and the little shade its walls can give seems scarcely cooler than the sunlight. Here the wife works day after day, the face her husband once thought so pretty becoming seamed and faded by the furnace-like South winds. Go over to the neighbors? It is two or five miles. Go to the sewing circle? There is none. To town? It is only a single building occupied by the post-office and a stock of "general merchandise"—meaning everything from suspenders to threshing-machines. When there are no children to care for, many a woman goes into the field and drives the sulky-plow, or follows the cultivator

through rustling aisles of corn, rather than face the long days alone. In Winter the husband is at home, and it is not so bad. There are lyceums in the school-houses, merrymakings at the homes of the more prosperous farmers, and meetings, perhaps, for Sunday afternoon. Announce a gathering of any kind in a prairie neighborhood and there will be an attendance limited only by the population of the community.

*African Journeyings.—Anthropological Jour.*

There are places in Africa where three men cannot be sent on a journey together for fear two of them may combine and sell the third. When a man has determined on a journey he must consult the oracle by means of divination. The methods most commonly employed are as follows: The magician takes a quantity of flour and lets it fall in a steady stream on a flat stone placed at the head of the traveler's bed. If it forms a perfect cone as it falls, the omen is good; if not, there is an end of the matter at that time and by means of the flour cone. Sacrifice must now be offered to propitiate the offended spirits. When the cone is perfect it is covered by an inverted pot and left for the night. In the morning the pot is removed and the cone examined; if it is still whole and in the exact state in which it was left when covered, there is nothing further to be done beyond presenting a thank-offering of rice, flour, or fowl to the ancestral spirits and set out on the journey. Should there be a falling of the cone, even a small slip down its side, it is a sign not to be disregarded, and the oracle, after propitiatory sacrifice, must once more be consulted.

The negroes in Hayti sometimes devour the brains of one of their dead, the superstition being that in this way they acquire the intelligence, skill and knowledge of their victim.

## A RUSSIAN FARMER'S TALE\*

"My family is Russian, if two centuries on Russian soil can make it such. Our name has never been absent from the government list of military or civil servants of the Czar—our family has served the Czar with loyalty. But since the present rule we have become 'suspect,' because our blood is not Slav, our religion is not Greek. My blood remains Scandinavian, my religion is Protestant, and until I renounce my creed I shall continue to be regarded by the priests, the peasants, and the police as one incapable of genuine loyalty to Russian ideas. While studying at Moscow I knew that I should inherit the vast landed estate which constitutes all our wealth to-day. For the purpose of fitting myself to take charge of this property I went abroad and studied in Germany the best methods of irrigation, cattle-breeding, engineering, bridge-building, etc. I was fired with the ambition of making my estate a center of information for the surrounding villages. I adored the Czar who had freed the serfs; I looked upon the Russian peasant as a regenerating force, the unspoiled, generous, progressive element that would take advantage of its liberty, would build primary schools, would lift itself into power, and act as a wholesome check upon official corruption and centralized tyranny.

"You see, I knew my peasant only from novels, as some philanthropic Americans knew the negro before your great civil war. I came to my great estate full of zeal for the rights of man, the dignity of labor. I was determined to show my Russian neighbors that the emancipated serf becomes a self-respecting farmer if treated with consideration. Accordingly, my first act was to call the elders of the peasants together, and to tell

them that henceforward they were to be treated as free men, and that the last vestige of serfdom was to be abolished. They appeared apathetic, but I believed it to be for their good, and they consented. In my father's time, even after 1861, when serfdom was abolished, the peasants all continued their old relations, preferring to work on shares rather than pay rent. With my advanced notions of liberty, this smacked of mediævalism; I wished to pay in money for the day's work of a free man. Consequently, the peasants bought themselves loose. Under the emancipation law they received a certain amount of land to work on their own account; the purchase price was advanced to them by the government, and was to be repaid out of increased taxes. I received from the state a lump sum for my land, and this money I promptly applied to improvements. Bridges and roads were repaired; I started a brick factory, so that I might have better material for my proposed new buildings; the outlook was splendid; and the crowning happiness was in the thought that henceforward I was to deal, not with serfs, but honest and industrious freemen.

"Early in the spring I had more laborers than I needed, but as the year wore on toward harvest they became lazy, and some of them disappeared. This did not worry me, for I was confident that the great majority were bound to me in gratitude and loyalty. One fine day, however, I was asked to step outside, that the peasants wished to speak with me. I came to the door and said, in my most friendly manner: 'Well, children, what is up?' They behaved respectfully, but I noticed that they had a dogged appearance. 'Please, your honor,' said a black-bearded

\*Poultney Bigelow in the *Contemporary Review*.

one, who acted as spokesman, 'we can't work any longer at the present rate; the peasants twenty versts from here are getting twice as much, and we must have the same.' In such a case my sense of justice spoke for the peasants. The story they told was a lie, but I did not know it at the time, and in order to show them that they had in me the right kind of an employer, I answered without hesitation:

"Certainly, children; you shall have as good wages, and I hope you will now work twice as hard."

"That we shall," shouted they earnestly; but they did not move.

"Anything more you would like?" asked I, with some irritation.

"Then the long peasant with the black beard spoke for the crowd. 'We cannot go to work unless you pay us half the wages in advance.'

"Nonsense!" said I. "You will only go to the rum-shop with it."

"But they doggedly insisted. I saw my beautiful fields ready for harvest, and recognized the painful dilemma in which I was placed—either pay these dishonest peasants or risk my whole crop. So I paid them the stipulated half, and they went off to work full of zealous promises. A short time after this I rode out to the fields and could not see a single harvester. The overseer came to me wringing his hands.

"My God, my God!" he said; 'the scoundrels heard of a Church festival three hours from here; they have all gone; I can get no more to take their place.'

"I saw that nothing could be done. They had broken their contract, and the law allowed me to sue them. But that would not save my crops! I returned to the house with shaking convictions regarding the value of 'free labor,' and waited a few days until they returned and had recovered from their prolonged spree. The next time I met my peasants they were

sitting in a ditch, passing a brandy-bottle from mouth to mouth. With difficulty they found their feet. Of course I gave them a strong lecture on their dishonesty, and threatened with the legal consequences of their breach of contract. This lecture made not the slightest impression; but when I was done, the long black-bearded spokesman again came forward, and told me that it was impossible for them to do any work unless I paid them the other half of their wages in advance. At this I was furious, and rated them soundly; they listened good-naturedly, but, like children, repeated their request—finally saying, flatly, that it was impossible for them to go on with the harvest unless they had their money in advance. I was in their power: there was no labor to be had excepting the former serfs; my fine crops were lost unless I could have them immediately harvested. So I once more yielded. They received now their full pay in advance, and for a couple of days worked like happy children. On the third day, however, a large share of them disappeared, and by the end of the week I had not a single one. Half of my crop was left rotting in the field, to be finally buried in the snow.

Meanwhile I noticed from time to time that planks and beams were missing from my bridges. At first I sought to replace them; but finally gave the matter up, and now we plash through the streams as best we can. The peasants stole the wood for fires rather than bother to cut it for themselves, and had not the slightest interest in keeping the highways open. I tried to catch the thieves, but the peasants hold together like a secret society, and all my efforts failed. I did learn, however, that the peasants who had taken my money and broken their contracts were not far off; so I had the spokesman arrested for the sake of an example, and he was locked up for five days—five happy days to

him, for they were passed in complete idleness. A week after this came a grain-dealer from Moscow, and I signed a contract for the little crop I had harvested at a fairly good rate. The grain was to be delivered on sleds in two days, and I figured that with the proceeds of this grain I should close the year with only a small loss. As I was figuring, the overseer burst into the room with a shout:

" 'The barns are on fire!'

" 'It cannot be,' I said quietly; 'you are mistaken.'

" 'But I was soon convinced. The guilty one was never brought to trial; no one could be found who knew anything about it. But in the villages every man, woman, and child was telling how the long black-bearded spokesman had taken his revenge.'

#### *Why Do We Need Money?—The Arena*

Why do we need money? If all the men and all the women of the world were obliged to work twelve hours of every day in order merely to keep life in the body, to get enough to eat, enough to protect themselves from the cold, and then found themselves so tired that they must sleep, in order that the next day they might work twelve hours more,—if all the world were in that condition, it could not take one single step above barbarism. Money is a condition of civilization; it is the first step upwards on the rounds of development which lead from the animal to God. Why? Because man is more than a body that needs food, that needs to be covered, that needs to be protected from the weather. Man is a being with affections, with a mind, with a soul. He is a being that loves books, loves music, loves beauty, and so creates art, pictures, statues. He is a being that loves and cares for all these higher things; and it is only when you get up here that you are on the level of a man. You must then release those men who are capable of producing these higher things from the necessity of merely earning their

bread and butter, in order that they may be free, not for their own sake, but for the sake of mankind. For never yet has one grand thing that had a human value been invented or created or wrought by men that has not benefited mankind, that has not enriched the world. We should be still on the level of barbarism. We need, then, wealth enough, so that men can be released from grinding toil and care, to the extent of being able to cultivate some of these higher tastes. We need wealth, so that the persons who are able to feed these higher tastes may be released from the necessity of self-support, that they may create the things that the world desires. And by as much as the mere work of feeding the necessities of physical man can be left behind, can become automatic, by just so much can man outgrow the animal and rise into the human.

#### *Why Women's Wages are Kept Down.—Forum*

In pursuit of a livelihood, the hope or ultimate intention to marry is a drawback to woman's success. She enters any vocation half-heartedly, not as a life career, but as a temporary stop-gap. Abandoning her trade for marriage, years afterward, perhaps, she returns to it an invalid and with dependants, her hand robbed of its cunning, and she must take her place at the bottom of the ladder. Economically, indeed, she is yet an industrial makeshift, rarely displacing man except at half his pay. Again, being unorganized, women cannot fight. Such trades unions as dare form are, for want of leadership, scotched by hard-hitting manufacturers, few associations surviving one formal complaint or strike. Shoe and tobacco unions have obtained substantial results in shortening hours and raising pay. Some localities and industries need no unions; but trade-workers, co-operating for defence here, as in England, might achieve enormous benefits for female wage-earners.



## WHERE IS HEAVEN?

Arthur Willink's "World of the Unseen" (Macmillan) develops an interesting theory of the future life which is so tersely presented that an adequate notion of it can scarcely be conveyed with brevity. From the ordinary conception of lower space of three dimensions or directions (length, breadth and thickness), we must pass to the thought of a higher space of four directions existing somewhere. The unseen is not invisible, for John saw it when in a position to do so, but it is out of our sight, owing, not to immensity of space, but because of the necessary relations between our space and higher space. With this introduction, the following development of the theory will be intelligible if not convincing:—

If now we think of our departed, we may rightly think of them as being in forms not wholly unlike our own; that is, forms such as we can consider as being real, not shadowy, nor immaterial; and at the same time we need not think of them as being at an infinite distance from us, although they are in a state in which all their powers are enormously, even infinitely, increased, extended and developed. Here I must pause to guard against a possible misunderstanding or misconception. I am not to be misunderstood as wishing to do away with the terms spirit and spiritual. The use of them is so common in Holy Writ that it is perhaps almost unnecessary to say so; but I do desire to protest emphatically against what I feel to be an abuse of these terms which gives the impression of something which we cannot recognize as being real, but on the contrary seems to describe what is very misty, vague, and very much like a dream of the imagination. I would submit that these words "spirit" and "spiritual" should be understood as

describing a connection with Higher Space; while "body" and "bodily" describe a connection with our Lower Space. It may be that some will think that this is rather premature, or at least that it is merely the substitution of one set of words for another. But I venture to hope that a greater familiarity with the thought of Higher Space will tend to the recognition of the fact that the substitution is of something unthinkable; of something concrete for something abstract; in a word, of something, however far beyond the reach of our senses, for what is practically nothing. In any case this is the sense in which the terms will be used in this essay, and therefore it is well that they should be defined as soon as possible. If it is found that this use of the words is not strained nor artificial, but natural, this will go a long way towards justifying it.

Now comes the question, Does this theory throw any light upon the condition of the Departed? Does it in any way enable us to comprehend anything of their state?

At all events this much has been arrived at, as we have proceeded, that we have seen a conceivable habitation for them in which we may think of them as dwelling in what are to us real bodies, with real powers, amid real surroundings, of which none are so utterly different from what we are accustomed to as that we cannot appreciate them. This is so far satisfactory in itself; and since it agrees with what an unsophisticated mind would naturally expect (witness the beliefs of simple practical people like our far-off ancestors and others), the satisfaction is increased. Moreover, it agrees with the principle of continuity, which leads us to expect that when the boundary of this world is passed the stream of life will not be violently interrupted or turned into another channel; and that the tenden-

cies which have been blamelessly forming in our present life will not be reversed or thrown on one side as useless, but that all that is good will be preserved and strengthened.

Our theory tells us also that when one passes from us into the Higher Space, his sphere and power of action and sensation is indefinitely, even infinitely, enlarged. What is to us the unknown direction is perfectly well known to him, and all his faculties and aptitudes become adapted in accordance with this enlargement. A little consideration will make the bearing of this evident. If we were to picture to ourselves such a condition as would be represented by perfect health of body and mind and soul; that, even in our World, our Space, would be most enviable. It would seem to offer such transcendently wonderful possibilities of growth, and progress in knowledge, art, and grace, as to constitute a veritable Utopia.

But even so we should be compelled to recognize the existence of a bar to progress beyond a certain limit. Death places a boundary beyond which, in this stage of our existence, nothing can be touched. In this state of being maturity is only the herald of decay; by accident, or it may be, by Euthanasia, the terminus of activity must sooner or later be reached even under the most favorable conditions imaginable. This is a difficulty inherent in the very foundations of our physical existence. Our body, with its necessary infirmities, sets a limit even to our aspirations. In some cases the limit of time, in others the limit of endurance, in others again the limit of expression. However healthy the conditions may be, the mind, which is the more excellent partner in the firm, is constantly reminded of the imperfections of its associate, the body; and strive how it may, it cannot educate it up to its requirements; however reluctantly, it is compelled to acknowledge that it cannot dissolve the partnership in this

life, and must abide by the conditions of the association. In the Higher Space this is no longer so, the weaker partner has been retired; the body, that is the mortal body, is no longer a drag on the mind, the corruptible elements have been shaken off, there is no more decay; death having done its utmost has but dissolved the partnership, and so removed the hindrance to farther progress.

And more, the condition of the Departed of whom we speak, is rightly described as a holy state; and this qualification means nothing less than that they are in a condition of perfect health, and indefectible. All the diseases of the mind and soul are cured; and as time goes on the constitution itself, which has suffered during the time of probation here on earth, becomes stronger and stronger, instead of failing, as it does with us. As a consequence boundless possibilities at once appear. Not only is the intellect set free from what has been a clog upon it, not only are the limits of time, endurance, and expression set back indefinitely, but more, far more, than that is found to have been accomplished.

Push back to the utmost limits the thought of what might be in this world under such conditions; let the mind revel in imagination of the potentialities revealed in such circumstances, still even such imaginations are totally inadequate to describe what is in Higher Space. There, in the state of Greater Freedom, many of the complications which perplex us are seen to be but parts of a simple whole which we cannot discern. What are to us independent and isolated phenomena without any apparent connection with each other are plainly seen in their true and harmonious relationships. There, laws which have been painfully determined here, are seen to be no more than particular statements of special cases, easily to be deduced from higher laws which we cannot perceive. There, too, things which

we regard as utterly impossible are not only natural, but matters of course; what we call miracles, of everyday occurrence.

The idea that the habitation of the Departed is at an infinite distance, or at least at a very great distance, is so ingrained in many minds that it is necessary to repeat that the Higher Space is not to be reached by gazing into the depths of our own Space. The telescope brings us no nearer. It lies close to us on every side. There is absolutely no distance between us and the boundary of that Space. There is nothing which can interpose between us and the Higher Space. Some gruesome stories of persons who have been buried alive recur to our memories. Enclosed as they were in shell, in lead, in casket, each made as carefully as possible, how does the spirit escape? Through these envelopes? Through the superincumbent earth? Not so. There is no barrier between them as they lie in the grave and the Higher Space. There is an open side of which we can know nothing save that it does exist, through which and by which the spirit passes into the Higher Space. A closed box is a prison from our point of view, but it is not so from the point of view of Higher Space.

*Boston's Andover House.—Scribner's Magazine*

As far as appears to a transient visitor, the House is simply a home where a group of educated young men—chiefly, but not necessarily, those who have had a theological training—live, study, and work. But the House is organized upon an idea, which the group is constantly working out, each man in harmony with his fellow. Evidently the great requisite in any attempt to modify wrong social conditions is the perfect understanding of those conditions. And the knowledge of any such conditions is best gained by practically subjecting one's self to them, at least to the extent of

making them the daily environment of his life. Residence is the key to the situation in any locality. It is wonderful how many things come to one, in the way of the daily intercourse with his neighbors, which would entirely evade the most careful search from without. It is the unsought information which tells best the story of a neighborhood. And far beyond any gain in the way of knowledge is the sense of identification with others which comes through residence among them. One is conscious of breathing the same social atmosphere, and though he may retreat from the more disheartening surroundings of his work into the shelter and cheer of the group, yet the scenes in the midst of which he lives are in mind by day and by night. The constant strain upon the sympathies is the test of the real significance of living under wrong social conditions. I doubt if one person can well bear the strain. It is the group which saves the individual to his work, and supplies that fund of good cheer which is indispensable to it.

#### FORGETTING.

*Hamlin Garland.....Ladies' Home Journal.*

They lay on the cliff where the warm sun fell. Beneath them were rocks, lichen spotted above, and orange and russet and pink beneath.

Around the headland the ocean raved with roaring breath. It flung itself ceaselessly on the land, only to fall back with clutching snarl over the pebbles.

The smell of hot cedars was in the air. The distant ships drove by with huge sails bellying. Occasional crickets chirped faintly. Sandpipers skimmed the beach.

The man and woman were both gray. He lay staring at the sky. She sat with sombre eyes fixed on the distant sea, whose crawling lines glittered on its purple sweep.

They were man and wife; both were older than their years. They were far past the land of youth and love.

"O wife!" he cried, "let us forget we are old; let us forget we are disillusioned of life; let us try to be boy and girl again."

The woman shivered with a powerful, vague emotion, but she did not look at him,

"O, Esther, I'm tired of life!" the man went on. "I'm tired of my children. I'm tired of you. Do you know what I mean?"

The woman looked into his eyes a moment, and said in a low voice:

"No, Charles." But the man knew she meant yes. The touch of her hand grew cold.

"I'm tired of it all. I want to feel again the wonder and mystery of life. It's all gone. The love which we have now is good and sweet and true; that of the old time was sweeter. It was so marvelous. I trembled when I kissed you, dear. I don't now. It had more of truth, of pure, unconscious passion, and less of habit. O teach me to forget!"

He crept nearer to her, and laid his head in her lap. His face was knotted with passion and pain.

The wife and mother sighed, and looked down at his hair, which was getting gray.

"Well, Charlie!" she said, and buried her fingers in his hair, "I'll try to forget for your sake."

He could not understand her. He did not try. He lay with closed eyes, tired, purposeless.

The sweet sea wind touched his cheek, white with the indoor pallor of the desk-worker.

The sound of the sea exalted him.

The beautiful clouds above him carried him back to boyhood. There were tears on his face as he looked up at her.

"I'm forgetting!" he said, with a smile of exultation.

But the woman looked away at the violet-shadowed sails, afar on the changeful purple of the sea, and her throat choked with pain.

#### DAILY LIFE IN AN INSANE ASYLUM

*Overland Monthly*

At six o'clock the inmate prepares for breakfast, served at six-thirty; it consists of oatmeal or cornmeal mush, bread and butter, molasses and coffee. The food is given to the convalescents in heavy crockery ware, and to the violent patients in tin ware. After breakfast, each one cares for his room, and perhaps helps to sweep the corridors or attend the sick. Then the time is occupied as he pleases until nine when the patients are in favorable weather permitted to enjoy the freedom of the yards. The refractory ones are confined in bare yards, surrounded by a ten-foot wall, while the convalescents wander about the pleasant grounds in front of the asylum, under the care of the attendants. At the same time the physicians visit the wards and prescribe for those who are not able to go out. The patients return to the building at eleven o'clock and prepare for dinner, which is served at eleven-thirty. The noon meal consists of either stew or soup, with boiled meat, potatoes, and either cabbage or carrots, bread and butter, molasses and tea. Roast meat is provided once a week. After dinner the patients lounge in the wards. When the bell strikes two, the patients go to the yards for their afternoon recreation. At four o'clock the asylum bell strikes. The patients return to the wards, and are at leisure until supper. The spare time of some is occupied in the manufacture of lace and embroidery, in painting, or cutting ingenious articles from broomsticks or other soft wood. After the patients have gone to bed and the doors are locked, the duties of the attendant are over. A night watchman now comes on duty, beginning at 9 P.M. and ending at 5 A.M. The watchman is assigned five or six wards, which he visits frequently in the night. At 5:30 A.M. the attendants arise, unlock the doors, pass in their clothes, and dress those who cannot or will not dress themselves.

## INDUSTRIAL QUESTIONS IN ENGLAND

From "On the Highways of Europe" (Cassell)—a substantial collection of thoughts and impressions, grave and gay, by Jules Michelet, translated by Mary J. Serrano, we extract the following:—

Seeing the colossal chimneys of Leeds, Halifax, and Liverpool rising in the air, I said to myself: Behold the towers of the new feudalism. No more industries without great capitals. The small manufacturer, the admirable element of the modern world, is doomed to disappear unless a means of salvation is found for him in proportional association in the profits of the great manufacturer. But how difficult for him who has hitherto had all to accept the idea of dividing. Shall I be here the day on which he will resign himself to this just sacrifice?

The incalculable advantage of England was precisely this race of men whom she had formed, these patient, persistent, careful workers, who stamped each product with their personality, superior to that of the rest of the world.

I know well that the machines that are replacing them to a greater extent every day fabricate more cheaply. This seems, at first glance, to be a great advantage to every one. But the danger is this: the machine doing away with costly day labor, the manufacturer has multiplied machinery in such proportion that it would be impossible for consumption to increase in an equal ratio with production. Besides, other nations, imitating England, will provide themselves also with machinery and manufacture in their turn.

From these rivalries will inevitably spring conflicts with her who, like a Bariareus with his hundred arms, has hitherto encircled the world. Vast as it is, even if she had it all to herself, one might still predict, without being a great prophet, that she will find a

limit to her markets. This rapid accumulation of products must sooner or later be the determining cause of a social crisis.

The ruin of England—this may seem a paradox—will come precisely from the excess of her wealth.

Another consequence, equally grave, of the excessive introduction of machinery is that it will suppress the race of incomparable men of whom I have spoken, only after having irremediably deformed them.

The child who enters the factory with his mother becomes in his turn a man. But what is the result for him of his too precocious labor? It is that when he reaches the age of manhood he is already enfeebled, worn out; that for twenty years, that is to say, until his death, he becomes a charge of the parish.

How comes it that this man, still in the vigor of his age, sleeps all day on the grass? Is his incapacity merely idleness? The parish which gives him his share of the poor rate knows well that it is not. What makes this man an invalid at forty is that excessive labor in the factory when he was a child has broken him down.

Thus, little by little, this industrious and valiant race which created this great activity, has seen it turn to its injury. Thus, entire generations have been, as I have said, killed in the bud. For it is a real murder to utilize for gain, in the unhealthy atmosphere of work-rooms, the years which the child requires to prepare himself for life; to apply to the production of things the time which should be employed in the production of men. I mean by this the education of the child. Not the education which consists in nailing to the scholar's bench the most mobile of beings, but an education which, developing the body and the mind in complete harmony, would prepare admirably the son of the workman for his part of producer.



*Poems of Life and Mystery*

**BROADWAY**

From "Fair Shadow Land" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).....Edith M. Thomas

I.

Between these frowning granite steeps  
The human river onward sweeps;  
And here it moves with torrent force,  
And there it slacks its heady course :  
But what controls its variant flow  
A keener wit than mine must show,  
Who cast myself upon the tide,  
And merging with its current glide,—  
A drop, an atom, of the whole  
Of its great bulk and wandering soul.

O curbless river, savage stream,  
Thou art my wilderness extreme,  
Where I may move as free, as lone,  
As in the waste with wood o'ergrown,  
And broodings of as brave a strain  
May here unchallenged entertain,  
Whether meridian light display  
The swift routine of current day,  
Or jet electric, diamond clear,  
Convoke a world of glamor here.

Yet when of solitude I tire,  
Speak comradeship to my desire,  
O most companionable tide,  
Where all to all are firm allied,  
And each hath countenance from the rest,  
Although the tie be unconfessed !

**DIVINE LOVE**

J. C. F. Grumbine.....New York Sun

The world is led by unseen power,  
Through darkness, fear and light ;  
Man's destiny is not obscure,  
For God in man is right.

The inner life indeed reveals  
The spirit's sovereignty.  
In every storm, in error, sin,  
In God's divinity.

A deeper love than earthly love  
Stirs in the human soul ;  
It lights the stars, it rules the sea,  
It reigns from pole to pole.

O brother, live for it alone,  
Nor be deceived by fate ;  
For fate is God, and God is love,  
And love is heaven's gate.

**I WONDER WHY**

May Kidder.....The Yankee Blade

I wonder why, where'er I pass her way,  
The darkest night seems changed to bright-  
est day ?  
And why her voice falls with a cadence  
sweet  
Upon my ear—why moments are so fleet !  
When oft to mine she shyly lifts her eyes,  
Earth seems to me like one vast paradise !  
I wonder why !

II.

I muse upon this river's brink ;  
I listen long ; I strive to think  
What cry goes forth, of many blent,  
And by that cry what thing is meant,—  
What simple legend of old fate  
Man's voice, here inarticulate,  
From out this dim and strange uproar  
Still heaves upon the skyey shore !

Amid this swift phantasmal stream  
Sometimes I move as in a dream ;  
Then wond'rous quiet, for a space,  
The clanging tumult will displace ;  
And toil's hard gride and pleasure's hum  
No longer to my ears may come :  
A pantomimic, haunted throng  
Fareth in silence deep and strong,  
And seems in summoned haste to urge,  
Half prescient, towards a destined verge !

The river flows,—unwasting flows ;  
Nor less nor more its volume grows,  
From source to sea still onward rolled,  
As days are shed and years are told ;  
And yet, so mutable its wave,  
That no man twice therein may lave,  
But, ere he can return again,  
Himself shall subtle change sustain ;  
Since more and more each life must be  
Tide-troubled by the drawing sea.

**A SON'S WISH**

Bliss Carman.....Youth's Companion

Mother, in the lonely ways  
Of the home-land whence I came,  
Where you walk the world apart,  
Without fear and without blame,

Keep me ever in thine eye,  
As the hills their morning star,  
Though I pass into the day  
Where my toiling fellows are.

Keep me ever in thy heart  
With the old remembered things,  
Till for me there be no more  
April when the robins sing.

Keep me ever in thy prayers,  
That at midnight or at noon  
When God needs a man in haste,  
He may not forget thy son.

I wonder why she trembles when with me,  
And like some frightened bird would quick-  
ly flee !  
I whisper to her,—“ Love, we ne'er shall  
part ! ”  
And feel the wild pulsation of her heart,  
While clasping her in one long, fond em-  
brace.  
She tries to hide the blushes on her face !  
I wonder why !

## PHILOSOPHY OF THE OPEN FIRE\*

An open fire finds its peculiar charm in the liberation of imagination which it effects. It is all color, motion, sound, and change, and he must be dull indeed who does not straightway become a poet under its spell. For the work of the fire is a symbol of the work of the imagination; it liberates the ethereal qualities prisoned in the dense fibers of the wood; it transforms the prose of hard material into the poetry of flame. Whether we respond to it or not, the hum of the life is a song out of the music to which all things are set, and its brief burning is part of the process by which, to those who see with the imagination, this hard, intractable world is always bearing that harvest of poetry of which Emerson was thinking when he wrote: "Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, Chaucer, saw the splendor of meaning that plays over the visible world; knew that a tree has another use than for apples, and corn another than for meal, and the ball of the earth than for tillage and roads; that these things bore a second and finer harvest to the mind, being emblems of its thoughts, and conveying in all their natural history a certain mute commentary on human life." The open fire sings its song, heard or unheard, in all ears. It is the oldest and most primitive of all the forms of service which men exact from nature; but, glowing on all hearts and for all sorts and conditions of men, it is always and everywhere transforming the prose of life into poetry: for poetry being the soul of things, is universal. It is only the very highest gifts which, as Lowell has said of heaven, are to be had for the asking. To a few are given the shows of rank and the luxury of wealth, but purity, nobility, and self-sacrifice are to be had by every comer. We are all born poets, al-

though so many of us defeat the purposes of nature. For the world produces poetry as naturally and inevitably as a tree bears its blossoms, and we are compelled to close our eyes to avoid seeing that which the imagination must see if it see at all. It is in what we call common things that poetry hides, and he who cannot find it there cannot find it anywhere. It is absence of the poetic mind, not lack of poetic material, which makes some periods so sterile in imaginative production. When the imagination is powerful and creative, everything turns to poetry—the stranded ship on the bar, the rusty anchor at the wharf, the glimpse of cloud at the end of the street, the shout of children at play, the crumbling hut, the work-stained man returning from his task—the whole movement and stir of life in the vast range of common incident and universal experience. Touch life anywhere with the imagination and it turns into gold, or into something less material and perishable. We live, move, and have our being in the atmosphere of poetry; for every act of sacrifice, every touch of tenderness, every word of love, every birth of aspiration, is so much experience transformed into poetry. Could anything be more commonplace to the mind that has not learned that the commonplace is always an illusion, than the fact that a young girl, living in rural solitude, had died? That was the bare fact, the prose rendering; and this is the truth, the poetic rendering:

She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove;  
A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye!—

\* The Christian Union.

Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

There is a kind of elemental simplicity of feeling, imagery, and diction in these brief lines that touches us like the ripple of a brook in the woods. Life has few facts more unadorned than those which furnish the material for these verses, but does imagination flash its mysterious light anywhere in literature more distinctly? The little poem is as quiet, simple, solitary as the mountain tarn, but it is as deep, and with stars in its depths. It is an illusion that some things are commonplace, some experiences without significance, and some lives without vision and beauty. The wood becomes flame, the seed turns into flower, the mist athwart the rays of light is changed into the gold of the evening sky, the hidden and unconscious sacrifice flashes suddenly into one of those deeds which men count for proofs of immortality, the uncouth pleader of the frontier becomes the hero of the "Commemoration Ode"—

New birth of our new soul, the first  
American.

#### THE SELFISHNESS OF "MOURNING"

*Lippincott's*

It can hardly be imagined that any one would seek to abolish or even repress the natural flow of sorrowful feeling for those who grow dearer by passing from sight. Grief has its divine office, and, even if it were useless to sorrow for what we have lost, there are natural forces which draw our bereaved feelings from our overfull hearts out towards Infinity as the impulse of Niagara leads the overflowing lakes to the commensurate haven of the sea. It is, therefore, no attempt to stifle feeling that is hinted in the heading. But as true grief, by the increased tenderness of its own nature, should be more ready to feel

for others, there seems to be no sacrilege in trying to inaugurate a gradual abolishment of the "weeds of woe"; at least an amendment of the extent of their infliction on the public at large. It would seem as if death were omnipresent enough to need no such frequent reminders as the display of crape and the unrelieved monotony of black in the dress of those bereaved. Because we have a private and sacred grief, why should we tell it to everybody as far as the eye can see? Why should we inflict the often-painful thoughts of death on the merchant in his business, on the children in the streets, on our friends to whom we really wish no sad thoughts. If it be answered that the dress of "mourning" is so common a sight in city streets as to excite no interest, then, though the answer is wrong, it could yet be proved by it that the garb of grief is in this respect at least useless. On the contrary, however, many sensitive or nervous people and invalids are given an unpleasant and unwholesome shock by the awful black attire; and to pass it, or sit next to a voluminous mass of stifling crape is to receive a chill like the damp of the grave. It seems, therefore, only Christian that we should spare others the infliction of a gloom which, in the presence of a greater gloom, or through the hardening of habitual use, we who wear the weeds of woe do not feel. When we come to consider "mourning" as a way of giving vent to our own feelings, there may be two sides to the question, but the brighter side would suggest its being done away with to a great extent, if not altogether. Shall we delegate our grief to our clothes? It there is "that within that passeth outward show," do not "the trappings and suits of woe" seem a making light of the real grief by the very inadequacy of the expression? One will say that it relieves one from the intrusion of worldly pleasures or social enjoyment, from the temptation to forget our sorrow. What a sad admission!

A real sorrow is life-long. A sorrow of the heart grows with our growth, as we learn to appreciate our loss, and rightly viewed becomes one of our strongest and best of angels. Let us, then, not fear the forgetting of a real sorrow by the one who experiences it.

#### INTERRUPTIONS

*Charles Dudley Warner.....Harper's*

Probably no complaint is oftener heard from busy men well on in life than that of interruptions, the hundred little things that daily take them away, apparently, from their occupations or purposes. It might be inferred from their complaints that half the lives of most people was literally wasted in these little distractions. There is no doubt that daily diverting calls do hinder a man from accomplishing work he has in hand, but it is not demonstrated that these interruptions are not the best thing for him and for the world. It could be proved that no man ever accomplished anything in the world who was not very much interrupted, and it is evident that no man is of much account who is not liable to these annoyances. The value of a man in himself or to the community is pretty accurately gauged by the demands made upon his time. It could be shown that if what he is attempting to do is useless, the world will not interrupt him. It has little need of that sort of man. And probably, also, he is fulfilling his destiny, and being of the greatest service he can be in this life, in attending to these ten thousand calls which seem to interfere with his plan. As a man gets on into the thick of life, he can less and less command his time, and he is apt to grumble more and more at the waste of his powers. The chance is that these interruptions are his salvation. It is not only that diversity of interests is essential to his mental and physical health, but these only can bring out his full powers. The man interrupted a great deal is very much in contact with all sorts of life, and presently he

gets a good many of his facets polished up that can reflect it. He lives vividly in a hundred ways instead of vegetating in one. And besides, the world has reason to thank God that the intentions of many men are frustrated, and that they have not time to do all the evil or the good they intend. Give almost any man rope enough, and he will hang himself. It is the interruptions that not only keep him from moral suicide, but keep him fresh. The world is just now flooded with books. The remark or the incident that formerly a man or a woman would have told to a friend or a circle, in the way of making human intercourse lively, now goes into a book to add to the task of the reading world. The public has to suffer because it has no call to interrupt these writers. But it is these very harassing interruptions of life that are the good genius of literary fiction. If the able novelists produced undisturbed up to their power—that of a Jacquard loom—the world could not contain the books they would write. And yet a domestic annoyance, or the solicitation of a world wanting help in its trivial affairs, or a fit of sickness, they do not recognize as angels in disguise. Less books and better is probably what the public is thinking, and if it philosophized on the general subject, it would be to say that the life fullest of interruptions is the best life.

#### DIARY OF AN INVALID

*Edwin L. Bynner.....Atlantic*

October 22. Began on the Christian Science. A sloppy-looking woman came to see me. She asked me to describe my illness. I took her at her word. I went over the subject with particularity. I talked for an hour. She paid not the slightest heed. I stopped. She asked if that was all. I said it was only the beginning. To my surprise, she asked me to go on. I thought I had done her an injustice. I did go on. I talked for nearly another hour. I chanced to look around. She was fast asleep. I

stopped, of course. When she waked up, she asked again if that was all. Naturally I said it was.

"Then, my dear," she said, getting up, "you need never speak to me about yourself any more."

"You may be sure I shall not," I said, almost speechless with indignation; "and as for you, madam, you need not trouble yourself to call on me again."

But she did, and in spite of me she persists in coming. I take no notice of her. Sometimes she stares at me in a blear-eyed way, but more often sits in the rocking-chair with her back to me. I have appealed to Maria, but Maria insists that the creature is doing me good, and if I were not so antagonistic would cure me. Antagonistic! Well, well, what matter what they say?

*October 25.* Have got rid of the Christian Science sister at last. I told her, if she persisted in visiting me against my will, I should write to the chief of police.

She answered quite without emotion: "You are making a great mistake. If you had not set yourself against me, I should have cured you. But don't get excited. I shall not come again. It is only a waste of time. I can do you no good. I forgive you, however, and I hope you will get well; but to do that you must get into another frame of mind. You must cultivate a more Christian spirit, and you can if you choose."

So much for her. Sane persons will agree with my estimate of her, and I refrain from comment. As she and her sort are allowed to run at large, thank God that kind of lunacy is innocuous! It cannot do much harm. Its devotees have got hold of a partial truth, and amplified it into a theory. They say, ignore disease. Logically, they should say, do away with its causes. As well might they say, ignore sin instead of doing away with its cause, temptation. They will do either or both when humanity ceases to be humanity. Poor blind-worms!

their outlook is of linear narrowness; the trouble is, they pick out one fact and ignore the rest. But let them go. They might as well believe in the millennium as in what they do. Perhaps they believe in both. Who cares?

#### CRIME AND THE PRESS

*McDonald's "Criminology" (Funk & Wagnalls)*

Reformation from prison life in the majority of cases would seem to be a myth. Lacenaire, the celebrated criminal, has said that a young man in prison, on hearing of the adventures of the others, begins to regret that he was not a greater criminal himself. The young man, surrounded for a long time with murderers, poisoners, thieves, violators and pederasts, leaves the prison with a blunted, if not extinguished moral conscience; for it must be remembered that the company is not always so repulsive, as many criminals have both winning ways and pleasing manners. This indirect contagion is as certain as the direct, which comes from surroundings. Aubry gives several cases in illustration:—

A woman of Geneva, Switzerland, in 1885 killed her four children, then tried to commit suicide. In her autobiography were these words: "As a woman did it, which was in the newspaper."

In 1881 a lad of 15 years stole from his patron; when the money was spent he found a child and stabbed it in the abdomen, and as he cut its throat he said: "I have often read novels, and in one of them I found the description of a scene parallel to this which I have executed."

A young man of 23 years commenced in September of 1880 to steal from his patron; in November he bought a revolver; in June, on the 17th, at about half-past nine in the evening, he walked by a group of persons without speaking to them; scarcely had he passed, when he thought he heard sneering and hallooing, in which he could dis-



tinguish, "Raise it;" he turned and fired five times without saying a word, wounding two; a little further on he saw another individual sitting on a bank, noticed that he was alone, passed him four or five steps, and then turned and fired; his victim died soon afterwards; such are the facts of his crime. In his autobiography was the following: "The consequences of crime are advantageous to society. There is a certain number of the population (and they are the most numerous) who buy newspapers simply to read the exceptional occurrences. If we suppress crime there are no more buyers, and consequently no more employed to work at the rag trade. I do not wish to lose my liberty for trifles. I always had a horror of imprisonment, and I much prefer capital punishment. Lacenaire is a splendid man, a powerful individuality; his work leads to enormous deductions. Shall I finish as Lacenaire? My conscience answers, possibly. Poet, thief, assassin, a singular gradation; but I have gone half way, it would be stupid to arrest a career which promises such good results." This man was deficient in moral education. Intelligent as he was proud and ambitious, he had experienced illusions; at one time he had attempted suicide; later, under the influence of bad reading, he had debased his judgment, and composed a morality for his own use, and thus became a subject of undoubted perversity.

Tropman, the celebrated criminal, who killed a family with poison and pick-ax, confessed that the cause of his demoralization was the reading of novels. By living in this imaginary world he developed a strong passion for heroes of the prison who recover honesty with the spoils of their victims and die administrators of some charity. The reading about crime, and the seeing it illustrated in newspapers, are, of course, not the only elements that render one apt to commit crime, but still these are of great importance as factors. If this hap-

pens in the case of those of relatively sound mind, the influence is still worse on the weak-minded, the insane, and the cranks. On November 4, 1825, a woman laid her child on its back across the bed; with one hand she seized its head, which hung over the part of the bed, and with the other hand she sawed its neck so quickly that the child had not time to utter a cry. This was noised about in all Paris. A few days after, a mother of four children came to the doctor who had directed the consultation in regard to the murderer, and said: "I am in most terrible despair since hearing of this murder. I am tormented by the devil to kill the youngest of my children. I fear I cannot resist it. Will you recommend me to Dr. Esquirol that he may admit me into his hospital?" It was done, and she recovered. Another woman, who had recently given birth to a child, having heard of this same murder was taken with a monomania for homicide; she struggled against it; finally she asked her husband to have her shut up. Two other cases are positively known to have been caused or occasioned by the knowledge of this one murder. It is at first with repulsion that one hears of the details of crime, but with repetition there gradually comes an indifference to the whole matter. Then one may begin to look complacently upon crime. The publication of these cruel details tends to harden the finer sensibilities in most persons, and in many weak ones can lead to overt acts. As before referred to, it is just those persons, numerous in every community, who, morally weak or on the borders of insanity or insane, or sometimes eccentric, are affected most by the detailed publication of crime in popular form, as is common in the newspapers.

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- The man who falls out of a balloon realizes the gravity of the situation before he has dropped five miles.—*Texas Siftings.*

## WISDOM IN A NUTSHELL

All contempt is irrational.—Our deeds are children which will not be disowned.—Character is the color which runs through the acts of an individual.—Life is a field of battle where there are more retreats than victories.—At no time was the world wickeder than when it had a profusion of gods.—To know whether there be true worth in a man ask how he has dealt with his enemy.—*Joseph Dana Miller in Kate Field's Washington.*

Try novelties to a limited extent, and cautiously.—Is it a paradox that of all shoes a felt shoe is the least felt?—Although not much talked about, the postage stamp is on everybody's tongue.—*Christian at Work.*

It must be terribly humiliating to a woman after she has planned and schemed to get married, to discover that her husband is so mean that she can't live with him.—Some people look as if they were walking around to save funeral expenses.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Where might is master, justice is servant.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

A new broom sweeps clean, but it cannot be compared with a new scandal.—Every dog has his day, but the nights belong to the cats and the clubmen.—Those who would give women only the traditional half-loaf do not count upon the keenness of the modern appetite.—*F. Van Dorn in Kate Field's Washington.*

Bad luck is the only kind that comes to people who trust in luck.—The man who thinks the world owes him a living is always in a hurry to levy on the debt.—A load of sorrow doesn't wear one so much as a swarm of annoyances.—It has been said that a fool can ask a question that a wise man cannot answer; yet both men

may be better for the question.—An action may be so clothed as to change its proper effect on people: with most of us a sugar-coated vice seems preferable to a pepper-coated virtue.—Few persons understand the cause of their own failures. Judging other affairs as they do their own, they couldn't tell why a barrel is empty when it has a hole in the bottom.—*C. O. Stevens in the Century.*

Don't try to carry all your religion in your head.—It is hard to feel at home with people who never make mistakes.—He who would be strong in mind must have facts for his diet.—The man who never praises his wife deserves a poor one.—What some people call prudence is often what others call meanness.—The devil shoots hard at the man who makes an honest tax return.—If you had to go to heaven on the testimony of your dressmaker, could you do it?—If some men would get nearer to the Lord, they wouldn't have to make so much noise in church.—*Ram's Horn.*

Emergencies disclose resources.—It is the truth about ourselves that we most dread because it is so easily recognized.—If one must have a confidant let her wait until she can take a journey to the Egyptian sphinx.—One should die about once every twenty or thirty years to free himself from burdensome accumulations.—Humanity has a way of throwing the dust of its lesser defects into the eyes in order to blind one to the enormity of its greater ones.—*Kathrine Grosjean in Judge.*

If there were no charity there could be no religion.—If a dog could think as a man does he might be less faithful.—A mistake is one of the things that should only be made once.—Vanity doesn't leave as age comes on.—*Detroit Free Press.*

*Child Verse*

**DEATH'S LITTLE GIRL**

*Carl Smith.....Ladies' Home Journal*

The little girl who died last night was such  
a pretty child  
You would have thought that Death, instead  
of frowning, would have smiled;  
You would have thought that he would like  
to see her at her play,  
And that content with seeing her he'd hurry  
on his way.

For she was such a little thing, with hair  
like curling gold,  
Just big enough to laugh and play, and  
merely three years old,  
So innocent she tried to catch the sunbeams  
in her hand—  
And why he wanted her himself I cannot  
understand.

There is a little picture-book that grievously  
is torn,  
There is a little shoe I know her little foot  
has worn,  
There is a little Noah's ark, with painted  
beasts and trees—  
If Death desired to please her there, why  
didn't he take these?

The little girl who died last night, what  
can she be to him?  
For Death is pictured black and stern, and  
pitiless and grim;  
And she knew nothing of such things, for  
she was bright and fair,  
And sweet and tender as the smile that  
angel faces wear.

O, will she fear when she awakes to such a  
wondrous change,  
And will she cry, as children do, at things  
she finds so strange?  
And will Death care for her as we have  
cared in other days,  
And will he love as we loved her, in all her  
gentle ways?

And if he will not do these things, oh, tell  
me, tell me why  
He stopped upon his way last night, instead  
of passing by;  
And if he loved her less than we, from  
whom she now is gone,  
Why didn't he just leave her here and  
hurry quickly on?

**THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY**

*Julie M. Lippmann.....St. Nicholas*

Will some wise man who has journeyed  
Over land and over sea  
To the countries where the rainbow  
And the glorious sunsets be,  
Kindly tell a little stranger  
Who has oddly lost her way,  
Where's the road that she must travel  
To return to Yesterday?

For, you see, she's unfamiliar  
With To day, and cannot read  
What its strange, mysterious sign-posts  
Tell of ways and where they lead.

And her heart upbraids her sorely,  
Though she did not mean to stray  
When she fell asleep last evening  
And abandoned Yesterday.

For she left a deal neglected  
That she really should have done;  
And she fears she's lost some favors  
That she fairly might have won.  
So she'd like to turn her backward  
To retrieve them if she may,—  
Will not some one kindly tell her  
Where's the road to yesterday?

**OFF TO DREAMLAND**

*May Phillips Tatro.....Good Housekeeping*

Swing high, swing low,  
Now to Dreamland Baby'll go;  
Softly white lids flutter down,  
Baby's off to Dreamland town.

Swing high,  
Swing low,  
Off to Dreamtown  
Baby'll go.

Swing low, swing high,  
Baby must not stop to cry;  
He must sail and sail away  
Off to Dreamland every day

Swing high,  
Swing fast;  
Baby's journey  
Almost passed.

Swing high, swing slow,  
Baby's head is drooping low;  
Now it rests on mother's breast,  
That is baby's sleepy nest.

Swing high,  
Baby dear,  
Angels watch  
And hover near.

Swing high, swing low,  
Baby's almost there, I know;  
Now, with tiny reaching hand,  
He ope's the gate to Dreamyland.

Swing low,  
To and fro,  
While we wait  
At the gate  
For Baby's trip to Dreamyland.

# THE STORY OF THE KING'S IDEA\*



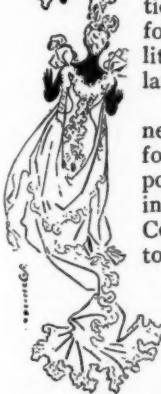
ONE day the Lord Chamberlain rushed into the throne-room of the palace, panting with excitement. The aristocracy there assembled crowded round him with intense interest.

"The King has just got a new Idea!" he gasped, with eyes round with admiration. Such a magnificent Idea——!"

"It is indeed! Marvelous!" said the aristocracy. "By Jove—really the most brilliant Idea we ever——!"



"But you haven't yet heard the Idea," said the Lord Chamberlain. "It is this," and he proceeded to tell them the Idea. They were stricken dumb with reverential admiration; it was some time before they could even coo little murmurs of inarticulate wonder.



"The King has just got a new Idea," cried the Royal footman (who was also reporter to the Press), bursting into the office of the Courtier, the leading aristocratic paper, with earls for compositors, and heirs to baronetcies for devils.

"Has he, indeed?" Splendid!" cried the

editor. "Here, Jones" — (the Duke of Jones, chief leader writer)—"just let me have three columns in praise of the King's Idea. Enlarge upon the



glorious results it will bring about in the direction of national glory, imperial unity, commercial prosperity, individual liberty and morality, domestic——"

"But hadn't I better tell you the Idea?" said the reporter.

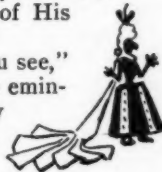


"Well, you might do that perhaps," said the editor.

Then the footman went off to the office of the Immoveable—the leading paper of the Hangback party, and cried, "The King has got a new Idea!"

"Ha!" said the editor. "Mr. Smith, will you kindly do me a column in support of His Majesty's new Idea?"

"Hum! Well, you see," put in Mr. Smith, the eminent journalist. "How about the new contingent of readers you said you were anxious to get—the readers who are not altogether satisfied with the recent attitude of His Majesty?"



"Oh! ah! I quite forgot," said the editor. "Look here, then, just do me an enigmatical and oracular article that can be read either way."

"Right," replied the journalist.

"By the way, I did not tell you the Idea," suggested the footman.

"Oh! that doesn't matter; but there, you can, if you like," said the editor.



After that the footman sold the news of the Idea to an ordinary reporter, who dealt with the Rush-head and the revolutionary papers; and the reporter rushed into the office of the Whirler, the leading Rush-head paper.

\*From the Strand Magazine

"King! . New Idea!" said the editor of the Whirler. "Here, do me five columns of amiable satire upon the King's Idea; keep up the tone of loyalty — tolerant loyalty—of course; and try to keep hold of those readers the Immovable is fishing for, of course."



"Very good," said Brown.

"Shall I tell you the Idea?" asked the reporter.

"Ah, yes; if you want to," replied the editor,

Then the reporter rushed off to the Shouter, the leading revolutionary journal.

"Here! Hi! Cruncher!" shouted the editor;

"King's got a new Idea. Do me a whole number full of scathing satire, bitter recrimination, vague menace, and so on, about the King's Idea. Dwell on the selfishness and class-invidiousness of the Idea—on the resultant injury to the working classes and the poor; show how it is another deliberate blow to the writhing son of toil—you know."



"I know," said Redwrag, the eminent Trafalgar Square journalist.

"Wouldn't you like to hear what the Idea is?" the reporter asked.

"No, I should NOT!" thundered the editor.

"Don't defile my ears with particulars!"

The moment the public heard how the King had got a new Idea they rushed to their newspapers to ascertain what judgment they ought to form upon it; and, as the newspaper writers had carefully thought



out what sort of judgment their public would like to form upon it, the leading articles exactly reflected the views which that public feebly and half-consciously held, but would have feared to express without support; and everything was prejudiced and satisfactory.



Well, on the whole, the public verdict was decidedly in favor of the King's Idea, which enabled the newspapers gradually to work up a fervent enthusiasm in their columns; until at length it had become the finest Idea ever evolved. After a time it was suggested that a day be fixed for public rejoicings in celebration of the King's Idea; and the scheme grew until it was decided in the Lords and Commons that the King should proceed in state to the cathedral on the day of rejoicing, and be crowned as Emperor in honor of the Idea. There was only one little bit of dissent in the Lower House; and that was when Mr. Corderoy, M. P. for the Rattenwell Division of Strikes-ton, moved, as an amendment, that Bill Firebrand, dismissed by his employer for blowing up his factory, should be allowed a civil service pension.

So the important day came, and

everybody took a holiday except the pickpockets and the police; and the King was crowned Emperor in the cathedral, with a grand choral service; and the Laureate wrote a fine



poem calling upon the universe to admire the Idea, and describing the King as the greatest and most virtuous King ever invented. It was a very fine poem, beginning:



Notion that roars and rolls, lapping the stars with its hem;



Bursting the bands of Space, dwarfing eternal Aye.

It became tacitly admitted that the King was the very greatest King in the world; and he was made an honorary fellow of the Society of Wiseacres and D. C. L. of the universities.

But one day it leaked out that the Idea was *not* the King's but the Prime Minister's. It would not have been known but for the prime minister having taken offence at the refusal of the King to appoint a Socialist agitator to the vacant post of Lord Chamberlain. You see, it was this way—the Prime Minister was very anxious to get in his right hand man for the eastern division of Grumbury, N. Now the Revolutionaries were very strong in the eastern division of Grumbury,



and, by winning the favor of the agitator, the votes of the Revolutionaries would be secured. So, when the King refused to appoint the agitator, the Prime Minister, out of nastiness, let out that the Idea had really been his, and it had been he who had suggested it the King. There were great difficulties now; for the honors which had been conferred on the King because of his Idea could not be cancelled; the title of Emperor could not be taken away again nor the great poem unwritten. The latter step, especially, was not to be thought of; for a leading firm of publishers were just about to issue an edition de luxe of the poem with sumptuous illustrations, engraved on diamond, from the pencil of an eminent R. A., who had become a classic and forgotten how to draw. (His name, however, could still draw; so he left the matter to that.)

Well, everybody, except a few newspapers, said nothing about the King's part in the affair; but the warmest eulogies were passed on the Prime Minister by the papers of his

political persuasion, and by the public in general. The Prime Minister was now the most wonderful person in existence; and a great public testimonial was got up for him in the shape of a wreath cut out of a single ruby; the colonies got up a millennial exhibition in his honor, at which the chief exhibits were his cast-off clothes, a lock of his hair, a bad sixpence he had passed, and other relics. He was invited everywhere at once; and it became the fashion for ladies to send him a slice of bread and butter to take a bite out of, and subsequently frame the slice with the piece bitten out, or wear it on state occasions as a



necklace pendant. At length the King felt himself, with many wry faces, compelled to make the Prime Minister a K. C. B., a K. G.,



and other typographical combinations, together with an earl, and subsequently a duke.

So the Prime Minister retired luxuriously to the Upper House and sat in a nice arm-chair, with his feet on another, instead of on a hard bench.

Then it suddenly came out that the Idea

was not the Minister's had been his private

This was another shock to the nation.



Prime  
either, but  
evolved by  
secretary.

It was suggested by one low-class newspaper, conspicuous for bad taste, that the Prime Minister should resign the dukedom and the capital letters and the ruby wreath, seeing he had ob-



tained them on false pretences; but he did not seem to see his way to do these things; on the contrary he very incisively asked what would be the use of a man's becoming Prime Minister if it was only to resign things to which he had no right. Still, he did the handsome thing: he presented an autograph portrait of himself to the Secretary, together with a new £5 note, as a recognition of any inconvenience he might have suffered in consequence of the mistake.



Now, too, there was another little difficulty: the Private Secretary was, to a certain extent, an influential man, but not sufficiently influential for an Idea of his to be so brilliant as one evolved by a King or a Prime Minister. Nevertheless, the Press and the public generously decided that the Idea was a good one, although it had its assailable points; so the Private Secretary was considerably boomed in the dailies and weeklies, and interviewed (with portrait) in the magazines; and he was a made man.

But, after he had got made, it was accidentally divulged that the Idea had never been his at all, but had sprung from the intelligence of his brother, an obscure Government Clerk.

There it was again—the Private Secretary, having been made could not be disintegrated; so he continued to enjoy his good luck with the exception of the £5 note, which the Prime Minister privately requested him to return with interest at 10 per cent.

It was put about at first that the Clerk who originated the Idea was a person of some position; and so the Idea continued to enjoy a certain amount of eulogy and commendation; but when it was subsequently divulged that the Clerk was merely a nobody, and only had a salary of five-and-twenty shilling a week on account of his having no lord for a relation, it was at once seen that the Idea, although ingenious, was really, on being looked into, hardly a practicable one. However, the affair brought the Clerk into notice; so he went on the stage just as the excitement over the affair was at its height, and made quite a success, although he couldn't act a bit.



And then it was proved beyond a doubt that the Clerk had not found the Idea at all, but had got it from a Pauper whom he knew in the Saint Weektee's union workhouse. So the Clerk was called upon in the Press to give up his success on the boards and go back to his twenty-five shilling clerkship; but he refused to do this, and wrote a letter to a newspaper, headed, "Need an actor be able to act?" and, it being the off-season and the subject a likely one, the letter was answered next day by a member of the newspaper's staff temporarily disguised as "A Call-Boy"—and all this gave the clerk another lift.



About the Pauper's Idea there was no difficulty whatever; every newspaper and every member of the public had perceived long ago, on the Idea being originally mooted, that there was really nothing at all in it; and the Chuckler had a very funny article, bursting with new and flowery turns of

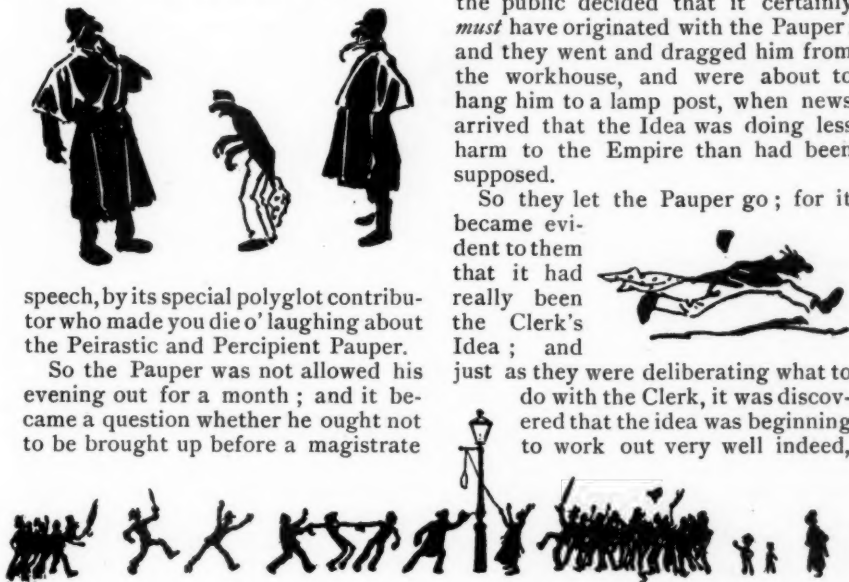
the way in which it might be worked out.

Now, at the outset, owing to tremendous opposition from various quarters, the Idea worked out so badly that it threatened incalculable harm to the commerce and general happiness of the realm; whereupon the public decided that it certainly *must* have originated with the Pauper; and they went and dragged him from the workhouse, and were about to hang him to a lamp post, when news arrived that the Idea was doing less harm to the Empire than had been supposed.

So they let the Pauper go; for it became evident to them that it had really been the Clerk's Idea; and just as they were deliberating what to do with the Clerk, it was discovered that the idea was beginning to work out very well indeed,

speech, by its special polyglot contributor who made you die o' laughing about the Peirastic and Percipient Pauper.

So the Pauper was not allowed his evening out for a month; and it became a question whether he ought not to be brought up before a magistrate



and charged with something or other; but the matter was magnanimously permitted to drop.

By this time the public had had a little too much of it, as they were nearly reduced to beggary by the contributions they had given to one idea-origimator after another; and they certainly would have lynched any new aspirant to the Idea, had one (sufficiently uninfluential) turned up.

And, meanwhile, the Idea had been quietly taken up and set going by a select company of patriotic personages who were in a position to set the ball rolling; and the Idea grew, and developed and developed, until it had attained considerable proportions and could be seen to be full of vast potentialities either for the welfare or the injury of the Empire, according to

and was decidedly increasing the prosperity of the realm.

Thereupon the public decided that it must have been the Private Secretary's Idea, after all; and were just setting out in a deputation to thank the Private Secretary, when fresh reports arrived showing that the Idea was a very great national boon; and then the public felt that it *must* have originated with the Prime Minister,

in spite of all that had been said to the contrary.



But in the course of a few months, everybody in the land became aware that the tide of national prosperity and happiness

was indeed advancing in the most glorious way, and all owing to the Great Idea; and *now* they perceived as one man that it had been the King's own Idea, and no doubt about the matter. So they made another day of rejoicing, and presented the King

with a diamond throne and a new crown with "A 1" in large letters upon it. And that King was ever after known as the very greatest King that ever reigned.

But it was the Pauper's Idea after all.



#### IN ALTRURIA

*William Dean Howells..... The Cosmopolitan*

"But come now," said the banker, while he laid a caressing touch on the Altrurian's shoulder, "you don't mean to say honestly that everybody works with his hands in Altruria?"

"Yes, certainly. We are mindful, as a whole people, of the divine law, 'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.'"

"But the capitalists? I'm anxious about Number One, you see."

"We have none."

"I forgot, of course. But the lawyers, the doctors, the parsons, the novelists?"

"They all do their share of work."

The lawyer said: "That seems to dispose of the question of the workingman in society. But how about your minds? When do you cultivate your minds? When do the ladies of Altruria cultivate their minds, if they have to do their own work, as I suppose they do? Or is it only the men who work if they are the husbands and fathers of the upper classes?"

The Altrurian smiled and said:

"You musn't imagine that work in Altruria is the same as it is here. As we all work, the amount that each one need do is very little, a few hours each day at the most, so that every man and woman has abundant leisure

and perfect spirits for the higher pleasures which the education of their whole youth has fitted them to enjoy. If you can understand a state of things where the sciences and arts and letters are cultivated for their own sake, and not as a means of livelihood"—

"No," said the lawyer, smiling, "I'm afraid we can't conceive of that. We consider the pinch of poverty the highest incentive that a man can have. If our gifted friend here," he said, indicating me, "were not kept like a toad under the harrow, with his nose on the grindstone, and the poorhouse staring him in the face"—

"For heaven's sake," I cried out, "don't mix your metaphors so, anyway!"

"If it were not for that and all the other hardships that literary men undergo—

"Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail"—his novels probably wouldn't be worth reading."

"Ah!" said the Altrurian, as if he did not quite follow this joking—and to tell the truth, I never find the personal thing in very good taste. "You will understand, then, how extremely difficult it is for me to imagine a condition of things like yours—although I have it under my very eyes—where the money consideration is the first consideration."

## A WHITE SLAVE IN THE HANDS OF MOORS\*

The following chapter will prove unpleasant reading to the misguided gentlemen who monthly meet in London to devise ways and means of preventing the aboriginal races from being swept off the face of the earth. It will also give a very clear idea of the treatment which the Spanish sailors captured off Cape Juby in September of this year, may possibly receive at the hands of their pirate captors. I think also that it will go far to upset the arguments of those who claim that the Moor is not nearly so black as he is painted. The unfortunate hero of my story was undoubtedly a fugitive from justice; but the Riff mountaineers, into whose hands he fell, knew absolutely nothing of his antecedents, and would have undoubtedly treated in the same way Mr. Gladstone or any other distinguished Englishman who might have the misfortune to meet with shipwreck on that dangerous coast. His treatment may, therefore, be considered as not exceptional but typical. During the early part of our stay in Fez I noticed on several occasions a very ragged, dejected looking man crouching in a corner of the narrow street by the principal fondak of the town whenever we rode past it. Once, as we rode by, he ran out and kissed the feet of a member of our party, muttering something to him which we failed to catch. My servant said that the poor fellow spoke Spanish; but this we did not consider as at all out of the way, as a very great number of the Moors can speak a few words of that language. We passed him several times again, and I noticed that he always scanned our features earnestly, and listened attentively to what we said. Then, as he caught our English speech, he would turn his head away wearily, reassuming his listless attitude. He seemed very weak and

feeble, and as one worn out by fatigue and fever. I was struck by the pallor of his complexion, his blue eyes and yellow hair—not but that I had seen many Fazzi quite as blonde as he was; indeed the darker Moors of the South call the natives of Fes Zaari, or “Fair ones,” in contempt of their pallid complexion—but there was something distinctly European about the man’s countenance, though he was clothed in fetid Moorish rags.

A week later we saw him again lying in his usual position by the fondak, with the weary, hunted look upon his face that we had already noticed. On catching sight of us, with sudden, unexpected energy he sprang up and began to follow us. We slowed down our pace so that he might catch up, and he quickly made a sign to us to go and he would follow. When we arrived at our garden he slipped into the gate, after looking well about him to see that he was unobserved. Once safe within our walls, he threw himself sobbing on the ground, and burst out into a paroxysm of hysterical tears, from which he did not recover for several hours. I shall not dwell on the horrid, nauseating details of this poor wretch’s story. I would rather not have heard it at all, for it gave me a lower opinion of the human race than I had ever had before.

Our strange visitor was a young Spaniard from Almeria. He was about twenty-four years of age, and his face and manner, as he sat before us and told his tale, were singularly straightforward and frank. Four years ago he had been sent by his father, a well-to-do merchant of Almeria, with money to pay off the laborers in a vineyard he owned on the vine-clad hills outside of that city. He paid the men off, and, as was the custom, sat down and drank wine with

\* Mr. Stephen Bonsal, Jr., an enterprising young American journalist, contributes a useful volume to current literature in “Morocco As It Is” (Harpers), from which we reproduce the above striking episode.



the laborers. After spending a half hour with his men in this way, the young Spaniard called for his horse to ride back into the city; but the men refused to let him go, remarking in drunken jest that he was their prisoner. As he insisted upon leaving the roysterers—half in play, half in earnest—one of their number caught hold of him to detain him. Seeing his master thus attacked, a shepherd's dog that was the young Spaniard's inseparable companion, sprang up at his master's assailant, and in a moment with his sharp teeth had inflicted a mortal wound, by severing the jugular vein. The man sank down on the ground covered with blood, and almost immediately one of the laborer's companions shot and killed the dog. The young Spaniard, seeing his favorite animal dying before his eyes, in a moment of passion drew his revolver and shot his slayer.

The young Spaniard, whom I will call Pèpè, was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment with hard labor, and sent to the penal settlement of Mellila, on the Moorish coast, to serve his sentence. After ten months of this terrible place, the young Spaniard determined to make an attempt to escape, not so much in the hope that he would succeed, but rather trusting to be killed by one of the guards in the attempt. While working with his gang stone-breaking, out on the narrow neck of land which connects the peninsula of Mellila with the Moorish coast, watching his opportunity, he hid himself away in some swampy underbrush that grew in patches down by the sea. When night came he succeeded in swimming over the narrow strip of water from the penal fortress to the main land. That night and all the next day he wandered about in the Riff mountains, and on the following evening he was discovered by the Riff mountaineers. They carried him to their village, and held a council as to what they should do with him. The result of their deliberations was

made to him on the following morning—provided he became a Moham-medan, they promised to give him food and receive him in the village as a man and a brother. If he would not, they stated they would torture him to death. The unfortunate Spaniard chose to become a Moor. Under pretence of an initiatory ceremony, the unsuspecting victim was securely bound and placed on a board contrived for the purpose they had in view. They then stabbed and mutilated him in the most horrible manner, using their knives slowly, with cruelty calculated to heighten his agony. An attack of brain fever followed this terrible shock to his system; and when Pèpè gradually recovered he was made the drudge of the village by day and a butt for the mockery of the Riff boys in the evening; but as he never recovered his strength sufficiently to compete as a beast of burden with the other animals which the Riffs possessed, they were glad one day to trade him off to a travelling merchant who, in return, left behind him in the village a donkey that had broken down.

Pèpè carried this merchant's pack all the way across Morocco to Talfilet, from there to Tarudant, and north again to Mogador and Casa Blanca, where in full view of the consulates of all the Great Powers, he was sold publicly to another owner. The price paid was thirty Spanish dollars, a considerable rise in value from the day, a year before, when he was traded off for a lame donkey.

With his new owner Pèpè marched all across Morocco, from Casa Blanca to Figuig on the Algerian frontier. Here, for a moment, he succeeded in making his escape from his watchful master, and in making his way to the camp of the French garrison which now holds this frontier town; but the commander did not understand Spanish, and as Pèpè's master came up and tried to drag him away, he did not care to enter into what he considered a dis-

pute merely between master and man. On his return journey his second master died at Oudjda, and the young Spaniard begged his way on to Fez, where he had arrived only a few days before attracting our attention. During these wanderings over the length and breadth of the country he had been compelled to submit to every indignity, to every insult which the Moor, his master, could devise. When the Moorish muleteers had finished their meal, and the dogs theirs, the scraps that remained were thrown to him. Only once during these years did he get a change of garment, which happened in this way, near Nafilet: He found a fairly good jelab lying in the road, which he immediately put on, wondering who the extravagant owner might be who had thrown away a garment but half used. At the next camping ground he learned that the man to whom the garment belonged had died of small-pox, and that his companions, with singular prudence and caution for Moors, had thrown his clothes away; but *Pèpè* clung to his new-found Jelab, preferring the danger of contagion to the ragged nakedness that had been his lot.

We kept the poor fellow in our garden for over a week, debating what we should do with him. He refused absolutely to communicate with his family in Almeria. He said that he preferred that they should consider him dead rather than that they should learn of the suffering that he had undergone. He would also on no account allow us to appeal to the Spanish legation at Tangier. He had an idea that the officials there would feel compelled to hand him over to the authorities and send him back to serve out his sentence. It was quite impossible to disabuse him of this idea. Finally our new protégé was becoming rather an embarrassment, when Mr. Ansaldo, a British subject of Tangier, took the poor fellow under his protection, and it is entirely due to this

kind-hearted gentleman that the young Spaniard is now safe, and out of the reach both of the inhuman Riffs and the Spanish authorities. As illustrating the effect such prolonged suffering and degrading experience had upon a high-spirited young man, I reproduce the last words we had with him before sending him away out of Fez under a safe escort. He came to our tent with tears of gratitude in his eyes, and profuse and really touching words of thanks upon his lips for the little kindness we had been able to show him.

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W. C., in the kindness of his heart, made him a present of a valuable hunting-knife, which he accepted with childish delight; but half an hour later he appeared at our tent-door, and his face again wore the hopeless, hunted expression which we had seen there so often before. "I cannot accept your knife, señor," he said to W. C. "I am afraid to take it. Hitherto the Moors have beaten me and treated me with the greatest cruelty, but they never killed me, because it was not worth their while; but he must not be vexed with me for not taking it. I dare not accept so valuable a present." It was in vain that we assured him that now he was completely safe, that no harm could possibly come to him, that we would answer for his life. His only reply was, "You are very kind, señor, but the Christian is never safe in El Maghreb."

This, reader, is not a tale culled from "*Hakluyt's Voyages*," or a page from the story of some Jesuit sent out into the wilds of the earth by the Propaganda, but it is the plain, unvarnished tale of the treatment of one whom the Riffs considered a shipwrecked mariner on their coast, along which hundreds and hundreds of vessels annually ply, which is not distant one thousand miles from London town, and it took place in this year of our Lord, 1892.

## THE HERMIT

*Old Favorites*.....*By Beattie*

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;  
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;  
'Twas thus by the cave of the mountain afar,  
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began:  
No more with himself or with nature at war,  
He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.  
"Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe;  
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?  
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
And sorrow no longer thy bosom intrall.  
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay;  
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn.  
O soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away;  
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.  
Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,  
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays,  
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high  
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
The path that conducts thee to splendor again:  
But man's faded glory what change shall renew!  
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!  
'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:  
I mourn; but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you,  
For morn is approaching your charms to restore,  
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring dew.  
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn:  
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:  
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!  
O when shall day dawn on the night of the grave!  
'Twas thus by the glare of false science betray'd,  
That leads, to bewilder, and dazzles, to blind;  
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,  
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.  
O pity, great Father of light, then I cried,  
Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee.  
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;  
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.  
And darkness and doubt are now flying away;  
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:  
So breaks on the traveler, faint and astray,  
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
See truth, love and mercy, in triumph descending.  
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!  
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,  
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

## AN ENGLISH APRIL

Charlotte M. Yonge's name is so suggestive of youth and buoyancy, that there is an incongruity in finding the latest product of her pen entitled, "An Old Woman's Outlook in a Hampshire Village" (Macmillan), but the twelve chapters named after the months are full of bright and pleasant touches, of reminiscence and observation, of comment and criticism, as these passages testify:—

Pant, pant! Cough, cough! That noise tells of ploughing. There is an engine at each end of the adjoining field, and a little plough traveling up and down between them in the furrow, apparently on its own accord. Happily there are some farms still left which afford the pleasant sight of the sleek horses plodding before their ploughs, all the better if there be a dappled gray to show out on the rich brown earth of the sloping field. But the measured thump, thump of the flail on the barn floor, which warmed the laborer on winter days, and kept up his pay, that is a sound which the younger generation have never heard; nor have they seen the curious winnowing machine, with its four fans of canvas which used to revolve in the barns. The threshing machine, with its engine and lengthy apparatus, makes its rounds among the farms, and its whirr is the familiar sound. The hostility to it as the enemy of the poor man's labor which greeted it sixty years since, is an absolute matter of history. —

Machines have destroyed much of the picturesqueness of farming, but in many respects they have improved the condition of the laborer, and especially of his wife. Yet perhaps the intelligence—not in books, but in common things—of the villager has not advanced so much as might have been expected.

Every one used to stay and do home work. Now the enterprising ones go

away, leaving their less adventurous brother to follow the plough, so that the shrewd and thoughtful men who were devoted to the home agriculture, their master's right hand, and full of racy sayings, have become few and far between.

Still, there is more cultivation, and it is to be hoped therewith more observation. The old-fashioned country lad was the most unknowing creature in the world as to the things around him. In the old days of trying to open peasant children's minds, I have heard of a blank book placed at a school, where the children were to record any observation of natural objects. One adventurous scholar set down:—

"Saw the sun drawing water,"  
John Smith.

Then followed:—

"Saw the sun drawing water,"  
Mary Jones; and so on, to the bottom of the page, without a single deviation in these experiences.

"Have you heard the nightingale yet?" asked the clergyman of a boy here some forty years ago.

"Please, sir, I don't know how he hollers," was the answer. I have also heard that "the birds hollered so that one could not sleep."

They—the nightingales—are just come, the cocks singing to pass the time till the ladies arrive. Slender creatures they are, with whitish breasts, and ruddy backs as they open their wings. One year we had a nest close to the house, and the nightingale sang incessantly, from nine in the morning till about eight at night, and again from ten at night till eight in the morning. Then he used to come out on the lawn for his breakfast, and a John Bull of a robin as regularly used to charge the poor foreign minstrel, and, though smaller, drive him to a bush, where he sang a few notes, then tried again to get his worms. Some nightingales have much better notes than others. Bishop

Samuel Wilberforce, a great bird lover, used to interpret their songs into "My heart is broke, broke, broke! I'm awfully jolly! I'm awfully jolly, jolly!"—but this hardly accounts for the curious gurgling sound.

The cuckoo's curious mechanical-sounding note has likewise begun, and that of the wryneck, or cuckoo's mate, so very hard to see, as it always keeps on the side of the tree opposite to the spectator, or rather non-spectator.

#### WHY GROW OLD?

*N. E. Yorke-Davies.....Gentleman's Magazine*

The evils that arise from errors in diet are properly remedied by diet. An excess of fat invariably depends upon the individual indulging to too great an extent in sweets and farinaceous food, and in not taking sufficient exercise to work it off. The surplus in such a case becomes stored in the system as fat, and can easily, as previously pointed out, be got rid of by a properly-constructed dietary. This may be very liberal indeed, but all fat-forming ingredients must be carefully cut off. I have known twenty-five pounds of fat lost in a month by dietetic means alone, with vast improvement in the general health and condition. Indeed, a loss of surplus fat always means a great improvement in condition as well as in activity and vigor. Different constitutions have peculiarities in regard to the way in which they assimilate food, and the old adage that what is one man's meat is another's poison is a very true one. There is no ailment more common in middle life and in old age than indigestion. This, of course, depends upon improper food taken too frequently and in undue quantity. As a rule, the victim of indigestion flies to medicines for relief, or to one of the thousand-and-one quack remedies that are advertised to cure everything. How much more rational would it not be to alter the diet, and to give the stomach the food for which it is craving! If the

stomach could talk, I can imagine it, after pills, and gin and bitters, and quack remedies of every description have been poured into it, begging to be relieved of such horrors, and saying, "Give me a little rest, and a cup of beef-tea and a biscuit, and go and take a little fresh air and exercise yourself." Instead of this, the miserable organ has to be dosed with all sorts of horrible concoctions in the way of drugs, brandies and sodas, and champagne, to endeavor to stimulate it into action. There is no doubt that the stomach that requires stimulants and potions to enable it to act efficiently, can hardly be said to be in a healthy state, or can long continue to do its work properly.

#### TALK'S CHEAP

*Chicago News-Record*

There's lots o' quaint ol' sayin's  
I've noticed in my day—  
Big truths and solid principles  
Told in the shortest way.  
My father ust to have one,  
An' this is how it ran:  
"Talk's cheap, my boy," he ust to say,  
"But money buys the lan'."

I own the sayin's homely,  
Undignified and rough;  
But then, it tells just what you mean,  
An' tells it brief enough,  
An' when you git to thinkin'  
How short is life's thin span,  
It's well to min' "that talk is cheap,  
But money buys the lan'."

'Twon't do to boast an' bluster  
An' brag an' try to bluff;  
An' don't you get to thinkin'  
This world "ain't up to snuff."  
It is; an' while you're blowin'  
Your own bazoo, my man,  
There's some one sneerin', "Talk is cheap,  
But money buys the lan'."

From certain facts it might be concluded that volcanic action is steadily curtailing the land surface of the globe. But this conclusion is far from a certainty. In a single eruption of Cotopaxi, witnessed by Mr. Edward Whympy in 1880, "at least two millions of tons" of dust were ejected and scattered over an area of many hundreds of square miles.



## UNMASKING HYPNOTISM\*

Now Madame Vix furnishes *seances* for a fixed consideration. On page 28 of his book on the profound stages of hypnosis, Colonel de Rochas refers to her as being a subject, "well-known in Paris," "very distinctly polarized," and "who passes with extreme regularity" through all the phases described at length in his first chapter, and, besides, "through some phases of an indeterminate character up to the point of syncope." She presented indeed, "when the left hand was placed on her head instead of the right, general paralysis so closely resembling death in appearance," that he did not dare to continue his experiments. She did the wax-image business, the state of sympathy by contact, and the rest, with such perfection before me under the manipulations of Colonel de Rochas at the Charité and at the Polytechnique School, that I asked her to favor me with some professional sittings, which she readily consented to do. She had an extensive *repertoire*, and on three separate occasions she went through her performances with great precision and completeness in the presence of a variety of witnesses, some of whose names I have already cited. I determined, however, to do everything *en faux*.

On the first occasion I solemnly went through all the series of passes and the strokings and head pressure with the right hand, which Colonel de Rochas considers so essential, and we had all the correct successive stages of crudelity (or *credulité*), of lethargy, catalepsy, again, lethargy, somnambulism, lethargy, and *rapport*, and I then tested the statements of Colonel de Rochas. In the first place I found that in all the phases of the stage of *rapport* the subject perceived other objects and other persons quite as well as the individual,

my humble self, who was supposed to be "the magnetizer." When anyone pretended to be in contact with me, it had the same effect upon her as if he were really in contact, and it was evident that she guessed at what we were doing. Visions were as easily produced by pressure with the left hand as with the right, and, as to the seeing of colored odic flames from the magnet, she saw them "six yards long;" but, in fact, when proper tests were applied, she was found to be absolutely incapable of distinguishing a true magnet from a false one. She never knew whether the current was on or off my electro-magnet; and her whole performance in this respect, although she was not made aware of it, was so manifest and ludicrous an imposture that the bystanders had great difficulty in retaining their gravity. I tested now the phenomena to which the sham scientific term of "externalization of sensation," "communication by contact," and "transference across space," are pretentiously applied. Behind a little pile of books on the writing table I concealed a tumbler containing some water. In duly solemn fashion I poured out from a carafe a little water into a similar glass and placed it in her hands. I then quickly substituted, without her perceiving it, the hidden glass of water, which she had neither seen nor touched. We had then a full-dress rehearsal of all the performances which I had previously witnessed. She showed the same "obvious" marks of pleasure or of pain when the water was caressed or pinched as were witnessed by the Times correspondent or the Pall Mall Gazette reporter.

When one of the spectators was placed in imaginary contact with me she became equally sensible of his actions; she writhed, she smiled,

\* Ernest Hart in *The Nineteenth Century*.

she was tickled, she was hurt, she was pleased, and she was "exhausted" in the orthodox manner. I now introduced the "wax figure." Sceptic as I was, but willing to be convinced, I had purchased two rather pretty little sailor dolls, twin brothers of the navy, at a neighboring toy shop. One of these she held until it was sufficiently "charged with her sensitiveness" by contact. I then rapidly substituted the twin doll from my pocket, and put away the sensitivised doll for future service. To make the performance quite regular, I cut off a minute lock of her hair and pretended to affix it to the doll. To this proceeding, which I had seen Colonel de Rochas gravely go through, she rather objected in her profound sleep, much to our quiet amusement. "C'est trop, c'est trop," she murmured, apparently thinking that I was taking too much hair for the money. I need not say that I did not affix it to the head of the doll, although I went through the motions of doing so. I have now, and shall preserve, the two little doll "witnesses" and the valuable tress of hair as *momentos* of this interesting performance. It may take its place by the side of the famous tress cut from the locks of the spirit form of Katie King.

We then produced, with the aid of the untouched doll, just unrolled from the tissue paper of the toy shop, all the phenomena of the *envoûtement* of the sorcerers, of which so much has been heard lately and which have figured so largely in the pages of the great newspapers of England and France. She felt acutely when its imaginary lock was touched and pulled, whether by myself or by Dr. Sajous, by M. Crémère, or by anyone else in the room. She greatly resented its being pricked; she felt all sorts of indescribable and generalized heats and pains when the doll was touched in places of which she could not well make out the locality owing to our backs being turned to her, and she

was duly suffocated when we pretended to sit down on the doll. I am ashamed to say that the real doll was lying there all the time, cruelly stabbed by me to the heart with a stout pin, of which she was unconscious. Its maltreatment, which ought theoretically to have been fatal to her, produced no visible effect. These performances she went through three times.

On the third occasion Colonel de Rochas was himself present, and assisted to put her into a complete state of hypnosis, for by this time I had become a little indifferent to the stages of preliminary mummary, and, as there were three subjects on hand at the final sitting, I rather abbreviated the proceeding. Colonel de Rochas was a little astonished when I produced my toy shop doll, clothed in woollen trousers and jacket, for demonstrating the *envoûtement*; but he explained that he was not so surprised as he should have been at an earlier date, for he had only that week observed that in a classic author, where these magical proceedings were described, it was noted that woollen stuff was a very good conductor; and he quoted a passage from a Latin author—of which I am sorry that I do not retain the exact recollection—in evidence of the fact that the woollen dress might prove an effective medium; otherwise, he observed, he should have been doubtful of securing good results, as the doll was of composition and not of wax. It did prove a very good conductor. In the course of the experiment, however, he sceptically tweaked the nose of the little composition doll face (of the doll which had not been "sensitivised"), and we had all of us the satisfaction of observing that the material had made no difference to Madame Vix, and that the result was as perfectly satisfactory as if it had been made of real wax, for she immediately exclaimed that somebody was pulling her nose, and resented it accordingly.

At the close of this final *séance*, at which I had invited the presence of Colonel de Rochas, I explained to him the extent of the imposture, and showed him the false glass of water and the twin doll, the sham magnet, and the method which we had pursued in working the electro-magnet under a system of contradictory directions. I may venture to repeat that Colonel de Rochas acted in this, as throughout, as a gentleman of the most perfect good faith. He was duly and adequately impressed with this new order of facts. It is of course impossible to say what may be the conclusions at which he will ultimately arrive, but I understood him to incline to the vague belief that "it was all suggestion."

## IN 1993

*Julian Hawthorne.....The Cosmopolitan*

The main difference between life now (1993), and as it was in your day (1893), is that ours is comparatively an interior, and therefore a more real and absorbing life. For the first time in history we have a real human society. You had the imitation—the symbol—but not the true thing itself. You will admit that in a perfectly free state man will inevitably select that environment and those companions with which he feels himself most in sympathy—where he finds himself most at home. Now, the power of flight, combined with the modification of the old political conditions that I have mentioned, gave to man this ability to live where and with whom he would. The perfect result could not be attained at once, as it might be in a purely spiritual state; but the tendency was present and the issue was only a question of time. By degrees, the individuals throughout the world who by mind and temperament were suited to one another, found one another out, and chose habitations where they might be readily accessible to one another. Thus, each family lives in the midst of a circle of families comprising

those who are most nearly of one with it in sentiment and quality, and the intercourse of this group is mainly confined to itself. There is between them perfect and intimate friendship confidence, and you will easily understand that they must realize the true ideal of society.

## PAP VISITS THE FAIR

*Chicago Herald*

An old man with a shock of flaming red hair tramped up the stairs of the administration building last Wednesday and asked to see Major Handy. He was escorted into the room where the famous promoter sat twisting uneasily in his chair.

"Major Handy?"

"Yes, sir."

"I came up here from Nakomis, down the state, to see ye about a leetle scheme of mine and pap's."

"Well, what is it?"

"Ter make mince pies and sell 'em in the fair grounds."

"What! Mince pies in the summer time?"

"'Zactly. Why not?"

"They won't take; that's why."

"Yes, but pap and me has got a scheme to make em cooling and soothing, and ef yer'll give us a chance and b'gosh, Major Handy—we don't want this for nuthing—we can make the thing a go, sure'n preaching."

"What do you want to pay for a privilege?"

"To sell pap's and my mince pies?"

"Yes."

"Reckon we could pay right handsome — say \$100.00 for the whole fair."

Major Handy rolled out of his chair. A guard came in and escorted the man from Nakomis to the door. As he left the room he said:

"Major, them pies is as good as you ever pushed inter yer face, and if pap is willing we'll make that bid \$200, and keep the crumbs off yer grass."

## ODD INDUSTRIES\*

Not long since I discovered a man in New York who makes a specialty of matching lost buttons. His shop, a dingy little low-ceilinged room, was surrounded by shelves on which were piled boxes of buttons of all sorts and conditions. While I was there a girl came and asked him if he had any like those on her jacket. He took down several specimens, and presently found one which he sewed on. She paid him ten cents. That is the usual price, though rare buttons sometimes come higher. At regular intervals he goes around collecting buttons among tailors and dress-makers, who save them for him and sell them very cheap. He has a set of regular customers, and they rarely go away without finding exactly what they want.

A rather curious little industry which flourishes on the river front is the sale of second-hand canaries. The birds are purchased after they have lost their voices or contracted some disease, and are dyed until their outward appearance is attractive, but out of a dozen there is not one that is capable of uttering a single note. They are sold at a considerable profit, usually to verdant gentlemen from the suburban districts, or to Italian women, who convert them into fortune-telling "Indian birds" and exhibit them on the street corners of Gotham.

During a ramble in the Italian quarter of New York I once came across a curious concern which does a thriving business. It is an organ-hospital, where hand-organs are doctored and "brought up to date." It was a barn-like room, filled with rows of barrel and piano organs, old and new. "Comrades" was being hammered with steel tacks into one, while "Maggie Murphy's Home" was being impressed in the same fashion upon another. Another of the curious in-

stitutions of Gotham is the "pet hotel," where families going out of town can lodge their dogs, cats or birds. The charge for caring for these domestic pets averages anywhere from fifty cents to two dollars a week.

The echo-destroyer is a specialist who is in demand for halls and churches whose acoustic properties are faulty. He remedies the fault by a scientific stringing of wires. Time was when the professional ghost-hunter was accounted an important personage. This profession has recently been revived, and at least one gentleman finds it sufficiently profitable to pay for the printing of circulars which he has addressed to "landlords, house-agents, and those whom it may concern," in which he states that he "will be pleased to investigate and report upon any reputed haunted house, ascertaining the cause of, and putting a stop to, all seemingly unaccountable shrieks, cries, groans, and spirit-rappings, at the shortest notice." The following advertisement, which I recently cut from a New York daily, suggests another decidedly odd calling: "Unruly and wayward boys disciplined at parents' residence." There is a Chinaman in San Francisco named Moy Hoe, who is employed to seek out and gather together the bones of his deceased countrymen for shipment back to China. In following this curious occupation he travels incessantly from one end of the United States to the other. To parade Broadway in the garb of an Indian with a view to advertising dumb-bells is another curious mode of keeping the wolf from the door. But probably the queerest living advertisement of all is the "Lone Fisherman," who sits on a Fourteenth street roof from morning until night catching imaginary fish in invisible water.

\*Charles Robinson in Lippincott's.

## PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF EMERSON\*

In his latter days Emerson was troubled with aphasia, which manifested itself in a strikingly characteristic way. His insight was so keen that he never could abide mere names. Most of us, when we are ill, find something to comfort us when the doctors give names to our sicknesses. Not so with Emerson. He penetrated beyond names, and dealt only with realities. Accordingly, when this infirmity of memory came upon him, he forgot the names of the most familiar things, but he could describe them so that one instantly knew what he meant. Once he was telling me about a friend of his in Concord, who, he said, was employed in—here he hesitated—in one of those places where you get money. "A bank?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "in the bank." Speaking of another friend, he said, in like manner, that he was "interested in those things that go to and fro." "Railroads?" I asked. "Ah, yes, railroads," was his answer. This decay of memory grew upon him so rapidly that to his nearest and dearest there was somewhat of reconciliation to his leaving them when he did. Had his life been prolonged, the time might have come when he would not have known his own kindred. Had that ever been the case, I am inclined to think that Samuel Bradford and I, associated as we were with his very earliest childhood, would have been the last that he would have failed to recognize.

Upon his first visit to England, where he lectured, Emerson was the guest of Carlyle. When the visit was over, friends there were curious to know how Carlyle and he got on together. The late Dr. William B. Carpenter, who visited this country some years ago, was one of these friends, and told me that Carlyle spoke of

Emerson in terms so offensively disparaging that I will not repeat them, and for which, considering what Carlyle owed to Emerson, if for nothing else, I have never been able to forgive him. Carlyle, in his last days, spared no one. His bad humor had found an excuse in his dyspepsia, which is putting the cart before the horse. It was his bad humor that upset his digestion. I am infinitely indebted to Carlyle's writings. Sartor Resartus, and especially those fine articles of his in the *Edinburgh Review*, did much to determine my way of thinking. But was he faithful to his own convictions? "Strength is shown, not in spasms, but in stout bearing of burthens," is one of his sayings. One burthen (a heavier could hardly have been laid on him) he did bear nobly,—the destruction of the manuscript of the first volume of his *History of the French Revolution*. But while magnifying silence, he kept talking on. Emerson, who had a boundless admiration for him,—I think it is apparent in their published correspondence,—said that Carlyle's latter-day jeremiads could well have been spared. A long time ago Emerson sent me for perusal a budget of Carlyle's letters, in one of which he said, "I hear but one voice in all the world, and that comes to me from Concord." The melancholy time came when the only voice Carlyle heard was his own. He had not Emerson's insight. He saw God in the past. He was stone-blind to God in the present.

Carlyle was at the first more widely known in this country than in his own, owing to Emerson, who had Carlyle's articles in the *Reviews* published in this country. A few of us busied ourselves in procuring subscribers to the work, and succeeded so well that

\* W. H. Furness in *The Atlantic*



Emerson was able to send five hundred pounds to Carlyle, which enabled him to keep a horse. This alone should have secured his lasting gratitude to his American friend. When Emerson's Essays were published in England, Carlyle wrote a preface to the book, the terms of which struck me at the time as lacking a generous, open-hearted appreciation of Emerson.

I doubt whether Emerson was ever better paid for his lectures than in Philadelphia. When I handed him a check for twelve hundred dollars for his six lectures, "What a swindle!" was his exclamation. In one of his lectures in this city a laughable circumstance occurred. He told the story of the Englishman and the Frenchman (when the story is told in France, it is said, the nationalities are reversed) who agreed to fight a duel in a room with all the lights put out. The Englishman fired up the chimney and brought down the Frenchman. After an interval, when the laughter had subsided, an old gentleman, whom the joke had just reached, burst into a roar, which again brought down the house.

Emerson's habit was, so I have heard, to jot down on scraps of paper the thoughts that came to him, and stow them away in pigeon-holes. When he was in want of a lecture, he culled it from these notes. But he had great trouble in finding titles for the essays, lectures, poems, that he wrote. Nearly fifty years ago I edited an annual, *The Diadem*, so entitled. Annuals, *éditions de luxe*, were all the fashion then. The Diadem was a quarto, illustrated by mezzotint engravings by Mr. Sartau. For the letterpress I put my friends under contribution. Some of Emerson's poems first appeared in my annual. The manuscript of one which he sent me was entitled *Loss and Gain*, and then, in pencil, "*or any other title*,"—an unconscious imitation of Shakespeare, who did something of like sort when, possibly, embarrassed as to titles of

his plays; for example, *Twelfth Night* or *What You Will, As You Like It*. Emerson's poem itself is a perfect unity. The one idea of it is that virtue, the true, the good, must be worshipped for itself alone; really, substantially, one—not theologically, but æsthetically—with the saying of the venerable Dr. Samuel Hopkins that no man can be saved who is not willing to be damned for the glory of God. A great truth strongly stated. There must be no alloy of self-regard in the worship of the perfect in religion or in art. Emerson appeared greatly amused, chuckling to himself, when I once asked him if he had not enough scraps to *weld* into a lecture. I had used the right word.

There are more things than one that Emerson has written that I do not comprehend. I do not know what he means when he says, "the soul knows not persons." I am inclined to think the soul knows nothing else. I cannot reconcile this saying with his affirmation that "the principle of veneration never dies." But I must submit to Coleridge's rule,—"*When you cannot understand a man's ignorance, account yourself ignorant of his understanding.*" Emerson was not bound to be consistent. "Consistency," he says,—"*it is a fool's word. Say what you think to-day in words like cannon-balls, even though it contradicts what you said yesterday.*" He declared "*Jesus to be the only soul in all history who has appreciated the worth of a man.*" Again he speaks of him as "*the one man who was true to what is in you and in me.*" He saw that God incarnates himself in man. He said, in his jubilee of sublime emotion, I am divine. Through me God acts; through me, speaks. Would you see God, see me." How one delights to quote Emerson!

The prime minister of the king of Greece reads Emerson every morning. Had I known what Emerson was to become, I should have been his Boswell.

## FROM THE WRITER'S POINT OF VIEW\*

If the writers of fiction ever came together in "class-meeting" to compare experiences, I am quite sure they would agree upon certain of the delusions which exist in the mind of the reader and which he is fond of stating to the writer. One of the most common of these is the supposition that the writer spends the time ostensibly given to social intercourse in making professional, and surreptitious, studies of the people whom he meets, and consequently the innocent and the unwary perpetually run the risk of being "put into a book." That it is the commonplace and uninteresting people—in an artistic point of view—who cherish this dread is a fact which proves how true it is that each one of us makes the axis upon which the world revolves. I remember one lady who was in the habit of announcing to the literary friends of her husband that if any one "put her into a book" she would put him in his coffin. As the temptation to make her into literary material would not have been strong under any circumstances, the penalty was out of proportion, although her husband and she might have served for mild sketches of Socrates and his already well-written-up wife. It is true that a combination of character and circumstance may lead a writer to study so closely that the original can be traced—as Paul Emmanuel in "Villette," and some of the people in Dickens's books—but writers who are skilful in the delineation of character and the invention of plot rarely use the photographic process, and the original of a striking portrait is never likely to know he has been "used," the gift of seeing other people as they see themselves having been denied to the observer. I think that almost every writer will agree that when the reader attempts to identify fictitious characters with the people known to the

writer, he is almost always led astray by some superficial resemblance which is nothing more than a coincidence. In fact, nothing is more difficult to handle than the True,—because it is so hard to make it credible and interesting.

There is another little idiosyncrasy of the reader, of which I almost fear to speak, because it is so absurd, but, as it is also very common, it may be in place. This is the frequency with which readers of presumable intelligence ignore the logical connection between the plot and the characters. They forget that if the development of a story depends upon the people who live in it, these must possess certain characteristics. They must, in a word, be the people who in real life would do just the same things under the same conditions. The proper criticism is not upon the pleasant qualities of the characters, but upon their fitness for the work they have to do. If a villain has a part, he must act like a villain. In "Nicholas Nickleby" it was necessary to have a school-master, but Dickens could not have used Arnold of Rugby for the place. It would have been very fine for the boys, but ruinous to the plot. But in real life take such a man as Squeers and place him in an irresponsible position, with power over the helpless, and he will develop into just such a character as portrayed by Dickens. If the reader would bear all this in mind, and not let his likings run away with his judgment, we should hear fewer books condemned because such and such characters were "not liked." Who, for instance, "likes" the people in Zola's novels? Still, they exist, but it remains to us to determine whether we will associate with them in books, or out of them. If we do choose to take them

\*Louise Stockton in Lippincott's

in literature, the criticism is upon the ability shown in the reproduction, not at all upon our fondness for the type represented. One of the most common of the few attentions bestowed upon the writer by the reader is the suggestion of plots. There is nothing the writer likes better than finding a fresh and unhackneyed plot suitable to his style of work, but when the reader approaches him with the announcement that he "greatly desires to tell him a story that will just suit his style," the writer foresees that the claim it has upon his consideration is that it is like something he has already written! Nothing can be more vague and intangible than the building of plots. It is hardly possible to foresee what will take the imagination captive, nor can any one tell what will be developed from a given germ. Mental assimilation is one of the processes for which no receipt can be given, and no one can tell at what angle an impression will strike. The connection between suggesting impressions is often involved and subtle enough to elude even the thinker's own analysis, and not even in the witness-box and under oath could the writer always tell why a certain seed was quickened, and how it happened that in his mind was raised, not the body that was sowed, but another, there being thoughts that are sowed in weakness to be raised in power, and in dishonor to be raised in glory, yet how this mental body comes to life is not given to the natural man to know.

#### THE CHOICE OF WORDS

*Agnes Repplier.....Atlantic*

The felicitous choice of words, which with most writers is the result of severe study and unswerving vigilance, seems with a favored few—who should be envied, and not imitated—to be the genuine fruit of inspiration, as though caprice itself could not lead them far astray. Shelley's letters and prose papers teem with sentences in which the beautiful words are sufficient satisfaction in

themselves, and of more value than the conclusions they reveal. They have a haunting sweetness, a pure perfection, which makes the act of reading them a sustained and dulcet pleasure. Sometimes this effect is produced by a few simple terms reiterated into lingering music. "We are born, and our birth is unremembered, and our infancy remembered but in fragments; we live on, and in living we lose the apprehension of life." Sometimes a clearer note is struck with the sure and delicate touch which is the excellence of art. "For the mind in creation is as a falling coal, which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness." The substitution of the word "glow" for "brightness" would, I think, make this sentence extremely beautiful. If it lacks the fullness and melody of those incomparable passages in which Burke, the great master of words, rivets our admiration forever, it has the same peculiar and lasting hold upon our imaginations and memories. Once read, we can no more forget its charm than we can forget "that chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound," or the mournful cadence over virtues deemed superfluous in an age of strictly iconoclastic progress. "Never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart which kept alive even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom." It is the fashion at present to subtly depreciate Burke's power by some patronizing allusion to the "grand style,"—a phrase which, except when applied to Milton, appears to hold in solution an undefined and undefinable reproach. But until we can produce something better, or something as good, those "long savorious Latin words," checked and vivified by "racy Saxon monosyllables," must still represent an excellence which it is easier to belittle than to emulate.

## A LITERARY COINCIDENCE

*Kate Field's Washington*

A glance over an old volume of magazines the other day reminded me of a little incident of which some future writer on the subject of literary coincidences will probably make wrong use as an illustration. It occurred in the fall of 1873, and the two leading actors in it were no less important personages in the world of letters and society than Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Mrs. Launt Thompson, the wife of the celebrated sculptor. Mrs. Thompson, dining one evening at a friend's table, where Mr. Aldrich was also a guest, amused the company with a true story of the mistaken infatuation of a certain young swell for a person whom he supposed to be a gifted female athlete in a circus. Mr. Aldrich at once cried out with astonishment at the facts never having been used as the basis for a magazine story.

"They will be so used, however," said Mrs. Thompson, "for I have such a story on the stocks myself. I am going to send it to the *Galaxy*."

"You will have to make haste, then," responded Mr. Aldrich, "for I shall get it into the *Atlantic* ahead of you."

Mrs. Thompson at first thought her vis-à-vis merely jesting, but she soon became convinced to the contrary and the assembled guests saw that a literary race was on hand in which both contestants were going to do the fastest work of their lives. They were not alone, however, in their struggle to put on all speed. The publishers of the rival magazines found that they, too, were parties in interest, and type was never set clicking more merrily or the presses got ready in such extra short order as on this occasion. I have forgotten which magazine got out ahead, but they were practically neck-and-neck. Mrs. Thompson's story, which was crowded into the rear end of the *Galaxy*, had its scene laid in Russia, where Peter Petrovitch fell desperately in love

with Mademoiselle Lillie, an American gymnast attached to a traveling circus troupe. He sent her flowers in great abundance, but she wrote him a very distinct intimation that she preferred jewelry. He therefore heaped upon her more and more valuable triumphs of art in gold and precious stones, accompanied with earnest appeals that she would accept his hand also in marriage. To his repeated pleas she returned illiterate notes of refusal, referring always in a darkly mysterious way to insuperable "obstickles." One evening he wrote her a note assuring her as follows:

MADMOISELLE:—I love you passionately. Only marry me, and I will forgive everything. Whatever is past I do not care for. Yours devotedly, P. P.

This brought matters to a climax, and, as the belle of the arena was about to leave town to fill an engagement elsewhere, she consented on the last evening to see Peter Petrovitch in her dressing-room. He spent a miserable hour waiting for her to retire from the ring and join him. When she came, what was his horror to see her dip her face into a basin of water, wash off the paint and powder, cast aside her heavy wig of ringlets, and emerge from the metamorphosis a big, bony, hard-fisted, swearing, rollicking boy with an incipient moustache!

Mr. Aldrich's story, which filled the front pages of the *Atlantic*, drew largely upon the local color of New York for its special attractions. The hero was Mr. Ralph Van Twiller, a scion of the old Knickerbocker aristocracy, and the heroine a Mademoiselle Olympe-Zabriski, who was doing the flying-leap business in an up-town theatre. The story caught the town by such little touches as this, where Van Twiller's strange behavior under the spell was described:

Now and then he would play a game of billiards with Bret Harte or John Hay, or stop to chat a moment in the vestibule with Whitelaw Reid, but he was an altered man. When at the club he was usually to be

found in the small smoking room upstairs, seated on a fauteuil fast asleep, with the last number of the Nation in his hand.

In this story the climax was reached by Mr. Van Twiller's sending Mademoiselle Zabriski a beautiful diamond bracelet, but without any offer of marriage. She stirred within him, as he believed, only a Platonic sentiment; and he reasoned that he owed her a debt, which his gift would in some measure repay, for the many evenings of delight she had afforded him with her performances on the trapeze. He was conscious, however, of a most painful stab at the heart when he received from her an ill-spelled and ill-expressed note of acknowledgment signed with her "directory name," Charles Walters, and stating: "The Mademoiselle Zabriski dodge is about plaid out. My beard is getting too much for me."

The future historian of our literary era, if he be as well equipped as a person of his calling should be, will, of course, have a file of Kate Field's Washington at hand. He is welcome to this explanation of what might strike him otherwise as a mere coincidence on his finding the same story published simultaneously, under different titles and in different versions, in the *Galaxy* and the *Atlantic* for October, 1873.

#### THE FÉLIBRES OF PROVENCE

Roumanille, the head of the Félibres of Provence, keeps a book store in Avignon, where Mr. Thomas A. Janvier recently visited him to tell of his experiences in the Century. Roumanille is the head and front of the coterie of modern troubadours who aim to keep alive the spirit of poesy which is traditional with the Provençal tongue. The following brief description of one of their festivals is odd and picturesque:—

In keeping with our joyous surroundings, Roumanille's talk was of the festivals of the Félibres; and mainly

of the great annual festival, whereof the patroness is the blessed Sainte Estelle, whose symbol is the star of seven rays. On this notable occasion the four great divisions of the organization—corresponding with the four great dialects of the *Langue d'Oc*—are convened at one or another of the towns of southern France for the celebration of floral games; which games are competitions in belles-lettres, and derive their name from the fact that the prize awarded to the victor is a gold or silver flower. They have come tripping down lightly through six centuries, these games, being a direct survival of troubadour times. At the banquet which follows the literary tournament, the sentiment of amity and comradeship which is the corner-stone of the organization, is emphasized by the ceremony of the loving-cup. Holding aloft the silver vessel—the gift of the Félibres of Catalonia to the Félibres of Provence—the *Capoulié* sings the Song of the Cup, whereof the words by Mistral and the setting a ringing old Provençal air, and the chorus is taken up by all the joyous company; after which the cup is passed from lip to lip and hand to hand. With due deference to the mystic influence of their star of seven rays, the Félibres celebrate each seventh annual festival with increased dignity and splendor. Then great prizes are contended for; and the winner of the chief prize wins also the right to name the queen whose reign is to continue during the ensuing seven years. The requirements of the royal office are youth, beauty, and faith in the ascendancy of the Provence poet's star. It was at Montpellier, in 1878, that the first queen was chosen: the bride of the then *Capoulié*, Mistral. The second, Mademoiselle Thérèse Roumanille, was chosen at Hyères, in 1885. We bowed to this sovereign, as Roumanille spoke, in recognition of the accuracy with which in her case the conditions precedent to poetic royalty had been observed.



## GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS

Something unique among books is that which the Author's Club of New York is publishing for the purpose of securing a building fund. It is described in a prospectus as follows:—

### LIBER SCRIPTORUM

#### *The first Book of the Author's Club*

This work, now in press, is written and published by the Author's Club for its own benefit. It is a large volume, sumptuously printed on hand-made paper made specially for it, and will have a unique and handsome binding.

The contents appear nowhere else in print, and there will be but one edition of this book, limited to two hundred and fifty-one copies.

The illustrations consist of headbands and tail-pieces designed and engraved specially for the places they occupy.

Each article, in every copy of the book, will be signed with pen and ink by its author. In this feature it is absolutely unique.

The book will be issued in but one kind of binding, a style completely new and characteristically American.

The subscription price is one hundred dollars, the Club reserving the right to raise it after the first hundred copies have been taken. No money will be received until the work is ready for delivery.

The original manuscripts of all the articles in the book are being in-laid and will be bound up in two or more large volumes, to be sold, as one lot, to the highest bidder.

The Short Story has been brought down to very small magnitude in the etching. But here is an example of a drama taken from an English journal which has been artfully condensed into a still smaller space:—

### "THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN"

#### IN ONE ACT

Scene.—A cottage in Ireland. Enter Emigrant, who surveys the dwelling with emotion, and knocks at the door. Door opens. Enter Inmate.

Emigrant—Is my father alive?

Inmate—He is not.

Emigrant—Is my mother living?

Inmate—She is not.

Emigrant—Is there any whisky in this house?

Inmate—There is not.

Emigrant (sighs heavily)—This is indeed a woeful day!

[Dies.

Slow Music. Curtain.

When a meeting was recently held in Springfield to ratify the lease of the Connecticut River Road to the Boston and Maine, a reporter of the Republican, who had sought out one of the big men in the deal, finally ran him down and was met with this report, which he printed: "Young man, you should have been a minister; if you searched the Scriptures as diligently as you have me you would attract a large congregation." Thereupon a reader of the newspaper did search the Scriptures with the following result:—

#### *Marginal References.*

GENESIS, xli., 17.

1. The Connecticut River.

2. The Directors of the Connecticut River Railroad.

3. The Consolidated Road of which the Connecticut River Railroad is a feeder. The allusion is to E. M. Reed, Vice President of the New-York, New-Haven and Hartford Railroad.

4. The Reading-Boston and Maine combination.

17. In my dream, behold I stood upon the brink of the River, (1.)

18. And, behold, then came up out of the river seven kine, fat-fleshed and well-favored, (2.) And they fed in the Reed-grass, (1.)

19. And, behold, seven other kine came up after them, poor and very ill-favored and lean-fleshed such as I never saw before in all the land of Egypt for badness, (4.)

20. And the lean and ill-favored kine did eat up the first seven fat kine.

21. And when they had eaten them up it could not be known that they had eaten them. But they were still ill-favored as at the beginning.

22. So I awoke—

As an example of the universality of the "*Kakoethes scribendi*" the following letter recently addressed to CURRENT LITERATURE will afford some amusement:—

BURTON, METZEL COUNTY, }  
WEST VIRGINIA, January 19, 1893. }

MY DEAR SIR: I am writing a Book. I was when quite a boy accused of a fowle crime a premedated wilful Murder and I was tryed and convicted for life and Sent to the Penitenitary at Moundville W. Va, thair I suffered for 15 long years, then the oficials of the Staite become convinced of My inisonce and I was Pardoned by the Governor after I had lost My health I am at this time and will be no better a totel Reck Phisicaly and I am writing a Small Cheape book I want a paper back Same as those cheape Novles I am corressponding With Sevril Publishing houses and am Going to have the Cheapest one to do My Work Wish You to Write Me at once and Tell Me the following facts what will You charge for 500 coppies of the book I have Discribed and for 1000 and upwards, and if there is any differant prices in the Sise of the reading or type, if You can do the Work at once, What it Will cost Me to get a Coppy right on My Book and how I will get It in fact I wish You to give Me all the information you can as I am not experonsed in such things I am Writing on this cind of Paper Numbering Each sheate if I want a 150 page Book Say 10x5, in sise what will You do it for? and how Many half Sheates of paper like this wrote on one side will It take to Make a 150 page book, the writing To be as this, can you make the book larger By larger type I want a Book near a inch in thickness and May Not be able to Get So Much Wrote I have 110 half Sheates like this Wrote over Know Please Write Soon. Direct To Me at Burton, Metzel, Co., W. Vâ.

I am Yours Respectfully J. E. F.  
is My Writing good Enough?

In the general round-up at the end of the century there has been a cry for new words, new spelling, new definitions. A writer in London Truth offers the following amendments to terms and phrases in common use:—

MAN.—A biped with prejudices—which he calls principles.

WOMAN.—A biped with more prejudices—and less principles.

A PERFECT LADY.—The highest praise which the scullery-maid can accord to her mistress.

MARRIAGE.—An investment for woman and a speculation for man.

FRIENDSHIP.—A game for two, at which only one wins.

SOCIETY.—A hotch-potch of pre-tentious people having nothing in common but uncommon assurance.

RESPECTABILITY.—Consistent conformity to inconsistent mediocrity.

RELIGION.—Eternal principles modified to suit temporal requirements.

PRINCIPLE.—Any opinion which it is our individual interest to support.

THE SOUL.—An element of discord, intended by Providence to be saved, and expected by theologians to be damned.

REPUTATION.—Moral capital with which to deceive our neighbors.

THE WORLD.—A place in which we all hate each other for a time, in expectation of loving each other later for eternity.

THE FLESH.—A thing which modern artists paint pea-green.

THE D—L.—A discarded illusion—still popular with the children.

A GOOD CHAP.—Any one who might, could, would, or should lend us money.

A BAD CHAP.—The same individual after he has lent us money.

A SMART MAN.—One who affects to despise all but those who despise him.

A WEALTHY WIDOW.—A woman with a bonus.

A POLITICIAN.—One who manipulates the principles of others for his own interests.

## LITERARY ODDITIES AND NOTES

A boy, fourteen years old, recently imported from Kentucky, handed the following in as a composition on "Breathing." The instruction was, "Tell all you can about breathing." He said, "Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver, and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we should die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get out of doors. Boys in a room make bad, unwhole-some air. They make carbonicide. Carbonicide is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonicide got in that there hole and killed nearly every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corosits, that squeezes the diagram. Girls can't holler or run like boys, because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I'd ruther be a boy, so I can holler and run and have a great big diagram."—[Washington Star.

The *Courrier des Etats-Unis* is authority for this curious etymological story: Marshal Augereau, who was governor of Wurzburg under Napoleon the First, was a lover of wine and women. Before emptying his glass of wine and mineral water, it was his habit to say "Toujours l'amour!" The good Wurzburgers used to imitate their governor; but the nearest they could get to it was "Touschour-lamour." In time they said "Sceour-lamour," and at last "Schorlemorle," which to this day is the name by which the Wurzburgers know a glass of wine mixed with mineral water.

In all official transactions we style our country the United States of America; besides being open to the objection that this is a name that other countries might, with equal propriety, lay claim to, there is the more serious

objection that it admits of no adjective. At home this inconvenience is not so great, but the moment our intercourse with other countries begins, we find ourselves embarrassed. When our traveler in Europe is asked what country he comes from, he answers without hesitation, from America. He takes it for granted that every one will understand that he comes from the United States. Very likely he is then asked some question about Halifax or Rio Janeiro, which shows him that the idea he has given is not of this country in particular, but of the continent. The Canadian, the Mexican, the Peruvian claims to be Americans also, and our traveler soon realizes what he had scarcely thought of at home—that his country has no name. Will it be said that this is a matter of no importance? A name is of importance. The idea of a distinct political community among the nations of the earth must be represented by words, whether it be a single name or a phrase.—[Belford's Magazine.

A correspondent of the *New York Sun* sends it the following inscription, which can be read in 570 different ways. It is to be seen carved on a tomb at the entrance of the Church of San Salvador in the city of Oviedo, Spain. The tomb is said to have been erected by King Silo. Silo, Prince of Oviedo, or King of the Asturias, succeeded Aurelius in 774, and died in 785. He was a contemporary of Charlemagne. The inscription must be read commencing with the centre S. The words are in Latin, "Silo princeps fecit."

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## BOOKS OF THE MONTH

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It is impossible to read the negro dialect stories of Ruth McEnery Stuart without recognizing the stamp of truth in them. A baker's dozen are gathered together in a comely volume entitled *A Golden Wedding and other tales* (Harper). The frankness of the negro character, its credulity and its dependence are exhibited with great humor and no little variety in this charming collection. With King Zub are bound up eight other stories by Walter Herries Pollock (Tait), some of them written in conjunction with other authors. They are clever pieces relying somewhat on strangeness of theme and treatment, and quite devoid of that simplicity which appeals to the broadest sympathies. Almost the same characterization may be applied to F. J. Stimson's *In the Three Zones* (Scribner), containing three stories dealing with life in New England, the Southern States and a South American republic respectively. The stories are *Dr. Materialismus*, *An Alabama Courtship* and *Los Caraqueños*. The opposite tendency, that towards downright simplicity, is exemplified by some bright and charming sketches entitled *An Old Beau* and other stories by John Seymour Wood (Cassell). These tales are of the day, slender but timely and apposite, clever, attractive and free from the desire to perplex and puzzle the inoffensive reader. M. Betham Edwards has written many readable novels and a new one from her capable hand meets the welcome due to an old friend. *A North Country Comedy* (Lippincott) has interesting characters and various pleasing situations, and the story sets out with the advantage appertaining to a writer fully acquainted with her own resources and the requirements of the audience addressed. On the other hand we have an amusing story written without apparent knowledge of literary technique in *John Applegate, Surgeon*, by Mary Harriott Norris

(Price, McGill Co.). Laird & Lee's thousand dollar prize novel, *Dr. Perdue*, by Stinson Jarvis, is full of action and complexity of situation. The life on board a yacht gives room for much nautical description. W. Clark Russell's long succession of sea tales receives a new addition in *List, Ye Landsmen!* (Cassell). In view of the limited range of incident in the sailor's life, it is remarkable that Mr. Russell should bring such variety, such diversity, and withal such zest into his spirited narratives. Macmillan & Co. have added to their series of dollar novels, two by F. Marion Crawford: *A Roman Singer* and *The Children of the King*. The scene of the latter is laid in Southern Italy, and the heroine is an heiress sought by a titled mercenary and beloved by a rugged sailor-man. The tale, like all of Mr. Crawford's, is fluently related, though not without certain strokes lacking in complete delicacy. *An Odd Situation*, by Stanley Waterloo (Morrill, Higgins & Co.) is a tale without much art. A farm on the border line between New York and Canada is the scene of many complications. Among other novels worth reading we note especially *Adeline Sergeant's Christine* (Tait), *A Mere Cypher*, by Mary Angela Dickens (Macmillan), and a new edition of *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, edited by Reuben Shapcott (Cassell). In Cassell's attractive *Unknown* library, we have a pleasant tale, *Her Heart Was True*, by an Idle Exile. This story, founded on an incident in the peninsular war, embraces scenes of coast-life in England, with elusive glimpses of smugglers and their fair coadjutors. The heroine, though misrepresented and misunderstood, manifests the good old English qualities of constancy and pluck, with rich reward as the reader shall see for himself. The *Unknown* Library contains in the same convenient form, *Laura Dearborn's At the Threshold*, and P.

L. McDermott's *Last King of Yewle*. The scene of the *Blue Pavilions* by Q. (Cassell), is laid at Harwich, two centuries and more ago, and the title is drawn from structures erected for purposes of seclusion in a fit of misogyny by two friendly sea-captains. The author, who is known to his friends as Mr. Quiller-Couch, has a merry style and a power of creating strong situations. The fifth of John R. Musick's Columbian novels is *The Pilgrims* (Funk & Wagnalls), and has to do with the colony of Plymouth. The story embraces the episode of Miles Standish and John Alden and other incidents of the colonial period, and fact and fiction are so interwoven as to present a living and characteristic picture of the Puritans in the early days of their residence in New England. The delightful air of the studio pervades *Orchardscroft*, a pleasant tale by Elsa d'Esterre-Keeling in Cassell's neatly-bound dollar series. Other new novels are Geo. Manville Fenn's *Nurse Elisia*, Frankfort Moore's *I Forbid the Banns*, and W. C. Hudson's *The Dugdale Millions*, all of which are published by Cassell.

The Rev. H. N. Hutchinson has prepared in *Extinct Monsters* (Appleton), a popular account of some of the largest forms of ancient animal life. The writer believes that the work of recent palæontologists, especially in America, has not been sufficiently recognized, but his own work is far from comprehensive in this respect. The book is distinguished by cleverness of method and arrangement and by simplicity of language. The illustrations of skeletons and restored monsters add greatly to the value of the text, and are pronounced by Dr. Henry Woodward, keeper of the Geological Department of the South Kensington Museum, the happiest set of restorations that has yet appeared. The use of anecdote and popular figures and comparisons will tend to gain the attention of the gen-

eral reader, and to increase public interest in a science that has made rapid strides of late. Sir Robert Ball's *Atlas of Astronomy* (Appleton) is a series of 72 plates, with an explanatory introduction. The maps, which are of convenient size (five and a half by seven inches), exhibit the planetary system, the phases of the moon, planets and satellites; charts of the comets are included as well as a particularly interesting series of photographs of the moon, from the third to the fourteenth day, and star-maps for the several months. Those immutable favorites, *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream-Life*, have been reprinted by the Scribners in a neat, handy edition. A small, pocketable form best suits books of this familiar sort, which one can read with equal pleasure in the hammock, the deck chair, or before the study fire.

Browning and Whitman: A Study in Democracy, by Oscar L. Triggs, is published in the *Dilettante Library* (Macmillan), and is addressed rather to students than to casual readers. The writer, after defining Democracy in its original form as exemplified by Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell and Whitman, traces the parallel between the last and Browning. Whitman's thought is of the self, Browning portrays no character without relations to the infinite; Whitman's subject is the soul of man, for Browning consciousness is ultimate. Unity is the dominant factor in Whitman's philosophy; he asserts the whole man, body no less than soul; Browning implies a separation within man's spiritual nature between knowledge and love, never between body and soul. Such are a few of the points cleverly elucidated with great variety of quotation and allusion. A volume of cheerful observation upon out-of-door subjects, is *At the North of Bearcamp Water*; *Chronicles of a Stroller* in New England from July to December, by Frank Bolles (Houghton, Mifflin



& Co.). The writer notes the movements of birds, counts the meteors of a Summer evening, catches the music of the brooks, and remarks upon the ordinary manifestations of nature as they may be studied by an appreciative resident of New England, and it sometimes seems as if this style of pleasant companionship with nature were peculiar to that favored portion of the footstool.

A Winter in North China, by T. M. Morris (Revell) recounts the experiences of two British clergymen sent out by the Baptist Missionary Society to report on the work of members of their denomination in the Chinese Empire. The volume comprises letters descriptive of the journey of investigation, and such views of the general religious problem in China as were picked up in the course of a somewhat hasty trip. *The Tongue of Fire* or the True Power of Christianity by William Arthur has been republished with an introduction by Dr. William M. Taylor (Harper). *The Tongue of Fire*, says Dr. Taylor, has taken its place among modern Christian classics, and it ought to be in the hands of every minister of the Gospel and every one engaged in any department of evangelistic work. It is distinguished by simplicity, fervor and unction; and is itself an illustration of the principles on which it insists. Paul Siegvolk publishes with the title *Ruminations* (Putnam), a series of essays and speculations on the ideal lady, the practicability of third love, the desire of women to vote, and a multitude of subjects affecting the social and individual life. It is indeed no trivial task, we are told, for a live man long to personate the fiction of a cadaver without becoming a real one, and the lesson is that man should work, and eschew selfish indulgence, the love of gain and every sordid aim. The last work of that veteran biographer James Parton, was a life of Gen. Jackson for the Great Commander series (Appleton). As is natural the work deals

principally though not exclusively with the military career of its subject, and the service which he saw affords abundant opportunity for picturesque and interesting treatment in Mr. Parton's competent hands. The chapter on the culminating point of Jackson's military life, the action on January 8, well illustrates the author's style:—

Brief was the unequal contest. Colonel Rennie, Captain Henry, Major King, three only of this column, reached the summit of the rampart near the river's edge.

"Hurrah, boys!" cried Rennie, already wounded, as the three officers gained the breastwork, "Hurrah, boys! the day is ours."

At that moment Beale's New Orleans sharpshooters, withdrawing a few paces for better aim, fired a volley and the three noble soldiers fell headlong into the ditch. That was the end of it. Flight, tumultuous flight—some running on the top of the levee, some under it, others down the road, while Patterson's guns played upon them still with terrible effect. The three slain officers were brought out of the canal behind the lines, when, we are told, a warm discussion arose among the Rifles for the honor of having "brought down the colonel." Mr. Withers, a merchant of New Orleans, and the crack shot of the company, settled the controversy by remarking:

"If he isn't hit above the eyebrows, it wasn't my shot."

Upon examining the lifeless form of Rennie it was found that the fatal wound was indeed in the forehead. To Withers, therefore, was assigned the duty of sending the watch and other valuables found upon the person of the fallen hero to his widow, who was in the fleet off Lake Borgne. Such acts as these made a lasting impression upon the officers of the British army. When Washington Irving was in Paris, in 1822, Col. Thornton, who led the attack on the western bank, referred to this in terms of warm commendation.

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General Jackson. James Parton (Appleton).  
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- An Odd Situation. Stanley Waterloo (Morrill, Higgins & Co.).  
 The Blue Pavilions. "Q," (Cassell).  
 The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford. (Cassell).  
 Nurse Elisia. George Manville Fenn (Cassell).  
 Orchardcroft. Elisa d'Esterre-Keeling (Cassell).  
 An Old Beau. John Seymour Wood (Cassell).  
 Dr. Perdue. Stinson Jarvis (Laird & Lee).  
 Lady Verner's Flight. The Duchess (John A. Taylor & Co.)  
 Vanity's Daughter. Hawley Smart (John A. Taylor & Co.)  
 A Secret Quest. George Manville Fenn (John A. Taylor & Co.)  
 L'Americaine. Jules Claretie (Morrill, Higgins & Co.)  
 The Man From Wall Street. St. George Rathborne (Morrill, Higgins).  
 Tales From Town Topics. No. 7.  
 Christine. Adeline Sergeant (Tait).  
 Loaded Dice. Edgar Fawcett (Tait).  
 Everybody's Fairy Godmother. Dorothy Q. (Tait).  
 Wrostell's Wierd. Helen Mathers (Tait).  
 Volney Randolph. James Robertshaw (Dillingham).  
 King Zub. Walter Herries Pollock (Tait).  
 Fickle Fate. Lenore. (Roberts, Birmingham).  
 Ormsby's Translation of Don Quixote. (Ginn & Co.)  
 The Dugdale Millions. W. C. Hudson (Cassell).  
 Blot of Ink. From the French of René Bazin (Cassell).  
 Brides of the Tiger. W. H. Babcock (Morrill & Co.).  
 Love's Cruel Enigma. Paul Bourget (The Waverly Co.)  
 The Flower Girl of Paris. Paul Schobert (Rand, McNally).  
 Wolfenberg, a Novel. W. Black (Harper).  
 Children of the King. Tale of Southern Italy. F. Marion Crawford  
 (Macmillan).  
 A Roman Singer. F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan).  
 The Veiled Hand. Frederick Wicks (Harper).  
 Jean de Kerderm. Philippe St. Hilaire (Putnam).  
 Poor Lady Massey. H. Rutherford Russell (Putnam).  
 Old Ways and New. Viola Roseboro (The Century Co.).  
 A Phantom from the East. Pierre Loti (Putnam).  
 Stories in Black and White. Thomas Hardy and others (Appleton).  
 John Applegate, Surgeon. Mary Harriot Norris (Price-McGill Co.).  
 Commander Mendoza. Juan Valera. Translated by M. J. Serrano  
 (Appleton).  
 In Spite of Herself. Leslie Keith (Collier).  
 Cosmopolis. From the French of Paul Bourget (Tait).  
 A North Country Comedy. M. Betham-Edwards (Lippincott).  
 The Shifting of the Fire. H. Ford Hueffer (Putnam).  
 The Conways. Effie W. Merriman (Lee & Shepard).  
 American Push. Edgar Fawcett (Schulte & Co.)  
 The Girls and I. Mrs. Molesworth (Macmillan).  
 The Chouans. Brittany in 1799. From Balzac by K. P. Wormeley (Rob-  
 erts).  
 List, Ye Landsmen! W. Clark Russell (Cassell).



## WIT AND HUMOR

**PLUM DUFF.**—The following authentic and genuine recipe has been handed to the Listener of the Boston Transcript by a distinguished nautical authority:—

Put your flour in the pan. You want some sour dough. Let it rise. Stir in some baking powder, according to how much you make, so much for a quart, and so much for a pint. You want a bag to put it in; an old stocking is better. Put the plums in the bottom of the bag. Cook it till done. Have the steward put the end with plums next the captain, and the end without plums next the mate.

"Why do you jump wherever you go?"

Asked the Rabbit in '92;

"Because it is leap-year, dontcherknow,"

Said the humorous kangaroo.

—Malcolm Douglas—St. Nicholas.

**TEACHER**—"Johnnie, do you think if you had cut down your father's cherry tree you would have told the truth about it?" Johnnie (slowly)—"No, I don't believe I would." Teacher—"What! You would not tell a falsehood?" Johnnie (apologetically)—"Well, ma'am, yer see, I don't believe Washington's father was just the same sort of a feller as mine." —[Harper's Bazar.

"I've heard a good deal about mud-slinging in politics," said the facetious man. "Now, I'd like to know what becomes of the mud?" "Oh," replied the politician, "that's easy. It goes to make the ground for libel suits."—[Washington Star.

**ADVICE TO A CREDULOUS MAN.**—Senator Wolcott of Colorado tells a story of a man who, while traveling in a parlor car between Omaha and Denver, fell asleep and snored with such intense volume that every one in the coach was seriously annoyed. Presently an old gentleman approached the sleeper, and, shaking him, brought him out of his slumber with a start.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed. "Why, your snoring is, annoying every one in the car," said the old gentleman, kindly. "How do you know I'm snoring?" queried the source of the nuisance. "Why, we can't help but hear it." "Well, don't believe all you hear," replied the stranger, and he went to sleep again.—[St. Paul Dispatch.

**THE EDITORIAL INSTINCT IN THE WAY.**—"Is your father a church member, Miss Jorkins?" was asked of the editor's daughter. "No," she replied. "Pa thought of becoming an Episcopalian, but his principles forbid his acceptance of thirty-nine articles all in a bunch."—[Vogue.

**WESTERN JUDGE**—Why did you kill Long Jack? Hair-Trigger Ike—He was a bad man, y'r honor, an' it was a case o' chaw or be chawed. Judge—Did you give him any warning before you shot him? Hair-Trigger Ike—Oh, yes, y'r honor. I told him to hold up his hands.—[New York Weekly.

### THE MAN IN THE MOON AND I

*Jacques Esprit.....Louisville Courier-Journal*

There was plenty of gold in his coffer last week,

And plenty of silver in mine;

High living had colored and rounded his cheek,

And my own wasn't in this line.

Oh! he winked and looked knowing if nothing worse,

For he has his own joke in the sky;

And we hadn't a care in the whole universe,  
The man in the moon and I.

To-night he's as ragged and careworn and lank

As I have been looking all day,

And whether he's sunk all his gold in some bank

Or put it on pool, I can't say;

And if he *has* had something stronger than water,

What odds when the world's all awry?

For the month isn't up, and we're on our last quarter,

The Man in the Moon and I.

## WIT AND HUMOR

"Were you at Bull's Run?" says the little boy;  
And says he, the old soger-man,  
"Why, I grow out of breath when I think of it—  
I was one of the ones who ran!"  
—St. Nicholas.

A CAUSE FOR WONDERMENT—Tilly (to Lizzie)—Why do they always eat them turtles green; ain't they good when they're ripe?—[Life.

SHE—Do you really love me? He—Darling, if I did not, do you suppose I would have spoiled the creases in these trousers? [Life.

IN THE CELESTIAL REALMS.—"Dear old Dr. Orthodox doesn't appear to be as happy in Paradise as he ought to be." "True, he does look gloomy. What shall we do to make him feel more at home?" "I can't think of anything. Yes, I can. Let us try St. Paul for heresy."—*Life*.

LIBEL.—"This is a libelous sheet," growled Mr. Hawkins, throwing down his paper. "What has it said now?" asked Mrs. Hawkins. "It says I am the most eminently fit person for the senate in the state."—*Fudge*.

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## PRIZE LITERARY PUZZLES

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### Rules

Write legibly. No MSS. returned. Address all contributions to L'Inconnue, care Current Literature. Give full name and address, to be used only in case of winning the prize. Send your answer in as early as possible. These contests are open to all.

### The Cabinet Contest

A prize of twenty-five dollars having been offered to the person who first named correctly Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet the contest has miscarried in the naming of the Cabinet before the 1st of March. The money will be offered in another competition to be named hereafter.

### No. 5—For an Anecdote—\$10

A prize of ten dollars will be given for the best original anecdote about any distinguished person. Anecdotes to be limited to one hundred words. Contributions to be received on or before April 10.

### No. 6—For a Prose Sketch—\$25

In place of the Cabinet competition twenty-five dollars will be given to the person sending in the best original sketch of every day life of not more than six hundred words. The sketch should be suitable to one of the regular departments of Current Literature. Answers should be received before May 1.

### No. 7—A Page of Epigrammatic Sayings—\$15

A prize of ten dollars will be given for the best page of original sententious remarks after the manner of La Rochefoucauld. Limited to five hundred words. Answers to be in by June 1.

# MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR MARCH, 1893

## Travel and Sport:

\*Chalcis.....Gentleman's  
American Winter Resorts.....Forum  
Berlin.....Cosmopolitan  
Italian Campo Santo.....Cosmopolitan  
Sahara Caravan.....Scribner  
In Samoa.....Nineteenth Century  
\*Under the Great Wall.....Macmillan  
The Riviera.....Frank Leslie's  
From Nice to Monte Carlo.....Frank Leslie's  
In Darkest Africa.....Frank Leslie's  
Canton.....Frank Leslie's  
Via Panama.....Frank Leslie's  
St. Louis.....Frank Leslie's  
The Skater.....The Idler  
Cities of Algeria.....Peterson  
\*Trip Abroad.....Home Maker  
\*Football on the Pacific Coast.....Overland  
Our Own Riviera.....Harper's  
Slavery in Africa.....Harper's  
An American in Africa.....Harper's  
On the Columbia.....Californian  
Jamaica.....Century

## Philosophy:

\*Natural Selection.....Contemporary  
\*Value of Money.....Arena  
Selfishness of Mourning.....Lippincott's  
\*Anatomy of Flirtation.....Belford  
Venetian Melancholy.....Fortnightly

## Religious:

\*Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre.....Contemporary  
\*In Search of a Creed.....Blackwood's  
\*Religious Thought in Japan.....Arena  
\*New Old Testament.....Arena  
\*Reason in Religion.....Arena  
Pagan and Christian Rome.....Atlantic  
\*Jews and Anti-Judaism.....Chautauquan  
\*Happiness in Hell.....Nineteenth Century  
Theology of the Sun.....Quiver  
Footprints of St. Paul.....Quiver  
Old Testament Criticism.....Century

## History:

\*Military Courage of Royalty.....Contemp.  
\*Holland House.....Gentleman's  
\*Scandal about Queen Bess.....Blackwood's  
\*Rebellion in Yemen.....Blackwood's  
English Family in 17th Century.....Atlantic  
Lady of the French Restoration.....Atlantic  
Transformation of New England.....Forum  
The British Navy.....Cosmopolitan  
Great Congresses of the World.....Cosmopolitan  
\*Navy of the United States.....Chautauquan  
\*Mother of Napoleon.....Chautauquan  
\*Waterloo.....Temple Bar  
\*Statesmen of Cumberland.....Macmillan  
Local History.....New England  
Chill.....New England  
Embassy to Provence.....Century  
Napoleon's Deportation.....Century  
Letters of Sherman Brothers.....Century

## Education:

\*Academic Spirit in Education.....Contemp.  
\*Need of Universities in the United States.....  
.....Educational Review  
\*Educational Exhibits at World's Fairs.....  
.....Educational Review  
\*Relations of Literature and Philology.....  
.....Educational Review  
\*Electives in the High School.....Educational Review  
\*Text-Books of Geography.....Educational Review  
\*The New Education.....Arena  
Public Schools in Philadelphia.....Forum  
University of Wisconsin.....New England

## Political:

\*Collectivism.....Contemp.  
\*Taaffe and Austria.....Contemp.  
\*Behind the Speaker's Chair.....Strand  
\*Election Petitions.....Blackwood's  
\*Proportional Representation.....Arena  
\*Compulsory National Arbitration.....Arena  
\*The Minority.....Arena

\*February

Municipal Corruption.....Forum  
Government Paper Money.....Forum  
\*Usury Laws.....Chautauquan  
\*New York's Police System.....Chautauquan  
\*Federation.....Nineteenth Century  
\*Taxation of Ground Rent.....Nineteenth Century  
\*Unity with the Colonies.....Nineteenth Century  
\*What Gladstone Ought to Do.....Fortnightly  
In Parliament.....Casell  
Politics in Utah.....Californian

## Every-Day Life:

\*On a Russian Farm.....Contemp.  
\*Southern Women at Home.....Chautauquan  
\*Chinese Home Life.....Frank Leslie's  
\*Modern Eastern Homes.....Home Maker  
\*Decorative Home Art.....Home Maker  
\*Home Building.....Home Maker  
Some Queer Trades.....Lippincott's  
In an Insane Asylum.....Overland  
Childhood's Realities.....Childhood

## Natural History:

\*Eels.....Gentleman's  
\*Zigzags at the Zoo.....Strand  
\*Wolves and Wild Bears.....Blackwood's  
Depths of the Sea.....Cosmopolitan  
\*American Seeds.....Chautauquan  
\*Ostrich Farming.....Chautauquan  
\*Origin of Flowers.....Longman  
Animal Trials by Jury.....Casell's  
Marvels of Plant Life.....Californian

## Biography:

\*Portraits of Celebrities.....Strand  
\*Darwin (Charles).....Strand  
Marie Burroughs.....Lippincott's  
My College Days: E. E. Hale.....Atlantic  
Pasteur.....Forum  
Audubon.....Scribner  
Death of John Adams.....Scribner  
\*Don Piatt.....Belford  
\*Lawrence Oliphant, F.....Chautauquan  
Thomas Berwick.....Macmillan  
Garibaldi.....Frank Leslie's  
Blaine.....Californian

## Social and Philanthropic:

Traveler from Altruia.....Cosmopolitan  
Andover House, Boston.....Scribner  
\*The Domestic Cook.....Nineteenth Century  
\*New Railway Rates.....Fortnightly  
For the Blind.....Quiver  
Impending Labor Problems.....New England  
Mass. Prison System.....California  
To Labor in Danger.....California  
Kindergarten in Chicago.....Century  
Kindergarten in Turkey.....Century

## Current Events and Opinions:

Men of the Day.....Lippincott's  
Hawaii.....Forum  
Panama.....Forum  
Commercial Era for the U. S.....Forum  
\*Uganda.....Nineteenth Century  
\*Uganda.....Fortnightly  
\*Situation Abroad.....Fortnightly  
Change of Administration.....Frank Leslie's  
Men of the Day.....Lippincott's  
Proportional Representation.....New Eng.  
Cosmopolis City Club.....Century  
Direct Presidential Voting.....Century

## Art, Music and Drama:

\*Puritans and Play Actors.....Gentleman's  
\*Dante Rossetti.....Blackwood's  
Michael Angelo.....Atlantic  
American Opera.....Forum  
Musical Expressiveness.....Music Review  
Music Education.....Music Review  
Iliad in Art.....Chautauquan  
\*An Etruscan Book.....Fortnightly  
\*Artistic Japan.....Fortnightly  
Church and Stage.....Peterson's  
Painters of Madonnas.....Peterson's  
\*Rustic Fences and Arbors.....Home Maker  
Vanderbilt Collection.....Art Amateur

# MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR MARCH, 1893

Pierre Paul Prudhon.....	Art Amateur
Pen Drawing.....	Art Amateur
Crayon Portraiture.....	Art Amateur
An Amateur Model.....	Art Amateur
Landscape Painting.....	Art Amateur
China Painting.....	Art Amateur
Glass Painting.....	Art Amateur
Tapestry Painting.....	Art Amateur
The Escorial.....	Harper's
Violoncello of Rozenboom.....	Century
Camille Saint-Saens.....	Century
Artist Life by North Sea.....	Century

## Literary:

*Literary Chicago.....	New England
*Teaching of Zola.....	Contemporary
*Reminiscences of a Journalist.....	Contemporary
*Where Whittier Lived.....	Home Maker
*With Dr. Johnson.....	Gentleman's
*Two Italian Poets.....	Gentleman's
*Defense of Shakespeare.....	Arena
Persian Poetry.....	Atlantic
Reminiscences of Emerson.....	Atlantic
Words.....	Atlantic
Seventeenth Century Song.....	Atlantic
Cervantes, Zola, Kipling.....	Cosmopolitan
Wood Songs.....	Scribner
Reading and Authorship.....	Scribner
*Poetry of Shelley.....	Belford
*American Nomenclature.....	Belford
Marion Crawford's Talent.....	Belford
*Robert Franz.....	Music Review
*Greeks and the English Language.....	Chautauquan
*Bryant.....	Chautauquan
*Medical Women in Fiction.....	Nineteenth Century
*Aspects of Tennyson.....	Nineteenth Century
*Burns at Kirkoswald.....	Macmillan
*Booksellers of Old London.....	Frank Leslie
Cowper as a Letter Writer.....	Frank Leslie
Catullus and Lesbia.....	Peterson
Heine.....	Peterson
Edna Lyall.....	Home Maker
Newspaper Woman's Story.....	Lippincott's
Sydney Lamar.....	Overland
Ingersoll on Renan.....	Fietter's Southern
*Tennyson.....	Californian
Free Library Movement.....	Century

## Fads and Fashions:

*Departure in Dress, A.....	Chautauquan
-----------------------------	-------------

\*February

*Wasted Piano Practice.....	Chautauquan
*What is Fashion.....	Nineteenth Century
Cookery Experiment.....	Cassell
On Dress.....	Cassell
Hints about Singing.....	Peterson
Washington Society.....	Harper's
*Women Wage Earners.....	Arena
Wage Earning Women.....	Forum
Women Experts in Photography.....	Cosmopolitan
*Women in London.....	Chautauquan
Women Violinists.....	Cassell's
*Peculiar Playing.....	Strand
Garden Ghosts.....	Atlantic
Ancestry of Tennis.....	Atlantic
Revival of Witchcraft.....	Nineteenth Century
Poetry of the Search Light.....	Cassell's
About Ghosts.....	Peterson

## Science and Industry:

*Cleansing the Black River.....	Gentleman's
*Revolution.....	Blackwood's
The Glass Industry.....	Popular Science Monthly
Artesian Waters in the Arid Region.....	Pop. Sci. Mon.
White Slaves in the Plantations.....	Pop. Sci. Mon.
The Decrease of Rural Population.....	Pop. Sci. Mon.
An Agricultural Revolution.....	Pop. Sci. Mon.
Ghost Worship and Tree Worship.....	Pop. Sci. Mon.
The Story of a Colony for Epileptics.....	Pop. Sci. Mon.
The Brooklyn Ethical Association.....	Pop. Sci. Mon.
Notes on Palaeopathology.....	Popular Science Monthly
The Scheele Monument at Stockholm.....	Pop. Sci. Mon.
East Central African Customs.....	Pop. Sci. Mon.
Sketch of Robert Hare.....	Popular Science Monthly
Some Queer Trades.....	Lippincott's
Cost of Silver.....	Forum
Our Cotton Belt.....	Cosmopolitan
Trans-Siberian Railway.....	Cosmopolitan
Jaffa and Jerusalem Railway.....	Scribner
Phases of Mining.....	Chautauquan
*Dr. Nansen.....	Temple Bar
*Prehistoric Trepanning.....	Fortnightly
*Cycles and Tyres for 1893.....	Fortnightly
*Uselessness of Gibraltar.....	Fortnightly
Amber Mines.....	Frank Leslie's
Recent Science.....	Frank Leslie's
*Why Grow Old?.....	Gentleman's
*Hands.....	Strand
Growing Old.....	Atlantic
Dinner and Digestion.....	Cassell's
Health Hints.....	Home Maker



I had a dream; I stood on the brink of a lake; it was inky black and bottomless. A mighty power born of this depth and blackness seized me and drew me slowly to itself. I cried aloud for help. I heard a voice say "Turn around." I turned and saw a light in the distance. And lo! the awful power that held me vanished.

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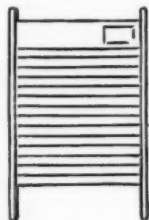


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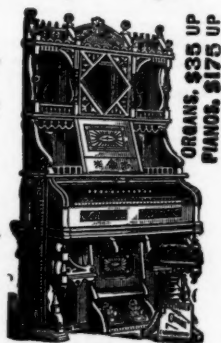
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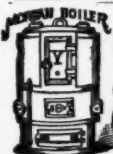
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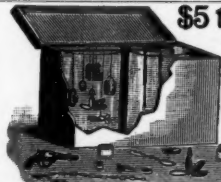
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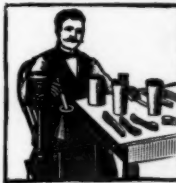


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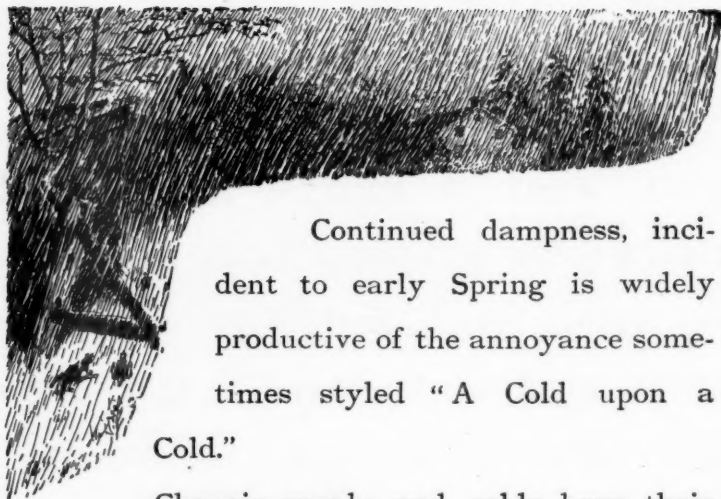
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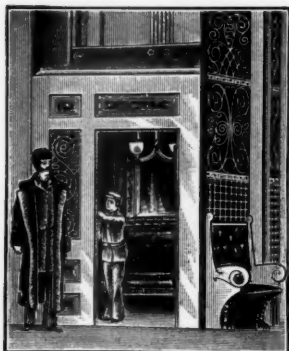


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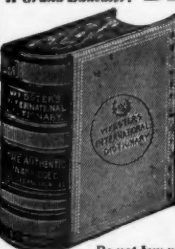
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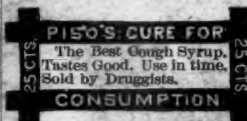
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